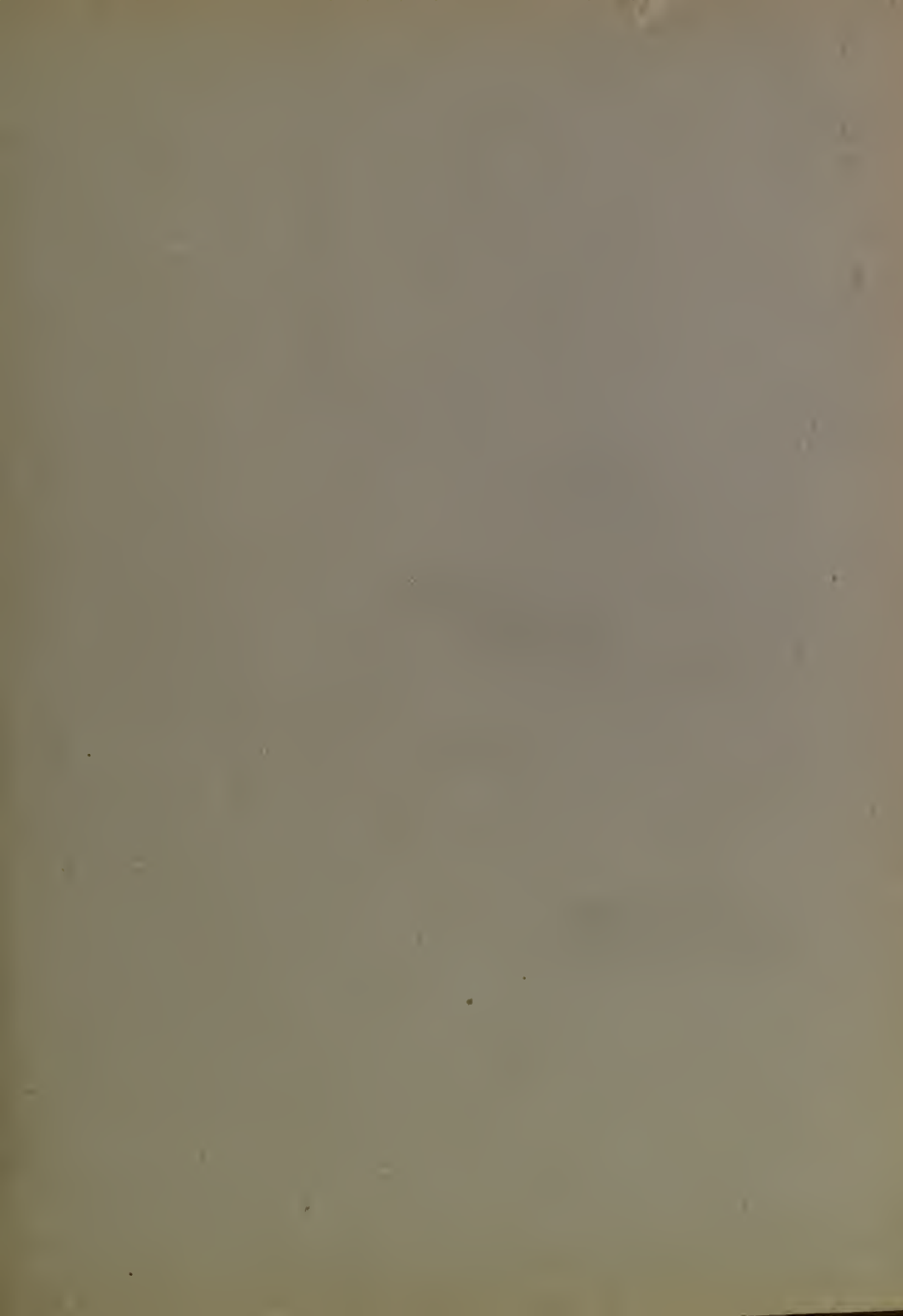


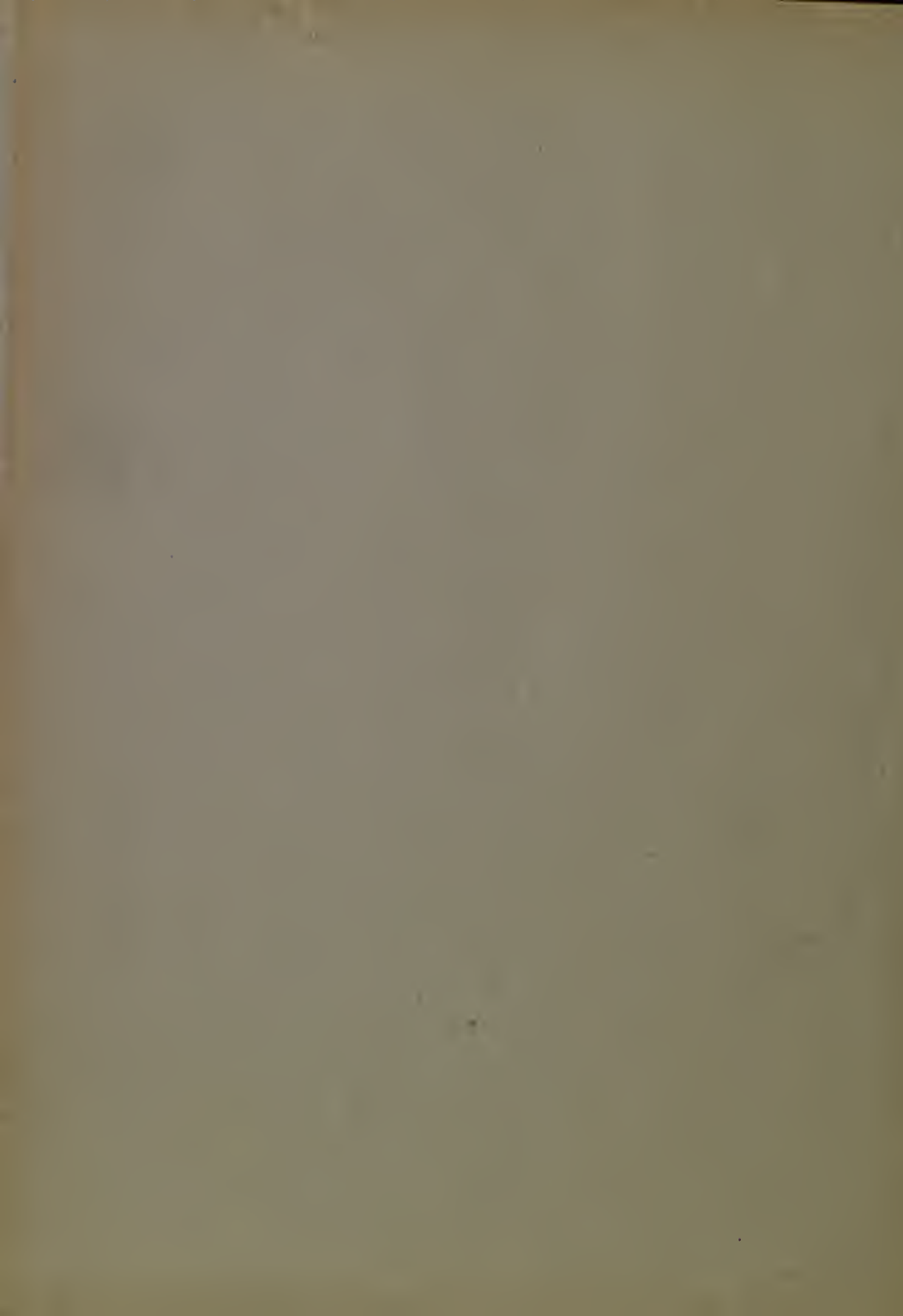
PECK'S UNCLE AND IKE

THE RED HEADED
BOY



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G. W. Peck

Peck's Uncle Ike

AND THE

Red Headed Boy

ALSO

Sunbeams

HUMOR, SARCASM AND SENSE

Two volumes in one

By George W. Peck

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa," "Peck's Fun,"
"Peck's Sunshine," Etc.

Illustrated

1900

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Illustrations

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To the Typical American Boy,

The boy who is not so awfully good, along at first, but just good enough; the boy who does not cry when he gets hurt, and goes into all the dangerous games there are going, and goes in to win; the boy who loves his girl with the same earnestness that he plays football, and who takes the hard knocks of work and play until he becomes hardened to anything that may come to him in after life; the boy who will investigate everything in the way of machinery, even if he gets his fingers pinched, and learns how to make the machine that pinched him; the boy who, by study, experience, and mixing up with the world, knows a little about everything that he will have to deal with when he grows up—the all-around boy, that makes the all-around man, ready for anything, from praying for his country's prosperity to fighting for its honor; the boy who grows up qualified to lead anything, from the german at a dance to an army in battle; the boy who can take up a collection in church, or take up an artery on a man injured in a railroad accident, without losing his nerve; the boy who can ask a blessing if called upon to do so, or ask a girl's ugly father for the hand of his daughter in marriage, without choking up; the boy who grows up to be a man whom all men respect, all women love, and whom everybody wants to see President of the United States, this book is respectfully dedicated by

THE AUTHOR.

his pipe, and as the smoke began to fill the room his good old face lighted up as though he had partaken of a rich wine. "I like to get a little accustomed to brimstone here on this earth, so, if I get on the wrong road when I die, and go where brimstone is the only fuel, I won't appear to the neighbors down there as though I was a tenderfoot. Wherever I go, I always want to appear as though it wasn't my first trip away from home. Ah, children," said the old man, as he blew smoke enough out of his mouth to call out a fire department, and laughed till the windows rattled, "there is lots of fun in this old world, if your pipe don't go out. Don't miss any fun, because when you die you don't know whether there is any fun going on or not."

"I believe, Uncle Ike, that you would have fun anywhere," said the boy, as he thought of the funny stories the old man had told him for many years, and listened to the laugh that acted as punctuation marks to all of Uncle Ike's remarks. "I would hate to trust you at a funeral. Did you ever laugh at a funeral, Uncle?"

"I came mighty near it once," said the old man, as he put his little finger in the pipe and pressed down the ashes, and let the smoke out again like the chimney of a factory.

"O, my! why don't they make you use a smoke consumer on that pipe, or cause you to use smokeless tobacco?" said the boy, as he coughed till the tears came to his eyes. "It looks in this room like burn-

ing a tar barrel when Dewey sunk the Spanish fleet. But tell us about your funny funeral."

"O, it wasn't so funny," said the old man, as he stroked the stubble on his chin, and a twinkle came all around his eyes. "It was only my thoughts that come near breaking up the funeral. There was an old friend of mine years ago, a newspaper man, who was the most genial and loving soul I ever knew, but he stuttered so you couldn't help laughing to hear him. ' He could write the most beautiful things without stuttering, but when he began to talk, and the talk would not come, and he stammered, and puckered up his dear face, and finally got the words out, chewed up into little pieces, with hyphens between the syllables, you had to laugh or die. We were great friends, and used to smoke and tell stories together, and pass evenings that I can now recall as the sweetest of my life. There were many things in which we were alike. We smoked the same kind of tobacco, in clay pipes, and lived on the same street, and, after an evening of pleasure, whichever of us was the least wearied with the day's work and night of enjoyment walked home with the other. We used to talk about the hereafter, and promised each other to see that the one that died first should not have a funeral sermon that would give us taffy. It was my friend's idea that, if the minister spread it on too thick, he would raise up in the coffin and protest. He was not what you would call a good Christian, as the world goes, but I would trust him to argue with

St. Peter about getting inside the gate, because, if his stutter ever got St. Peter to laughing, my friend would surely get in. Well, he died, and I was one of the bearers at the funeral, with seven others of his old friends; and when the minister was picturing the virtues of the deceased which he never possessed, one of the bouquets on the coffin rolled off on the floor, and I thought of what my friend had said about calling the minister down, and in my imagination I could see the old fellow raising up in the coffin and stuttering, and puckering up his face there on that solemn occasion, and for about ten seconds it seemed as though I would split with laughter; but I held it in, and we got the good old genius buried all right, but it was a terrible strain on my vest buttons," and the old smoker lighted another match on his trousers and started the pipe, which had grown cold as he talked of the stuttering remains.

"O, say, Uncle Ike," said the boy, as he shuddered a little at the idea of a stuttering corpse talking back at a minister, "speaking of heaven, do you think the men that furnished embalmed beef to the soldiers and made them sick in Cuba will get to heaven when they die?"

"That depends a good deal on whether a political pull is any good over there," said Uncle Ike, as he reached for the yellow paper of tobacco and filled up the clay pipe again. "*I think a soldier is the noblest work of God.* A young man who has got everything just as he wants it at home, parents who love him,



“Why, a dog biscuit would have been mince pie to the soldiers in comparison.”

and perhaps a girl who believes he is the dearest man that ever wore a choker collar ; who hears that his country needs help, and gives up his spring mattress, his happy home, his evenings with the dearest girl in the world, gives up baking powder biscuits and strawberry shortcake, and enlists to go to Cuba, and sleeps on the ground in the mud, gets malaria, and fights on his knees when he is too weak to stand up, deserves something better than decayed meat, and I believe the people who furnished that stuff for the boys are going right straight to hell when they die," and a look of revenge and horror and indignation came over the old man's face that the boy had not seen before in all the years he had known his uncle. "No, sir," said he ; "the smell of that canned beef will stick to the garments of those who prepared it and those who furnished it to those boys ; and if one of them got into heaven by crawling under the canvas, every angel there would hold her nose and make up a face, and they would send for the devil with his pitchfork to throw him out. The verdict of no board of investigation is going to be received as a passport to heaven. Why, a dog biscuit would have been mince pie to the soldiers in comparison to the stuff the rich beef packers furnished to those young noblemen with the kyack uniforms on. To make a little more money, men who have millions of dollars to burn, bilked a weak and overworked set of officials with incipient paresis and locomotor ataxia in their walk and conversation, and sawed on to them stuff

that self-respecting pigs could not have digested without taking pepsin tablets; and with that embalmed and canned outrage on humanity in their stomachs those brave men charged in the face of an enemy, and were hungry heroes, loaded with decayed beef from a country that produces the finest food in the world. Tramps, begging at the back gates of American homes, were living on the fat of the land; dogs could gnaw fresh and sweet meat off of bones thrown away, and laugh at our soldiers carrying Old Glory to victory up hills shelled and bulleted and barbed-wire fenced. A bullet from a Spanish gun, entering the stomach of an American soldier, turned black when it came in contact with the embalmed beef there, and poisoned the brave soldier, and made him die, with thoughts of home, and mother, and sweetheart, and his lips closed for the last time, silent as to his wrongs, uncomplaining as to the murder committed by the millionaires at home. The business of packing meat ought to be combined with the undertaking business, so you could order your meat and your coffin from the same man. By cracky! Boy, I am so mad when I think of it, that I don't want to go to heaven if those people go there. Go out, dears, for a minute, for I want to use language that you can't find in the school books!" and Uncle Ike got up out of his chair, pale with anger, and smashed his pipe on the stone hearth, and a tear rolled down his cheek.

"Why, Uncle Ike, I didn't mean to make you cry,"

said the red-headed boy, as he backed out of the room, frightened at the old man.

“Well, never mind, boy; don't worry about your Uncle Ike, because at my age, when a man gets mad clear through, he has to have vent, or bust,” and the old fellow laughed as hearty as though he had never been mad in his life. “But I have a tender spot for soldiers who go to fight for their country, and when they are abused I feel that somebody is guilty of treason. I was a soldier in the war between the North and South, and have seen soldiers hungry, so hungry that they would take raw corn out of the nosebags of mules that were eating it, until a mule would begin to kick seven ways for Sunday when he saw a soldier coming; but it couldn't be helped, because the government couldn't keep up with the soldiers with rations, when they were on the jump night and day. But, do you know we had fun all the time we were hungry? There were Irish soldiers in my regiment who would keep you good natured when you were ready to die. The Irish soldier is so funny and so cheerful that he should have good pay. If I was going to raise a regiment, I would have one Irish soldier, at least, to every seven other soldiers, and my Irish boy would keep them all laughing by his wit, so they would stand any hardship. I have seen an Irish boy parch his corn that he had stolen from a mule, spread it out on a saddle blanket in four piles, go and ask three officers to dine with him, and, when they sat down on the ground to eat the parched corn, he

wouldn't let them begin the meal until he made a welcoming speech, and had the chaplain ask a blessing over the corn ; and then he would go without his share, and tell funny stories until the guests would laugh until they almost choked. The Irish soldier is worth his weight in gold in any army, boy, and he is in all armies, on one side or the other, and generally on both sides. The only objection I have to an Irishman is that he smokes one of these short pipes," and the old man lit up his long clay pipe, and let the boy go out to think over the lesson of the morning.

CHAPTER II.

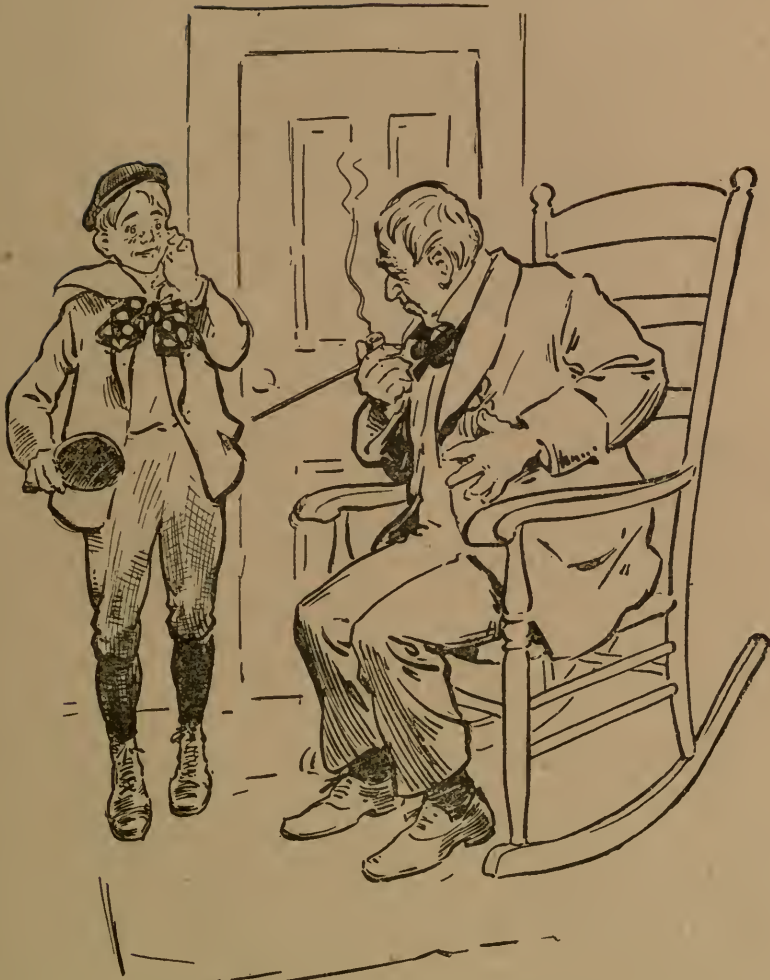
Uncle Ike sat and smoked his pipe in silence for a few minutes, blew the smoke out in clouds, and looked at it as though searching for something, and there was a serious look on his face, as though he was trying to fathom some mystery, while the red-headed boy was looking at himself in a hand mirror to see if the freckles on his nose were any smaller since he had been using some of his mother's toilet powder to remove them. Finally Uncle Ike put the bowl of the pipe to his nose and smelled of the burning tobacco, turned up his nose and snuffed, and said:

"There is something the matter with this 'ere terbacker. I suppose the terbacker makers have got into a trust, and they don't care how the stuff smells. Condemned if I ain't half a mind to quit smoking and break up the trust."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," said the red-headed boy, "that I fixed your tobacco for you so it would not smell so bad. I put some cinnamon bark and wiener skins in it."

"Well, of all things!" said Uncle Ike, as he emptied the tobacco out of the pipe by rapping it on the heel of his boot, and looked sick. "What in the name of heaven is wiener skins?"

"Why, it is the envelope that goes around a wiener sausage. Us boys were smoking cigarettes



“There is something the matter with this 'ere terbacker.”

one day made of paper and dried dandelion leaves, and the boy at the butcher shop said if we would dry some wiener skin and cut it up and put it in the cigarette and smoke it, it would make the finest flavor, and make us strong. I tried it, and the cigarette smelled just like camping out and cooking over a camp-fire, and the next day I was so strong ma noticed it. I thought you were getting old, and I would make you strong and young again. Don't you notice how different the smoke smells since I fixed the tobacco? I was going to put in some red pepper pods, but——"

"Here, hold on!" said Uncle Ike. "The butcher has got you mixed up. He was giving you a recipe for a Mexican pudding. But don't you ever try any experiments on your Uncle Ike any more. I don't want to be made strong any more on sausage skins. A gymnasium is good enough for me, and it don't smell like burning a negro at the stake. I know anything would help the flavor of this terbacker, but I have got used to it, after about sixty years burning it under my nose, and, if the trust will not water the stock with baled hay or cut cabbage, I will try and pull through as it is. So you experiment on yourself, condemn you! I knew it was you that had disturbed my terbacker. I can tell by the freckles on your face when you have done anything wrong. A boy that is freckled has got to be square, or I am right on to him. When you are guilty, the freckles on your nose are changeable; one will be yellow, like saffron, and

another freckle seems pale, and little drops of perspiration appear between the freckles; and then several small freckles will combine into one, like a trust, and you are given completely away. So remember, as long as you wear freckles, if you do anything crooked, there is a sign right on your face that tells the tale."

"Say, Uncle Ike, what is a trust?" asked the red-headed boy, anxious to turn the subject away from wiener skins and freckles. "What good does a trust do?"

"Well, a trust is one of these things," said Uncle Ike, as he opened a new paper of tobacco, and threw the old paper, that had been treated with foreign substances, into the fire, "one of these things that are for the benefit of the dear people. You have heard of selling a gold brick, haven't you? The man who sells a gold brick has a brass brick made with a hole in it, in which he puts some gold, and he lets the jay who wants to invest in raw gold test it by putting acid on the place where the gold is filled in, and the jay finds that the brick is solid gold, and he buys it, after mortgaging his farm to raise the money. The man sells the gold brick cheap, because the jay is his friend, and when he has got out of the country the jay tries to sell his gold brick for eight hundred dollars, and he gets two dollars and eighty cents for it. That is one kind of a trust. The trust you mean is a combination of several factories, for instance. The promoter gets all the factories in one line of business

to combine. They pay each factory proprietor more than his business is worth, and he is tickled, but they only pay him part money, and give him stock in the combine for the balance, and let him run his old business, now owned by others, at a good salary, and he gets the big head and buys a rubber-tired carriage, and sends his family to Europe. Then the trust closes down his factory and throws his men out of employment, lowers the price of goods to run out others who have not entered the trust, and the people who get goods cheap say a trust is the noblest work of God. After the outsiders have been ruined, and the man who entered the trust in good faith has spent the money they gave him, and tries to sell the stock he received, it has gone down to seven cents on a dollar, and the trust buys it in, and he cables his family to come home in the steerage of a cattle ship. His old employees have gone to the poorhouse or to selling bananas with a cart, and the former manufacturer who was happy and prosperous has become poor and shabby, and he looks at his closed factory, with its broken windows, and he tries to get a position pushing a scraper on the asphalt pavement, and if he fails he either jumps off the pier into the lake, or takes a gun and goes gunning for the trust promoter who ruined him. And after the factory man is drowned, or sent to the penitentiary for murder, the stock in the trust takes a bound and is away above par, and he hasn't got any of it, and the poor competitors of the trust having been ruined and closed up, prices of

the goods go up kiting, and the dear people who said a trust was the noblest work of God say it is the dumbdest work of man, and they pass resolutions to down the trust, while the owners of the good stock in the trust stick out their fat stomachs, full of champagne and canvasback and terrapin, and laugh at the people till they nearly die of apoplexy, and drive bob-tailed horses that live better than the people, and carry blanketed dogs on velvet-cushioned carriages, that would turn up their noses at good wiener skins worse than I did when you loaded my tobacco, you little red-headed rascal," and Uncle Ike drew a long breath, and brought his fist down on the table in anger, as he got worked up over the wrongs of the people at the hands of the gold brick trusts.

"Gosh," said the red-headed boy, as his eyes kept opening wider and wider when he took in all Uncle Ike had said, "I should think the people would have the trusts arrested for breach of promise."

"What do you know about breach of promise?" said Uncle Ike, coloring up and looking foolish. "Who has been telling you about my being arrested once for breach of promise? If your mother has told you about that old trouble I had, I'll leave this house and go board at a tavern."

"I never heard anything about it, Uncle Ike, so help me. I never heard that you was ever in love."

"I never was in love," said the old man, as he loaded up the pipe again, "except with my pipe. That affair was a clear case of a dog getting stuck on a

man, and the owner of the dog thinking she was being loved. You see I went to a summer resort years ago, and got acquainted with a widow. She was a sweet creature, but I never said a word to her about marriage. She had a pug dog, and I petted the dog, and called it to me, and, do you know, that dog got so he would follow me, and set on my lap, and come to my room, and whine, until I got scared. I talked with the widow some, and once I took her and the dog out boat riding, but I never gave her any cause to think that I was in love with her. But you ought to have seen that dog. He just doted on me. I encouraged it till all the guests at the hotel began to notice that I was very dear to the dog, and the widow looked on smilingly and encouraged the intimacy. Then I tried to drive the dog away from me, but he would curl up at my feet and look up at me in such a loving manner that I weakened. Then the widow began to hint at her desire to have someone that the dog could look up to and love, and it was getting too warm, and I left the summer resort, and was sued for breach of promise. Of course I didn't know what the woman or the dog would swear to, so I settled for a thousand dollars. The next year I called at the summer resort, and found the dog stuck on another man, and I know just as well as can be that the widow paid her expenses each summer by that dog getting in love with men, and I have never looked at a woman twice since."

"Served them right," said the boy, who had an

idea that Uncle Ike was right about everything. "I don't take much stock in girls myself. I am mighty glad I haven't got any sister. The boys that have got sisters are in hot water all the time, and have to go home with them from parties, and carry their rubbers to school when it rains, and fight for them if the other boys call them tomboys. Sisters are no good," and the red-headed boy looked smart, as though he had said something Uncle Ike would applaud.

"There, that will do," said Uncle Ike, as he put his hand in the boy's hair to warm it. "Don't let me ever hear you say a word against sisters again. You don't know anything about sisters. They are great. Let me tell you a story. I know a man who is away up in public affairs, at the head of his profession in his county, and one the world will hear more about some of these days. He was just such a little shrimp as you are, when he was a boy. He got out of the high school, and was going to clerk in a feed store, when his sister took him one side, one Sunday, and told him she wanted him to go to college. He almost fainted away at the idea. There wasn't much money in the family to burn on a boy's education, and he knew it, and he asked where the money was to come from. This little sister of the poor boy said she would furnish the money. She knew that he would be one of the great men of the country, if he had a college education, and it was arranged for him to go to college, this little sister being his backer financially. She had a musical education, and began to look for

chances to make money. She took scholars in music, and was so anxious to make money for this brother to blow in on an education that she fairly forced music into all her pupils, working night and day, often with her head ready to split open with pain, but every week she rounded up money enough to send to that brother at college, and for four years there never was a Monday morning that he did not get a postoffice order from that sweet girl, and every day a letter of encouragement, and advice, and when he graduated a pale girl stood below the platform with bright eyes and a feverish cheek, and when he came down off the platform with his diploma he grasped her in his arms and said, 'Sister, darling,' and kissed her in the presence of five thousand people, and she fainted. She had worked as no man works, for four years, and the result was a brother, a lawyer, a grand man, who loves that sister as though she was an angel from heaven. So, confound you, if I ever hear you say a word against sisters again, I will take you across my knee and you will think the millennium has come and struck you right on the pants," and Uncle Ike patted the boy on the cheek, and said they had better go out and catch a mess of fish.

CHAPTER III.

"Uncle Ike, did you ever take many degrees in secret societies?" asked the red-headed boy, as he saw the old gentleman reading an account of a man who was killed during initiation into a lodge, by being spanked with a clapboard on which cartridges had been placed.

"About a hundred degrees, I should think, without counting up," said Uncle Ike, as he thought over the different lodges he had belonged to in the past fifty years. "What set you to thinking about secret societies?"

"Oh, I thought I would join a few, and have some fun. I read every little while about some one being killed while being initiated, and it seems to me the death rate is about as great as it is in Cuba or the Philippines. Is there much fun in killing a man, Uncle Ike?"

"Well, not much for the man who is killed," said the old man, as he gave the grand hailing sign of distress for the boy to bring him his pipe and tobacco. "Accidents will happen, you know. It isn't one man in ten thousand that gets killed being initiated."

"What do people join lodges for, anyway, when they are liable to croak?" said the boy, as he passed the ingredients for a fumigation to the uncle. "Don't you think there ought to be laws against initiating, the

same as clipping horses and cutting their tails off, or cutting off dogs' tails and ears? What do the lodges have those funny ceremonies for?"

"Well, a fool boy can ask more questions than the oldest man can answer," said Uncle Ike, as he hitched around in his chair, and looked mysterious, as he thought of the grips and passwords he once knew. "No, there is no occasion for laws against men going up against any game. Most men join lodges because they think it is a good thing, and after they have taken a few degrees they want all there are, and after awhile the degrees keep getting harder, and they think of more to come, and by and by they get enough. In most lodges all men are on an equal footing, the prince and the pauper are all alike. Occasionally there is a man who thinks because he is rich or prominent in some way, that he is smarter than the ordinary man in a lodge. Then is the time that the rest try to teach him humility, and show him that he is only a poor mortal. It does some men good to have their diamonds removed, their good clothes replaced by the tattered garments of the tramp, and then let them look at themselves and see how little they amount to. In some lodges a man is taught a useful lesson by stripping him to the buff and taking a clapboard and letting a common laborer maul him until he finds out that he is not the whole business. If that were done occasionally by society you wouldn't find so many men looking over the common people. It would take the starch out of some people to feel



"It does not take opera music to get people to heaven."

that if they put on too many airs they would be liable to have a boot hit them any time. Lodges sometimes make good men out of the worst material. In some lodges the Prince of Wales would have to walk turkey right beside a well-digger, and it would do the prince good and not hurt the well-digger. But if I was in your place I would not join a lodge yet. Try the Salvation Army first," and Uncle Ike got up and went to the window, and listened to the bugle and bass drum and tambourine of the army as it passed on its nightly round.

"That Salvation army makes me tired," said the red-headed boy, as he reached for his putty blower. "Going around the streets palming that noise off on the public for music, and scaring horses, and taking up a collection, and singing out of tune. Say, I'll bet I can blow a chunk of putty into that girl's bonnet and make her jump like a box car in a collision," and the boy opened the window and was taking aim at the tambourine girl's bonnet when Uncle Ike reached out and took the putty blower away from him and said:

"Don't ever worry those poor people, or let any other boy bother them when you are around. They are entitled to the respect of all good people. It does not take opera music to get people to heaven. Even that wretched music they give so freely, may turn some poor wretch from the wrong to the right way, and a poor devil who becomes a follower of Christ from practicing following the Salvation army is just as welcome in heaven as though he went to church with

a four-in-hand and listened to a heavenly choir that is paid a hundred dollars per. It does not seem possible to some rich people that St. Peter is going to extend the glad hand to a dockwolloper, and let the rich man stand out in the cold until he tells how he used his money on earth, whether to oppress the poor or to make them glad. Lots of men are going to be fooled thinking they are going to get inside the pearly gates on the strength of their money, but some of them may have to be vouched for by a Salvation army lassie. So, boy, if you love your old uncle, always respect the religion of every soul on earth, and don't fire putty at any girl's bonnet. You hear me?" and the old man patted the boy on the back, and his old face looked angelic, through the tobacco smoke cloud.

"Well, Uncle Ike, you are the queerest man I ever saw," said the red-headed boy, as he wiped a tear out of his eye with his shirt sleeve. "There is nothing I can do to agree with you, until you have talked to me a little. When I feel funny, and want to laugh, you make me cry; and when I get serious about something, and get you to talking, you get me to laughing. I never agree with you until you have had your say. But I agree with you on one thing; you said the other day, when we were talking about breach of promise, that you were never in love. That's where you and I are alike. It makes me weary to see some boys in love with girls, and run around after them, and make themselves laughing stock of everybody. If a girl should get in love with

me, I would tell her to go to thunder, and I would laugh at her, and tell all the boys she was silly. There is no good in love. I thought I liked a girl once, and gave her a German silver ring that I got off an old china pipe stem; and she loved me just a week, and then she shook me because the German silver ring corroded on her finger and gave her blood poison. It wasn't true love, or she would have stuck to me if she had been obliged to have her finger amputated. Bah! I was so discouraged that I will never have anything to say to a girl again, and I will grow up to be an old bach like you, who never did love anybody but a dog. Isn't that so, Uncle Ike?"

"Did I say I never loved any woman?" said Uncle Ike, as he looked away off, apparently his eyes penetrating the dim past, and a wet spot on his cheek that kept getting wetter, and spreading around his face, until he wiped it off with one end of his necktie. "Why, boy, don't you ever tell your ma, but I have been in love enough to send a man to the insane asylum. You think you will never love any girl again, on account of that blood poisoning. Why, blood poison is nowhere beside love. Some day you will have a girl pass to windward of you, and when cool air of heaven blows a breath of her presence toward you, the love microbe will enter your system with the odor of violets that comes from her, and there is no medicine on earth that will cure you. The first thing you know you will follow that girl like a poodle, and if she wants you to walk on your hands and knees,

and carry her parasol in your mouth, you will do it. When she looks at you the perspiration will start out all over you, and you will think there is only one pair of eyes in the world, that all beautiful eyes have been consolidated into one pair of blue ones, and that they are as big as moons. If you touch her hand you will feel a thrill go up your arm and down your spine, as you do when a four-pound bass strikes your frog when you are fishing. She will see that your necktie is on sideways, and she will take hold of it to fix it, and you will not breathe for fear she will go away, and when she gets you fixed so you will pass in a crowd, you will be paralyzed all over, and unable to move, until she beckons you to come along, and when you start to walk you will feel all over like your foot is asleep. Walking a block or two beside this girl will be to you better than a trip to Europe, and a look at her face will seem to you a glimpse of heaven, and angels, and you will leave her after the too short interview, and you will be glad you are alive, and then you may see her riding in a street car with another, and you will want to commit murder. When these things occur, boy, you are in love, and you have got it bad. You think you don't love anybody, but you will. I have been there, boy, and there is no escape without taking to the woods, and love will make a trail through the forest, and over glaciers, and catch you if you don't watch out. So when love gets into your system, that way, just hold up your hands as though a hold-up man had the drop on you with a revolver, and let the

girl go through you. The only way I escaped was that the girl married. Now go away and let me alone, boy, or I shall have to take you across my knee," and the red-headed boy backed out of the room and left Uncle Ike, his trembling fingers rattling the yellow paper of tobacco, trying to fill his pipe, and as the boy got outdoors and blew a charge of putty from his blower at the washwoman bending over the wash-tub, he said :

"Well, Uncle Ike hasn't had a picnic all his life."

CHAPTER IV.

“What is the matter with your Aunt Almira this morning?” asked Uncle Ike of the red-headed boy, as he came out into the garden with a sling-shot, and began to shoot birdshot at the little cucumbers that were beginning to grow away from the pickle vine, as the boy called the cucumber tree.

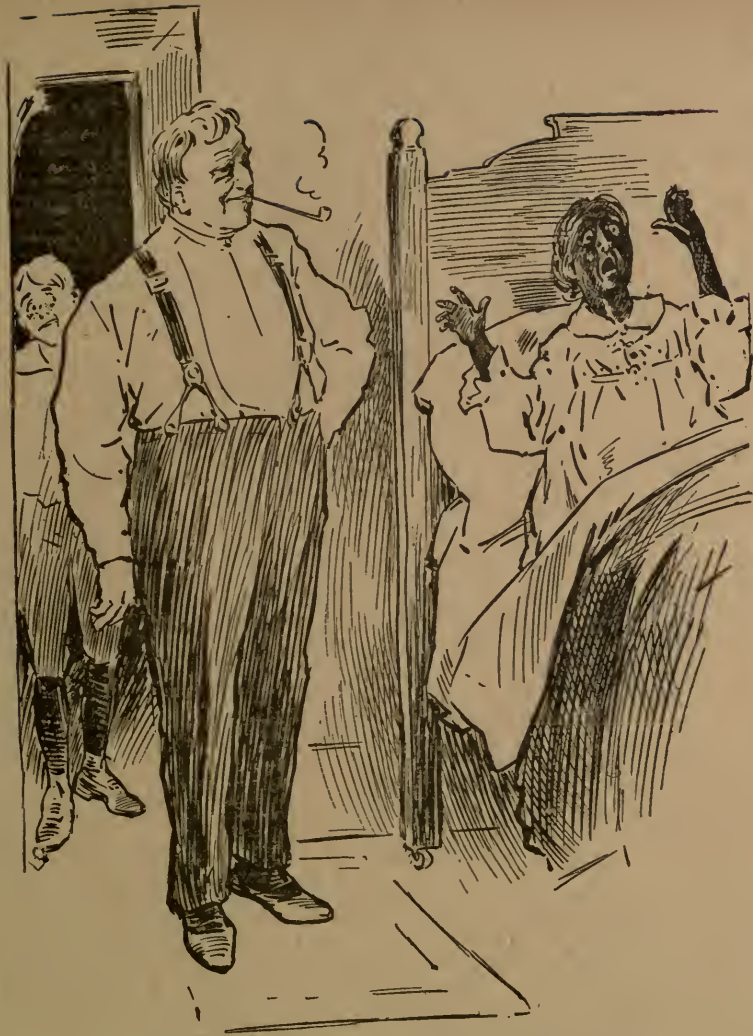
“She’s turned nigger,” said the boy, turning his sling-shot at an Italian yelling strawberries. “Wait till I hit that dago on the side of the nose, and you will hear a noise that will remind you of Garibaldi crossing the Rubicon.”

“Garibaldi never crossed the Rubicon, and you couldn’t hit that Italian count on the nose in a week, and if you did he would chase you with a knife, and tree you in the cellar under the kindling wood, and if I interfered he would gash me in the stomach and claim protection from his government, and a war would only be averted between this country and Italy by an apology from the President, saluting the Italian flag by our navy, and an indemnity paid to your dago friend, enough to support him in luxury the balance of his life. So be careful with your birdshot. But, about your Aunt Almira; she was yelling for help this morning, and didn’t come down to breakfast.”

“Well, sir,” said the boy, respectfully, as he

sheathed his trusty sling-shot in his pistol pocket, after the dago had felt a shot strike his hat, and he looked around at the boy with the whites of his eyes glassy and his earrings shaking with wrath, "It was all on account of the innocentest mistake that aunty is ill this morning. You see, every night she puts cold cream all over her face, and on her hands clear up above her wrists, to make herself soft. Last night she forgot it until she had got in bed and the light was put out, and then she yelled to me to bring the little tin box out of the bathroom, and I was busy studying my algebra and I made a mistake and got the shoe dressing, that paste that they put on patent leather shoes. Well, Aunt Almira put it on generous, and rubbed it in nice. I didn't know I had made a mistake until this morning, but I couldn't sleep a wink all night thinking how funny aunty would look in the morning."

"Hold on," said Uncle Ike, "don't prevaricate. You did it on purpose, and knew it all right, and let that poor lady sleep the sleep of innocence, blacker than the ace of spades. Say, if you was mine I would have a continuous performance right here now," and Uncle Ike run his tongue a couple of times around a dry cigar a friend had given him, and licked the wrapper so it would hold in the shoddy filling. "Don't interrupt the speaker," said the boy, as he handed Uncle Ike a match to touch off the Roman candle. "If you had seen Aunt Almira, just after she had yelled murder the third time this morning, you would



"Then she yelled again and wanted me to send for the doctor."

not scold me. She woke up, and the first thing that attracted her attention was her hands, and she thought she had gone to bed with her long black kid party gloves on, and she tried to pull them off. When she couldn't get them off, she raised up in bed and looked at herself in a mirror, and that was the time she yelled, and I went in the room to help her. Well, sir, she hadn't missed a place on her face, neck and arms, and the paste shone just like patent leather. I said, aunty, you can go into the nigger show business, and she said, what is it, and I said, I give it up for I am no end man. Then she yelled again. Oh, dear, I was never so sorry for a high-born lady in my life, but to encourage her I told her I read of a white woman in Alabama that turned black in a single night, and the niggers would never have anything to say to her, because she was a hoodoo, and wasn't in their class, and then she yelled again and wanted me to send for a doctor, and I told her there wasn't any negro doctor in town, and what she wanted was to send for a scrub-woman, and then I showed her the box of shoe paste and told her she had got in the wrong box, and she laid it to me and shooed me out of the room like I was a hen, and she has been all the forenoon trying to wash that shoe paste off, but it will have to wear off, 'cause it is fast colors, and aunty has got to go to a heathen meeting at the church to-night, and she will have to send regrets. Don't you think women are awful careless about their toilets?" and the boy rubbed his red hair with a piece of sand-paper, be-

cause some one had told him sand-paper would take the red out of his hair.

“Do you know,” said Uncle Ike, as the cigar swelled up in the center and began to curl on the end, and he threw it to the hens, and watched a rooster pick at it and make up a face, “if I was your aunt I would skin you alive? If you were a little older, we would ship you on a naval vessel, where you couldn’t get ashore once a year, and you could get punished every day.”

“I wouldn’t go in the navy, unless I could be Dewey. Dewey has a snap. Every day I read how he has ordered some man thrown overboard. The other day a Filipino shoemaker brought him a pair of shoes and charged him two dollars more for them than he agreed to, and Dewey turned to a coxswain, or a belaying pin, or something, and told them to throw the man overboard. Uncle Ike, do you think Dewey throws everybody overboard that the papers say he does?”

“Well, I wouldn’t like to contradict a newspaper,” said Uncle Ike, as he thought the matter over. “It has seemed to me for some time that Dewey had a habit of throwing people overboard that would be liable to get him into trouble when he gets home, if the habit sticks to him. For that reason I would suggest that the house that is to be presented to him at Washington be a one-story house, so he could throw people that did not please him out of a window and not kill them too dead. When he gets home and

settled down, it is likely he will be called upon by Mark Hanna, General Alger and others, and they will be very apt to give Dewey advice as to how he ought to conduct himself, and what he ought to say; and if he had an office in the top of a ten-story building, the janitor or the policeman in the street would be finding the remains of some of those visitors flattened out on the sidewalk so they would have to be scraped up with a caseknife. Throwing people overboard in Manila bay, and in a ten-story flagship in Washington, is going to be different."

"Well, boy," said Uncle Ike, as the two wandered around the garden, looking at the things grow, "there is a sign that tomato cans are ripe, and you go and get one and I will hold this big, fat angleworm," and he put his cane in front of a four-inch worm, which shortened up and swelled out as big as a lead pencil. "I want just a quart of those worms in cold storage, and tomorrow we will go fishing. Don't you like to go out in the woods, by a stream, and hook an angleworm on to a hook, in scallops, so he will look just as though he was defying the fish, and throw it in, and wait till you get a nibble, and feel the electric current run up your arm, and then the fish yanks a little, and you can't refrain, hardly, from jerking, but you know he hasn't got hold enough yet, and you make a supreme effort to control your nerves, and by and by he takes it way down his neck, and you know he is your meat, and you pull, and the electricity just gives you a shock, and——"

“Yes, sir,” said the boy, interrupting the old man, “it feels just like going home with a girl from a party, and she accidentally touches you, and it goes all up and down you, and he swallows the bait, and you pull him out and have to take a jackknife and cut the hook out of his gills, and the angleworm is all chewed up, and when she looks at you as you bid her goodnight and says it was kind of you to see her home, and puts out her hand to shake you, you feel as though there was only one girl in the whole world, and when you start to go home you have to blow your fingers to keep them warm, and pry your fingers apart, but I don’t like to scale ’em and clean ’em, but when they are fried in butter with bread crumbs, and you have baked potatoes, gosh, say, but you can’t sleep all night from thinking maybe the next party you go to some other boy will ask her if he can’t see her home, but I like bullheads better than sunfish, don’t you, Uncle Ike?” and the boy went on filling his tomato can with worms.

“I have just one favor to ask,” said Uncle Ike, as he puckered up his mouth in a smile, then laughed so loud that it sounded like raking a stick along a picket fence, “and that is that you don’t mix your fish up that way. When the subject is girls, stick to girls, and when it is fish, stay by the fish. I know there is a great deal of similarity in the way they bite, but when you get them well hooked the result is all the same, and they have to come into the basket, whether it is a fish or a girl. The way a girl acts reminds me a good deal of a black bass. You throw your hook,

nicely baited with a fat angleworm, into the water near the bass, and you think he will make a hop, skip, and jump for it, but he looks the other way, swims around the worm, and pays no attention to it, but if he sees another bass pointing toward the worm he sticks up the top fin on his back, and turns sideways, and looks mad, and seems to say, 'I'll tend to this worm myself, and you go away,' and the bass finally goes up and snuffs at the worm, and turns up his nose, and goes away, as though it was no particular interest to him, but he turns around and keeps his eye on it, though, and after awhile you think you will pull the worm out, because the bass isn't very hungry, anyway, and just as you go to pull it up there is a disturbance in the water, and the bass that had seemed to close its eyes for a nice quiet nap, makes a six-foot jump, swallows the hook, worm, and eight inches of the line, kicks up his heels, and starts for the bottom of the river, and you think you have caught onto a yearling calf, and the reel sings and burns your fingers, and the bass jumps out of the water and tries to shake the hook out of his mouth, and you work hard, and act carefully, for fear you will lose him, and you try to figure how much he weighs, and whether you will have him fried or baked, and whether you will invite a neighbor to dinner, who is always joking you about never catching any fish, and then you get him up near you, and he is tired out, and you think you never saw such a nice bass, and that it weighs at least six pounds, and just as you are reach-

ing out with the landing net, to take him in, he gives one kick, chews off the line, you fall over backwards, and the bass disappears with a parting flop of the tail, and a man who is fishing a little ways off asks you what you had on your hook, and you say that it was nothing but a confounded dogfish, anyway, and you wind up your reel and go home, and you are so mad and hot that the leaves on the trees curl up and turn yellow like late in the fall. Many a girl has acted just that way, and finally chewed off the line, and let the man fall with a dull thud, and after he has got over it he says to those who have watched the angling that she was not much account, anyway, but all the time he knows by the feeling of gone-ness inside of him that he lies like a Spaniard," and Uncle Ike tied a handkerchief over the tomato can to keep the worms in, and said to the boy, "Now, if you can get up at four o'clock in the morning we will go and get a fine mess."

"Mess of bass or girls?" said the boy, as he looked up at the old man with a twinkle in his eye.

"Bass, by gosh!" said Uncle Ike.

CHAPTER V.

"Here, what you up to, you young heathen?" said Uncle Ike, as a pair of small boxing gloves, about as big as goslings, struck him in the solar plexus and all the way down his stomach, and he noticed a red streak rushing about the room, side-stepping and ducking. "You are a nice looking Sunday-school scholar, you are, dancing around as though you were in the prize ring. Who taught you that foolishness, and what are you trying to do?" and the old man cornered the red-headed boy between the bookcase and the center-table, and took him across his knee, and fanned his trousers with a hand as big as a canvas ham, until he said he threw up the sponge.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the red-headed boy, as the old man let him up and he felt of his trousers to see if they were warm, "I am going into the prize-fighting business, and Aunt Almira, who is studying for the stage, is teaching me to box. Gee, but she can give you a blow with her left across the ear that will make you think Jeffries has put on a shirt-waist, and a turquoise ring, and she and I are going to form a combination and make a barrel of money. Say, Aunt Almira has got so she can kick clear up to the gas jet, and she wants to play Juliet. I am going to play Jeffries to her Juliet."

"Oh, you and your aunt have got things all mixed

up. She does not have to kick to play Juliet. And you can't box well enough to get into the kindergarten class of prize fighters. What you want to fight for anyway? Better go and study your Sunday-school lesson."

"I don't know," said the boy, as he tied on a boxing glove by taking the string in his teeth, "there is more money in prize fighting than anything, and Jeffries was a nice Sunday-school boy, and his father is a preacher, and he said the Lord was on the side of Jim in the fight that knocked out Fitzsimmons. Do you believe, Uncle Ike, that the Lord was in the ring there at Coney Island, seconding Jeffries, and that the prayers of Jeffries' preacher father had anything to do with Fitzsimmons getting it right and left in the slats and on the jaw?"

"No! No! No!" said Uncle Ike, as he shuddered with disgust at the thought that the good Lord should be mixed up in such things just to make newspaper sensations. "There is not much going on that the Lord is not an eye-witness of, but when it comes to being on one side or the other of a prize fight He has got other business of more importance. He watches even a sparrow's fall, but it is mighty doubtful in my mind whether he paid any attention as to which of the two prize-fighting brutes failed to get up in ten seconds. Boxing is all right, and I believe in it, and want all boys to learn how to do it, in order that they may protect themselves, or protect a weak person from assault, but it ought to stop there. Men who fight

each other for money ought to be classed with bulldogs, wear muzzles and a dog license, and be shunned by all decent people," and the old man lit his pipe with deliberation and smoked a long time in silence.

"But they make money, don't they?" said the boy, who thought that making money was the chief end of man. "Think of making thirty thousand dollars in one night!"

"Yes, and think of the train robbers who make a hundred thousand dollars a night," said the old man; "and what good did any money made by train robbing or prize fighting ever do anybody? The men who make money that way, blow it in for something that does them no good, and when they come to die you have to take up a collection to bury them. Don't be a prize fighter or a train robber if you can help it, boy, and don't ever get the idea that the Lord is sitting up nights holding pool tickets on a prize fight."

"Uncle Ike, why didn't you go to the circus the other night? We had more fun, and lemonade, and peanuts, and the clown was so funny," said the boy; "and they had a fight, and a circus man threw a man out of the tent; and a woman rode on a horse with those great, wide skirts, and rosin on her feet and everywhere, so she would stick on, and——"

"Oh, don't tell me," said Uncle Ike, as he ran a broom straw into his pipe stem to open up the pores; "I was brought up among circuses, and used to sit up all night and go out on the road to meet the old wagon show coming to town. Did you ever go away out five

or six miles, in the night, to meet a circus, and get tired, and lay down by the road and go to sleep, and have the dew on the grass wet your bare feet and trousers clear up to your waistband, and suddenly have the other boys wake you up, and there was a fog so you couldn't see far, and suddenly about daylight you hear a noise like a hog that gets frightened and says "Woof!" and there coming out of the fog right on to you is the elephant, looking larger than a house, and you keep still for fear of scaring' him, and he passes on and then the camels come, and the cages, and the sleepy drivers letting the six horses go as they please, and the wagons with the tents, and the performers sleeping on the bundles, and the band wagon with all the musicians asleep, and the lions and tigers don't say anything; and you never do anything except keep your eyes bulging out till they get by, and then you realize you are six miles from home, and you follow the procession into town, and when you get home your parents take you across a chair and pet you with a press board for being out all night, until you are so blistered that you cannot sit down on a seat at the circus in the afternoon. Oh, I have been there, boy, barefooted and bareheaded, with a hickory shirt on open clear down, and torn trousers opened clear up. Lemonade never tastes like it does at a circus, sawdust never smells the same anywhere else, and nothing in the whole world smells like a circus," and the old man's face lighted up as though the recollection had made him young again.

"Did you ever see a fight at a circus, Uncle Ike?" asked the red-headed boy, who seemed to have been more impressed with the fight he had seen than with the performance.

"See a circus fight?" said Uncle Ike. "Gosh, I was right in the midst of a circus fight, where several people were killed, and the whole town was a hospital for a month. See that scar on top of my head," and the old man pointed with pride to a place on his head that looked as though a mule had kicked him. "I was a deputy constable the day Levi J. North's old circus, menagerie and troupe of Indians showed in the old town where I lived. Some country boys got in a muss with a side-show barker and they got to fighting, and some Irish railroad graders heard the row, and they rushed in with spades and picks and clubs, and some gentleman said, 'Hey, Rheube,' and the circus men came rushing out, and I came up with a tin star, and said, 'In the name of the state I command the peace,' and I grabbed a circus man by the arm, and an Irishman named Gibbons said, 'to hell wid 'em,' and then a box car or something struck me on the head, and I laid down, and three hundred circus men and about the same number of countrymen and railroad hands walked on me, and they fought for an hour, and when the people got me home and I woke up the circus had been gone a week, and they had buried those who died, and a whole lot were in jail, and my head didn't get down so I could get my hat on before late in the fall."



"I grabbed a circus man by the arm,"

"Did you resign as constable?" asked the red-headed boy, and he looked at Uncle Ike with awe, as he would at a hero of a hundred battles.

"Did I? That's the first thing I did when I came to, and I have never looked at a tin star on a deputy since without a shudder, and I have never let an admiring public force any office on to me to this day. One day in a public office was enough for your Uncle Ike, but I would like to go to a circus once more and listen to those old jokes of the clown, which were so old that we boys knew them by heart sixty years ago," and Uncle Ike lighted his pipe again, and tried to laugh at one of the old jokes.

"Uncle Ike, I've got a scheme to get rich, and I will take you into partnership with me," said the red-headed boy, as Uncle Ike began to cool off from his circus story. "You go in with me and furnish the money, and I will buy a lot of hens, and fix up the back yard with lath, and just let the hens lay eggs and raise chickens, and we will sell them. I have figured it all up, and by starting with ten hens and two roosters, and let them go ahead and attend to business, in twenty years we would have seventeen million nine hundred and sixty-one fowls, which at 10 cents a pound about Thanksgiving time would amount to——"

"There, there, come off," said Uncle Ike, as he lit up the old pipe again, and got his thinker a'thinking. "I know what you want. You want to get me in on the ground floor. I have been in more things on the

ground floor than anybody, but there was always another fellow in the cellar. You are figuring hens the way you do compound interest, but you are away off. Life is too short to wait for compound interest on a dollar to make a fellow rich, and cutting coupons off a hen is just the same. I started a hen ranch fifty years ago, on the same theory, and went broke. There is no way to make money on hens except to turn them loose on a farm, and have a woman with an apron over her head hunt eggs, and sell them as quick as they are laid, before a hen has a chance to get the fever to set. You open a hen ranch in the back yard, and your hens will lay like thunder, when eggs are four cents a dozen, but when eggs are two shillings a dozen you might take a hen by the neck and shake her and you couldn't get an egg. When eggs are high, hens just wander around as though they did not care whether school kept or not, and they kick up a dust and lallygag, and get some disease, and eat all the stuff you can buy for them, and they will make such a noise the neighbors will set dogs on them, and the roosters will get on strike and send walking delegates around to keep hens from laying, and then when eggs get so cheap they are not good enough to throw at jay actors, the whole poultry yard will begin to work overtime, and you have eggs to spare. If the hens increased as you predict in your prospectus to me, it would take all the money in town to buy food for them, and if you attempted to realize on your hens to keep from bankruptcy, everybody would quit eating

chicken and go to eating mutton, and there you are. I decline to invest in a hen ranch right here now, and if you try to inveigle me into it I shall have you arrested as a gold-brick swindler," and Uncle Ike patted the red-headed boy on the shoulder and ran a great hard thumb into his ribs.

CHAPTER VI.

“Say, Uncle Ike, did you see this in the paper about fifty ambulances being lost, on the way to Tampa, Florida, last year?” said the red-headed boy, as Uncle Ike sat in an armchair, with his feet on the center-table, his head down on his bosom, his pipe gone out, yet hanging sideways out of the corner of his mouth, and the ashes spilled all over his shirt bosom. “Seventeen carloads of ambulances that started all right for Tampa, never showed up, and the government is writing everywhere to have them looked up. Wouldn’t that skin you?” and the boy stood up beside Uncle Ike, took his pipe out of his mouth, filled it again, brushed the ashes off his shirt, and handed him a lighted wax match that he had found somewhere. Uncle Ike put the match to his pipe, took a few whiffs, stuck up his nose, threw the match into the fireplace, and said:

“Where did you get that tallow match? Gosh, I had just as soon light my pipe with kerosene oil. Always give me a plain, old-fashioned brimstone match, if you love me, and keep out of my sight these cigarette matches, that smell like a candle that has been blown out when it needed snuffing.” And the old man began to wake up, as the tobacco smoke went searching through his hair and up to the ceiling. “And so the government lost fifty ambulances in

transit, eh? Well, they will be searching the returned soldiers next, to see if the boys got away with them, and never think of looking up the contractors, who probably never shipped them at all. It must be that the boys got tired of embalmed beef, and ate the ambulances. When a man is hungry you take a slice of nice, fresh ambulance, and broil it over the coals, with plenty of seasoning, and a soldier could sustain life on it. The government must be crippled for ambulances, and I think we better get up a subscription to buy some more. An ambulance famine is a terrible thing, and I have my opinion of a soldier who will steal an ambulance. When I was in the army, I remember that at the battle of Stone River we——”

“Oh, Uncle Ike, please don't tell me any of your terrible army experiences,” said the boy, as he remembered that he had heard his uncle tell of being in at least a hundred battles, when the history of the family showed that the old man was only south during the war for about six months, and he brought home a blacksnake whip as a souvenir, and it was believed that he had worked in the quartermaster's department, driving mules. “Let us talk about something enjoyable this beautiful day. How would you like to be out on a lake, or river, today, in a boat, drifting around, and forgetting everything, and having fun?”

“I don't want any drifting around in mine,” said Uncle Ike, as he got up from his chair, limped a little on his rheumatic leg, and went to the window and looked out, and wished he were young again. “Don't

you ever drift when you are out in a boat. You just take the oars and pull, somewhere, it don't make any difference where, as long as you pull. Row against the current, and against the wind, and bend your back, and make the boat jump, but don't drift. If you get in the habit of drifting when you are a boy, you will drift when you are a man, and not pull against the stream. The drifting boy becomes a drifting business man, who sits still and lets those who row get away from him. The drifting lawyer sits and drifts, and waits, and sighs because people do not find out that he is great. He wears out pants instead of shoe leather. When you see a man the seat of whose pants are shiny and almost worn through, while his shoes are not worn, except on the heels, where he puts them on the table, and waits and dreams, you can make up your mind that he drifted instead of rowed, when he was a boy, out in a boat. The merchant who goes to his store late in the morning, and sits around awhile, and leaves early in the afternoon, and only shows enterprise in being cross to the clerk who lets a customer escape with car fare to get home, is a drifter, who stands still in his mercantile boat while his neighbors who row, and push, and paddle, are running away from him. The boy who drifts never catches the right girl. He drifts in to call on her, and drifts through the evening, and nothing has been done, and when she begins to yawn, he drifts away. She stands this drifting sort of love-making' as long as she can, and by and

by there comes along a boy who rows, and he keeps her awake, and they go off on a spin on their wheels, and they can't drift on wheels if they try, because they have got to keep pushing, and before he knows it the drifting boy finds that the boy who rows is miles ahead with the girl, and all the drifting boy can do is to yawn and say, "Just my dumb luck." Dogs that just drift and lay in the shade, and loll, never amount to anything. The dog that digs out the woodchuck does not drift; he digs and barks, and saws wood, and by and by he has the woodchuck by the pants, and shakes the daylight out of him. He might lay by the woodchuck hole and drift all day, and the woodchuck would just stay in the hole and laugh at the dog. The pointer dog that stays under the wagon never comes to a point on chickens, and the duck dog that stays on the shore and waits for the dead duck to drift in, is not worth the dog biscuit he eats.

"No, boy, whatever you do in this world, don't drift around, but row as though you were going after the doctor," and the old man turned from the window and put his arm around the red-headed boy, and hugged him until he heard something rattle in the boy's side pocket, and the boy pulled out a box with the cover off, and a white powder scattered over his clothes. "What is that powder?" asked the old uncle.

"That is some of this foot-ease that I saw advertised in the paper. Aunt Almira likes pigs' feet, and

she says they lay hard on her stomach; so I got some foot-ease and sprinkled a little on her pigs' feet for lunch, and she ate it all right. Say, don't you think it is nice to be trying to do kind acts for your auntie?"

"Yes; but if she ever finds out about that pigs' foot ease, she will make you think your trousers are warmer than your hair. You strike me as being a boy that resembles a tornado. No one knows when you are going to become dangerous, or where you are going to strike. You and a tornado are a good deal like a cross-eyed man; you don't strike where you look as though you were aiming, and suddenly you strike where you are not looking, and where nobody is looking for you to strike. Nature must have been in a curious mood when she produced cross-eyed men, red-headed boys and tornadoes. What do you think ought to be done to Nature for giving me a red-headed boy to bring up, eh, you rascal?" and the old man chucked the boy under the chin, as though he wasn't half as mad at Nature as he pretended to be.

"Uncle Ike, do you think a tornado could be broken up, when it got all ready to tear a town to pieces, by shooting into it with a cannon, as the scientific people say?" said the boy, climbing up into the old man's lap, and slyly putting a handful of peanut shucks down under the waistband of his uncle's trousers.

"Well, I don't know," said Uncle Ike, as he wiggled around a little when the first peanut shuck got

down near the small of his back. "These scientific people make me weary, talking about preventing tornadoes by firing cannon into the funnel-shaped clouds. Why don't they do it? If a tornado came up, you would find these cannon sharps in a cellar somewhere. They are a passel of condemned theorists, and they want someone else to take sight over a cannon at an approaching tornado, while the sharps look through a peep-hole and see how it is going to work. You might have a million cannon loaded ready for tornadoes, and when one came up it would come so quick nobody would think of the cannon, and everybody would dig out for a place of safety. Not one artilleryman in a million could hit a tornado in a vital part. Do these people think tornadoes are going around with a target tied on them, for experts to shoot cannon balls at? A tornado is like one of these Fourth of July nigger-chasers, that you touch off and it starts somewhere and changes its mind and turns around and goes sideways, and when it finds a girl looking the other way it everlastingly makes for her and runs into her pantalets when she would swear it was pointed the other way. No, I am something of a sportsman myself, and can shoot a gun some, but if I had a cannon in each hand loaded for elephants, and I should see a tornado going the other way, I would drop both guns and crawl into a hole, and the tornado would probably turn around and pick up the guns and fire them into the hole I was in. That's the kind of an insect a tornado is, and don't you ever fool with



"My boy, you are going to lose your Uncle Ike."

one. A tornado is worse than a battle. I remember when we were at the battle of Gettysburg——”

“Oh, for Heaven's sake, Uncle Ike, what have I done that you should fight that war all over again every time I try to have a quiet talk with you?” and the boy stuffed his fingers in his ears, and got up off the old man's lap, and the uncle got up and walked around, and when the peanut shells began to work down his legs, and scratch his skin, and he found his foot asleep from holding the big boy in his lap, the old man thought he was stricken with paralysis, and he sat down again, and called the boy to him and said, in a trembling voice :

“My boy, you are going to lose your Uncle Ike. I feel that the end is coming, and before I go to the beautiful beyond I want to say a few serious words to you. It is coming as I had hoped. The disease begins at my feet, and will work up gradually, paralyzing my limbs, then my body, and lastly my brain will be seized by the destroyer, and then it will all be over with your Uncle Ike. Remove my shoes, my boy, and I will tell you a story. When we scaled the perpendicular wall at Lookout Mountain, in the face of the Confederate guns, and——”

“Can this be death?” said the boy, as he took off one of the old man's shoes and emptied out a handful of peanut shucks, and laughed loud and long.

“Well, by gum!” said Uncle Ike, “peanuts instead of paralysis,” and he jumped up and kicked high with the lately paralyzed legs; “now, I haven't eaten peanuts

in a week, and I suppose those shucks have been in my clothes all this time. I am not going to die. Go dig some worms and I will show you the liveliest corpse that ever caught a mess of bullheads," and the boy dropped the shoe and went out winking and laughing as though he was having plenty of fun, and Uncle Ike went to a mirror and looked at himself to see if he was really alive.

CHAPTER VII.

"You are a nice-looking duck," said Uncle Ike, as the red-headed boy came into the sitting-room with a black eye and a scratch across his nose, and one thumb tied up in a rag, but looking as well, otherwise, as could be expected. "What you been doing? Run over by a trolley car or anything?"

"Nope," said the boy, as he looked in the mirror to see how his eye was coloring, with all the pride of a man who is coloring a meerschaum; "I just had a fight. Licked a boy, that's all," and he put his hand to his head, where a lock of his red hair had been pulled out.

"You look as though you had licked a boy," said the old man taking a good look at the blue spot around the boy's eye. "I suppose he is telling his folks how he licked you, too. My experience has been that in these boys' fights you can't tell which licks until you hear both stories. What was it about, anyway?"

"He lied about you, Uncle Ike, and I choked him until he said 'peunk,' and then I let him up, but he wouldn't apologize, and said he would leave it to you, if what he said was true or not, and here he comes now," and the red-headed boy opened the door and ushered in a boy about his own size, with two black eyes and a piece peeled off his cheek, and one arm in a sling.

"Which is Jeffries?" asked Uncle Ike, as he filled his pipe, and looked over the two companions who had been scrapping.

"He is Jeffries," said the visitor, "and I am Fitzsimmons, but I want to have another go at him, unless we leave it to arbitration," and the boy looked at the red-headed boy with blood in his eye, and at Uncle Ike with a look of no particular admiration.

"Well, what was the cause of the row?" said Uncle Ike, as he took a chair between the two boys, lit his pipe, and smiled as he saw the marks of combat on their persons.

"He said you used to be a drunkard, Uncle Ike, and had been to the Keeley cure, and I called him a liar, and then we mixed up."

"That's about the size of it," said the other boy; "now, which was right?"

Uncle Ike smoked up and filled the room so it looked like camping out and cooking over a fire made of wet wood, and thought a long time, and looked very serious, and the red-headed boy could see they were in for a talk. Finally the old man said:

"Boys, you are both right and both wrong, and I'll tell you all about it. I never was a drunkard, and never drank much, but I have been to the cure all the same. It was this way: I had a friend who was one of the best men that ever lived, only he got a habit of drinking too much, and no one seemed able to reason with him. He wouldn't take advice from his own mother, his wife, or me, or anybody. He

was just going to the devil on a gallop, and it was only a question of a year or two when he would die. I loved that man like a brother, but he would get mad the minute I spoke of his drinking, and I quit talking to him, though I wanted to save him. I have smoked dog-leg tobacco many a night till after midnight, trying to study a way to save the only man in the world that I ever actually loved, and I finally got it down fine. I began to act as though I was half drunk whenever I saw my friend, spilled whisky on my coat sleeves, and acted disreputable, and got a few good fellows to talk with him about what a confounded wreck I was getting to be; and he actually got to pitying me, and finally got disgusted with me; and one day he said to me that I was a disgrace, and was making more different kinds of a fool of myself than any drunkard he ever met. I got mad at him, and told him to attend to his own business and left him. Then the boys got to telling him that the only way to save me was to get me to go to a cure; and, do you know, that good fellow that I would have given the world to save, came to me and urged me to take the cure; and at first I was indignant that he should interfere in my affairs, and finally he said he would go if I would. Then we struck a bargain, and went to Dwight, and took the medicine. The boys had told the doctors the story, and they only gave me one shot in the arm; but that came near killing me, because it almost broke me of using tobacco. Well, I remained there ten days, and, while they were



"Which is Jeffries?" asked Uncle Ike.

pretending to cure me, they were curing my friend sure enough, putting the gold cure into his system with injections and drinks, while I didn't get anything but ginger ale; and when we were discharged cured, I was the .happiest man in the world, except my friend, who was happier. He was not only cured himself, and an honor to his family, but he thought he had saved me from a drunkard's grave. That's the story, boys, and now you get up and shake hands, and don't fight any more over your Uncle Ike," and the old man patted them both on the head, and they shook hands and laughed at each other's black eyes. As the red-headed boy showed his late antagonist to the door, he turned to his uncle and said:

"Uncle Ike, if you have ever held up a railroad train, or robbed a bank, or stolen horses, or done anything that would cause you to be arrested, I beg of you to tell me of it now, so if anybody abuses you in my presence I won't get into a fight every time," and the boy put his arm around his Uncle Ike and hugged him, and added, "You were a thoroughbred when you bilked that friend of yours to take the cure."

"Oh, I don't know," said Uncle Ike, "that reminds me of the battle of Chickamauga. When Bragg's forces were——"

"Fire! Fire!" yelled the red-headed boy, and he rushed out of doors and left the old man talking to his pipe.

"Has that battle of Chickamauga been fought out to a finish yet?" said the red-headed boy, as he stuck

his head in the door after the imaginary fire alarm that he had created to escape Uncle Ike's war history, "for if it is ended I want to come in, but I can't stand gore, and your war stories are so full of blood that you must have had to swim in it."

"Oh, you don't know a hero when you see one," said the old man, as he straightened up and saluted the boy in a military manner, only that he used his left hand instead of his right hand.

"Well, I'll tell you," said the boy as he got inside the room and stood with his hand on the door knob, ready to escape if Uncle Ike got excited. "You old veterans make me sick. I have heard nothing for fifteen years except war talk, old war talk, back number war talk, about how you old fellows put down the rebellion, and suffered, and fought, and all that rot. Why, I heard a bugler who enlisted for the Spanish war, and who only got as far as Jacksonville, say that you fellows that put down the rebellion in 1864 were just a mob, and that you didn't have any fighting, and that the Southern people were only fooling you, and that you didn't suffer like the Spanish war heroes did, and that you just had a picnic from start to finish. The bugler said he wouldn't ask any better fun than to fight the way you fellows did, when you had all you wanted to eat, good beds to sleep on, and servants to carry your guns, and cook for you. The bugler said you fellows all get pensions just for making an excursion through the Southern resorts, while the heroes of the Spanish war, who fought a foreign country to a

standstill, and went without food, and got malaria, are without pensions, and just existing on the record they made fighting for their country——” and the boy stopped nagging the old man when he noticed that Uncle Ike was turning blue in the face, and choking to keep down his wrath.

“Where is this heroic bugler of the Spanish war?” said Uncle Ike, trying to be calm, but actually frothing at the mouth. “Bring him here, and let me hear him say these things, condemn him, and I will take him across my knee and I will knock the wind out of him, so that he can never gather enough in his carcass to blow another bugle. Why, confound him, he is a liar. The war of the rebellion was a war, not a country schuetzenfest, with a chance to go home every night and sleep in a feather bed, and get a Turkish bath. The whole Spanish war, except what the navy did, was not equal to an outpost skirmish in '63. Of course, the rough riders and the weary walkers did a nice job going up San Juan hill, but we had a thousand such fights in the rebellion. After that skirmish there was nothing done by the army at Santiago, but to sit down in the mud and wait for the Spaniards to eat their last cracker, and kill their last dog and eat it, and then surrender. Ask that bugler to tell you where he found, in his glorious career as a wind instrument in the Spanish war, any Grants, Shermans, Sheridans, Logans, Pap Thomases, McClellans, Kilpatricks, Custers, McPhersons, Braggs, and hundreds of such heroes. What has the bugler

got to show for his war? Shafter! And Alger! And all of them quarreling over the little bone of victory that was not big enough for a meal for our old generals of the war of the rebellion. And he talks about our pensions, the young kid. He probably wears corsets. Why, we didn't get pensions until we got so old we couldn't get up alone. His gang of Jacksonville heroes will probably get pensions when they are old enough. Bring that bugler in here some day, and don't let him know what he is going to run up against, and I will give you a dollar, and I will let you see me dust the carpet with him," and the old man sat down and fanned himself, while the boy looked scared for fear Uncle Ike was going to have a fit. "Why, at the battle of Pea Ridge, when a minie ball struck me, when I was on the firing line——"

"Keno," said the red-headed boy, as he went through the window head first, and over the picket fence on his stomach, and disappeared down the street.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Say, Uncle Ike, don't you think the Fourth of July is sort of played out?" asked the red-headed boy, as he came to Uncle Ike's room on the morning of the 5th, by appointment, to demonstrate to the old man that he had not been quite killed by the celebration of the great day. "It seems to me we don't have half as many accidents and fires as we used to," and the boy counted off to the uncle the dozen injuries he had received by burns, and dug into his eye with a soiled handkerchief in search of some gravel from a torpedo.

"Oh, I don't know," said Uncle Ike, as he lighted the old pipe and began to look over the boy's injuries. "The Fourth is carrying on business at the old stand, apparently. Your injuries are in the right places, on the left hand, principally, and the gravel is in the left eye. That is right. Always keep the right hand and the right eye in good shape, so you can sight a gun and pull a trigger, either in shooting ducks or Filipinos. You see, our country is growing, and we are celebrating the Fourth from Alaska to Porto Rico, and from London to Luzon, so we can't celebrate so very much in any one place. I expect by another Fourth Queen Victoria will be yelling for the glorious Fourth, Emperor William will be touching off dynamite firecrackers, Russia will be eating Roman can-

dles, and Aguinaldo will be touching off nigger-chasers and drinking red lemonade. This is a great country, boy, and don't you forget it."

"Well, you may be right," said the boy, as he poured some witch-hazel on a rag around his thumb, "but it looks to me as though the troops in the Philippines will be climbing aboard transports protected by the fleet, with Aguinaldo slaughtering the boys in the hospitals and looting Manila, if the President does not get a move onto himself and send another army out there to be victorious some more. The way it is now, we shall not have troops enough there to bury the dead. The boys have been debating at school the Philippine question, and it was decided unanimously that the President is up against a tough proposition, and if he does not stop looking at the political side of that war and send troops enough to eat up those shirtless soldiers, who can live on six grains of rice and two grains of quinine a day, we are going to be whipped out of our boots. That's what us boys think."

"Well, you boys don't want to think too much, or you are liable to have brain fever," said the old man, as he realized that there was mutiny brewing among the school children. "What you fellows want the President to do? Haven't we whipped the negroes everywhere, and taken village after village, and burned them, and—and—chased them—and——"

"Sure!" said the boy, as he saw that his uncle was at a loss to defend the policy of his government. "We have had regular foot races with them, and

burned the huts of the helpless, and taken villages, and then didn't have troops to hold them, and when we went out of a village on one street, the niggers came in on another, and shot into our pants. We swim rivers and take towns with as brave work as ever was done, and become so exhausted we have to lay down in the mud and have a fit, and the niggers climb trees like monkeys, eat cocoanuts and chatter at us. Say, Uncle Ike, do you know us boys are getting tired of this business, and we are getting up a petition to the President to get a trained nurse to put Alger to sleep and run the war department herself. We are going to have the petition signed by seven million American boys. Why, if those niggers could go off in the woods and shoot at a mark for a week, and get so they could hit anything, our boys would all be dead in a month. The trouble is the niggers just pull up a gun and touch it off like a girl does a firecracker. She lights the tip end of the tail of a firecracker, and throws it, and you forget all about it, and when her firecracker has ceased to interest you, and you don't know where it is, it goes off in your coat collar, or down the waistband of your pants. A Filipino shoots the way a trained monkey touches off a syphon of seltzer water. He knows it will squirt if he touches the thumbpiece, but it is as liable to hit him in the face, or wet his feet as anything. Some day those niggers will learn how to shoot, and when Funston attempts to swim a river he will get a bullet through the head, and Lawton and MacArthur, who



' We are going to have the petition signed by seven million American boys.'

stand up in plain sight and let them practice will wish they hadn't. We boys have decided to support the President until he conquers those people, if that is what he is trying to do, but, by gosh, if he does not wake up and quit looking pleasant, and seeming to hope that Filipino shower is going to blow over, we feel that he will wake up some morning and find that a nigger tornado has struck his brave boys at Manila, and they will be in the cyclone cellars waiting for somebody to come and dig them out. Don't you think so, Uncle Ike?"

"I say, boy," said Uncle Ike, as he lighted up the pipe, after letting it go out while listening to the war talk of the excited boy, "do you think you could arrange your affairs so as to leave here by tomorrow evening and take the limited for Washington? Would you accept the vacancy in the office of secretary of war? I know this offer comes sudden to you, and that you will have no time to consult your debating society as to whether you ought to accept the position, but when you reflect that the country is in a critical situation, and needs a man of blood and iron to steer the craft through among the rocks, I feel that you cannot refuse. The ideas you express are so near like those that General Jackson would express if he were alive, that I feel the country would be blessed if you were in a position to brace up the President. Now go wash your face, and I will wire the President that you will be there day after tomorrow morning. But if you go there thinking, as many people seem to think, that the

President's backbone is made of banana pulp, and that he is not alive to the situation, you will make a mistake. There are chumps like you all over this country that wonder why they have not been selected to run this country, who think the commander-in-chief is running ward politics instead of the affairs of the country. Of course, a President gets under obligations to different elements in a campaign, and finds it necessary to surround himself with a cabinet, a few members of which are not worth powder to blow them up, but if they were all weak and vicious on the make, and political ciphers, and the President himself is all right, the country will not go very far wrong. What you boys want to do is to debate less on questions you do not understand, and saw more wood. Let the grown people run things a while longer, and you boys prepare to take the burden a quarter of a century hence," and the old man got up and put his arm around the boy and felt of his head to see if he could find any soft spot.

"Well, I was only joshin' any way, Uncle Ike," said the boy, as he put both arms around the old man, and felt in his uncle's pistol pocket to discover something that was eatable. "But, Uncle Ike, I am serious now. I have got in love with a girl, and she is mashed on another boy, and I am having more trouble than McKinley. You know that quarter you gave me yesterday? I saved 20 cents of it to treat her to ice-cream soda; and when I went to find her, she was coming out of the drug store with the other

boy, and I found out they had been sitting on stools at the soda fountain all the forenoon, drinking all the different kinds of soda, until he had to hold her down for fear she would go up like a balloon, from the soda bubbles that she had concealed about her person. I have not decided whether to kill my rival, or go and enlist and go to the Philippines and break her heart. What did you do under such circumstances, Uncle, when you used to get in love?"

"I used to take castor oil," said Uncle Ike, as he looked at the forlorn-looking boy, "but you don't need to. Just you take off those tan shoes and put on black shoes, and change your luck. I never knew it to fail, when a boy first put on tan shoes and a high collar. He is bound to get in love before night. Take off those shoes, and you can go out in the world and look everybody in the face and never get in love. It is the same as being vaccinated," and the old man looked sober and serious, and the boy went to work to change his shoes, with a bright hope for the future lighting up his face.

CHAPTER IX.

“Go away from me! Don’t you come any nearer or I will smite you!” said Uncle Ike, as the red-headed boy came into the room with his red hair cut short with the clippers, a green negligé shirt, with a red necktie, a white collar, a tan belt with a nickel buckle, and short trousers with golf socks of a plaid pattern that were so loud they would turn out a fire department. “I am afraid of you. Who in the world got you to have your red hair shingled so it looks like red sand-paper? And who is your tailor? Have I got to go down to my grave with the thought that a nephew of mine would appear in daylight looking like that? Get me a piece of smoked glass, or I shall have cataracts on both eyes,” and the old man knocked the ashes and deceased tobacco out of his pipe on his boot heel, and dug the stuff out of the bottom of the pipe with a jack-knife.

“Well, I had to have my hair cut, because the boys at the picnic filled my hair with burdock burrs, and it couldn’t be combed out,” said the boy, as he took a match and scratched it on top of his head, and lit it, while the uncle sniffed at the burned hair. “Aunt Almira cut my hair first with a pair of dull shears, to get the burrs out, and then a barber cut off all there was left, with these horse-clippers, and I feel like a dog that has had his hindquarters clipped to make a

lion of him. Aunt Almira says I have got a great head. Say, Uncle Ike, did you ever examine the bumps on my head? I was at a phrenology lecture once, and the feeler could tell all that was going on in a man's head just by the bumps. Feel of mine, Uncle, and tell my fortune," and the red-headed boy came up to the old man for examination.

"I am no phrenologist," said Uncle Ike, as he smoked up and got the boy to coughing, "but there are some bumps I know the names of," and he felt all around the boy's head, and looked wise. "This place where there is a dent in your head is where the bump of veneration will grow, later, if you get in the habit of letting old people have a show, and get up and offer them your chair, and run errands for them without expecting them to pay you. This place on the back of your head, where there is a bump as big as a hickory nut, is what we call the hat rack bump, because you can hang your hat on it. The barber ought to have cut a couple of slices off that bump with his lawn mower. Here is a bump that shows that you are color blind. Be careful, or you will marry a negro girl by mistake. As a precaution, when you begin to get in love serious, bring the girl to me that I may see if she is white. Here is a soft bump that indicates that you will steal——"

"Oh, come off," said the boy, laughing, and removing his head from the investigation. "That is where I was struck by a golf ball. You are no phrenologist. I know what you are, Uncle Ike; you are a fakir.



"Here is a soft bump that indicates that you will steal —"

But, say, I was sick last night, after we had that green watermelon for dinner, and Aunt Almira said I was troubled with sewer gas, and she gave me the peppermint test. Do you think peppermint will detect sewer gas, Uncle Ike?"

"I know what you want, boy, you want to get me mad," said Uncle Ike, as he threw his pipe into the grate because it wouldn't draw, and took a new one and filled it. "There is no greater fraud on the earth than this peppermint test for sewer gas. I had a house to rent, years ago, and was ruined by peppermint. When a tenant had anything the matter, from grip to corns, the doctor would look wise, snuff around, and say he detected sewer gas, and they would call in a health officer and he would put a little peppermint oil in somewhere, and go into another room, and when he smelled the peppermint he would say it was sewer gas, and send for a plumber, and they would begin to plumb, and I had to pay. I had nine tenants in two years, and every disease they had was laid to sewer gas, and I had to ease up on the rent or stand a lawsuit. When one family had triplets, and tried to stand me off on the rent on account of sewer gas, I became a walking delegate, and struck, and turned the house into a livery stable, and now, do you know, every time I go to collect rent I am afraid a horse has got sick, and the livery man will lay it to sewer gas. Why, boy, peppermint oil will go through an asphalt pavement. You might put peppermint oil on top of the Egyptian pyramids and you could smell

it in fifteen minutes in Cairo. If anybody ever talks to you about sewer gas and peppermint test, call them a liar and charge it to me," and the old man was so mad the boy's hair began to curl.

"Here, Uncle Ike, what you staring out of the window so for, with your eyes sot, like a dying horse, and your body as rigid as a statue?" and the boy rushed up to the window and looked out to see what had come over the old man.

"Hush, keep still, and don't scare her away," said Uncle Ike, as he held up his hand and motioned the boy to keep still.

"By gosh, if it isn't a woman, Uncle Ike, that has paralyzed you, and you always said you didn't care for them any more," said the red-headed boy, as he looked out the window and saw a blonde-haired young woman standing on the corner waiting for a street car, and glancing up at Uncle Ike through the frowsy hair that was loosely flying about her forehead. "And she is a blonde, too, and blondes have gone out of style. Didn't you read in the papers that the shows won't hire blondes any more, and that nothing but brunettes are in it? It must be pretty tough on a blonde to get her hair all fixed fluffy, after years of patient coloring, and then find she has gone out of style, and no op'ry will hire her to shed blonde hair on the coats of the chorus fellows. Oh, Uncle Ike, come away from the window or you will be stolen," and the boy dragged the old man away from the win-

dow, handed him his pipe, and said, "Smoke up and try to forget it."

"Forget nothing," said the old man, as he lit the torch and a smile came over his good-natured face. "Don't you worry about blonde girls going out of style. These bleached ones, who never were the real thing, may go back to their natural, beautiful brunetticism, and when they realize how foolish they have been, trying to bunko nature, they will be happier than ever, but the natural blonde will never go out of style. She is a joy forever. Do you know, when a man gets in love with a girl he couldn't tell what the color of her hair was, to save him? He knows all about her eyes, and her hands, and her face, but unless he finds a hair on his coat he can't tell what is the color of the hair of his beloved. Love is like smoking. You may smoke in the dark, and if your pipe goes out you smoke right along and don't know the difference. You sit up with a girl in the dark and you can't see her, and she may go to sleep, but love keeps smoking right along and never seems to go out. When I was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge, and was taken to a young ladies' seminary to be doctored and nursed back to life——"

"Oh, do quit, Uncle Ike! If you had been taken wounded to a young ladies' seminary, say in 1863, thirty-six years ago, you would have been there yet, and your wound would still be paining you, and the girls who saved your life would be grown up to be gray-haired old women," and the boy jollied the old

man until he blushed. "You must have known a man named Ananias in the army. Say, Uncle Ike, you know you wanted me to learn a trade, and I have decided that I would like to learn the trade of a bishop. I read of the death of a bishop the other day who was worth half a million dollars, and now you must tell me how to become a bishop, like Newman," and the boy laughed as though he had got the old man in a tight place.

"Well," said Uncle Ike, after stopping to think a moment, "you might do worse. Do you know, boy, that Bishop Newman, who died recently, did learn a trade? Well, he did. When he was a boy, he seemed to be a no-account sort of a duck, some like you. His parents were poor, and lived in the slums of New York. His hair was some the color of yours, and he loafed around, and made fun of his old uncle, no doubt, the same as you do. He had to do something to help earn the bread and beer for the family, and so he went to work stripping tobacco in a factory near his home. Somehow he got vaccinated with a desire to learn something, and after he had stripped tobacco, and snuffed it, and got some sense in his head, he began to learn to read. A girl stripper taught him first to read the labels on packages of tobacco, and taught him to spell. Then he got a taste for education, and became the smarty of the factory, and the boys who could not read called him 'snuff,' because his hair and freckles were the color of Scotch snuff. Some white man connected with the factory

saw that the little rat had stuff in him, and he helped him to get an education, and he stripped tobacco day-times and studied nights, and became a preacher, and finally a bishop. So, you smarty, if you want to learn the trade of a bishop, strip the wrapper off that package of tobacco and fill my pipe. Who knows but Bishop Newman stripped the very tobacco I am smoking now?" and the old man puffed and laughed at the boy.

"Gosh! it smells old enough to have been stripped when the bishop was a boy," said the red-headed boy, and then he dodged behind a table, while Uncle Ike tried to catch him and teach him how to be a bishop.

CHAPTER X.

Uncle Ike stood with his pipe in his left hand, his thumb pressing the tobacco down tight, and with a match in his right hand, just ready to scratch it on his leg, when he froze stiff in that position, and never moved for five minutes, as he watched the red-headed boy, who had walked into the room listlessly, his eyes staring at a picture he held in his hand, his face so pale that the freckles looked large and dark, his lips white as chalk, his cheeks sunken, his fingers gripping the picture, a faded and forlorn pansy in his button-hole, and his short clipped hair standing up straight in rows like red beet tops in a vegetable garden.

"Anybody very dead?" said Uncle Ike, as he drew the match across the cloth, put it to his pipe, and began to swell out his cheeks and puff, keeping his eye on the boy, through the smoke, who had taken his eyes from the picture, drawn a deep sigh, and sat down on the lounge, as though he never expected to get up again.

"No, nobody dead," said the boy, as he laid his head on a sofa pillow, closed his eyes, and placed the picture inside his vest. "But I wish there was. I wish I was dead."

"How many times have I told you to put oil on cucumbers, and they wouldn't gripe you that way?" said Uncle Ike, as he drew a chair up beside the

lounge and felt of the boy's pulse, and took his handkerchief and wiped the perspiration off his forehead, and finally took the picture out of his bosom and looked at it. "She is a nice, warm-looking girl, but you might have the picture on your stomach a week, and it wouldn't draw that colic out of you," and Uncle Ike gazed with some admiration on the picture of the beautiful girl, whose high forehead, bright eyes, and beautiful chin, showed that she had the making of a rare and radiant woman.

"'Tain't colic, and I haven't et no cucumbers," said the boy, as he rolled his eyes up toward the roof of his head. "It's love, that's what it is, and I am miserable, and Aunt Almira said you had been in love over six hundred times, and could tell me what to do."

"Well, I like your Aunt Almira's nerve," said Uncle Ike, as he looked half pleased at the accusation. "Of course, I have had some encounters with the fair sex, but I have never entirely collapsed, the way you have. What's the symptoms? Don't the girl love you?"

"Yes! Gosh, she idolizes me," said the boy, sitting up, and getting a little color in his face.

"Oh, then you don't love her," said Uncle Ike, probing into the wound.

"It's false," said the boy, getting on his feet and standing before the old man in indignation. "I love the very ground she walks on. Say, when I walk a few blocks with her, and can't see her again



"She is a nice warm-looking girl."

for a week, I go around the other six days and look at the boards she walked on, and it makes me mad to see anybody else walking where she did. I want to get rich enough to buy all the houses we have walked by, and the street cars we have rode in. Love her? Say, you don't know anything about love, Uncle Ike. The love you used to have was old style, and didn't strike in."

"Oh, I don't know," said Uncle Ike, "its all about the same. Was the same in Bible times, and will be the same hundreds of years hence, when we conquer the Philippines. Same old thing. Nobody invents any new symptoms in the love industry. There may be new languages to express it in, but it is just plain, every-day love. But if you both love each other, what is the use of all this colic?"

"Why, you see, she has to dissemble. That's what she says. She can't go with me all the time, and when I see her with anybody else it seems as though it would kill me. I know she does not smile at anybody else the way she does at me, but the condom fools might think she did, and love her. I know if one of those ducks should squeeze her hand, she would be mad, and cuff him, but I could squeeze her hand till her fingers cracked, and she would enjoy it."

"I see," said Uncle Ike, smoking right along. "You are like a man who owns the most beautiful diamond in the world, and is not allowed for some reason to be known as its owner, but is allowed to wear it only two hours a week, and then other people

are allowed to wear it. You know it is yours, and yet when it is in the possession of others, you don't dare go and claim it, and they wear it as though they own it, and people see it in their possession and admire it, as it sparkles and throws rays of sunshine, and think how lucky is the man who wears it. Isn't that about your idea? She is yours, body and soul, but has not been delivered to you, eh?"

"Sure! That's it, exactly. What shall I do, Uncle Ike?"

"Shut up!" said the old man; "that is what you want to do. Brace up; you have no cause to worry. I can tell by that face of hers. When she is going with other boys, as she must, she is thinking of you all the time, and wishing your red head was in place of that of the kid who is buying ice-cream soda for her. When she walks about the streets she is thinking of when you were with her at the same place. And when you are permitted to pass an hour with her she will convince you in a minute that you are all the world to her, and that the other ducks are not in it. I can tell by her eyes, boy, and her mouth, and her whole face, that she is a thoroughbred."

"Well, I swan, Uncle Ike, you are better than a doctor," and the red-headed boy began to hug the old man, and dance around, and kick high, and he took the picture and looked at it, and said: "Nobody but a chump would doubt that girl," and the boy suddenly became himself again, reassured as to the position he held in the mind of his girl, by a few words of kindly

advice at the right time, when the boy was on the verge of suicide. He laughed and pinched himself to be sure he was awake, and then took on a serious look and said: "Uncle Ike, do you think it will take two hundred years, honestly, to subjugate the Filipinos, and tame them, so that they will eat out of our hands?"

"Well, we ought to do it in half the time the Spaniards have been trying and failed," said the old man, as he slapped a mosquito that was eating him. "There, you see that mosquito is dead. No doubt about that, is there? But what effect does the death of that mosquito have on the nine or ten million of his race that are out here in the woods? This one simply got through the screen, and bucked up against a sure thing, and his bravery, or gall, got him killed, and I may think I am a hero because I killed him. But let me take my gun and go out in the woods, or on the marsh, where there are a million mosquitos to one of me, and what kind of a life will they let me lead? I should have to be slapping and kicking all the time, and couldn't attend to my shooting. It is just so with those Filipinos. They will stay in the jungles and breed, and enjoy the malaria and the rainy season, and a few will go around the camps and sing their songs, and keep the soldiers awake, and bite and poison them, and shoot and stab, and when the soldiers chase them they will go farther into the jungle, harass the flanks of the boys that are discouraged, and when another year is gone there will be more

Filipinos than there are now, better armed, and hating the Americans worse than ever. We may take towns, hold them if we have troops enough, and start a new graveyard at every place we try to hold, and when we give it up and go away, the human mosquitos will return buzzing and biting, and they will dig up the remains of some mother's boy, just to get the gold filling out of his teeth. If the war keeps on a few hundred years, instead of one large cemetery at Manila, that can be watched and kept a sacred spot, we shall have hundreds of small graveyards all over the archipelago, where the boys in blue that are buried will find it mighty lonesome when we take the living soldiers away. No, boy, it will not take two hundred years to subdue the Filipinos. That is, we will not be working at the job that long, because we are not built that way. If we find we have got into a hornet's nest, and that the hornets don't have any honey, anyway, and that we don't need hornets in our regular business, somebody in authority will be apt to know when we have got enough, and we will probably shake the dice with some nation that is so addicted to gambling that it had as soon shake dice for hornets as anything, and we will let them play loaded dice on us, and shake sixes, and we will turn up deuces and trays, and let them win the condemned mess of hornets that didn't give honey, and that have nothing but stings, and wish whoever wins the hornets much joy. Understand me, boy, I am not saying anything against the policy of our administration, if it has got one, and I will hold up my hands and root for the army as long as it

is in the game, and will encourage the President all I can to do what he thinks is right, but I shall always feel that Spain sold him a gold brick for 20,000,000 plunks, and that he has not yet found out that it is made of brass. I know the tobacco trust, and the cordage trust, and lots of other trusts that are interested, are trying to make him believe that the gold brick he bought is good stuff, and that he must protect it, or some other nation will get it away from him, but you wait until that Scotch-Irish blood of the President begins to boil, when he finds out that he has been bunkoed, and he will get those trust magnates together some day, and he will get pale around the gills, and mad as a wet hen, and he will say that he has heard about all the funeral dirges on the long-distance telephone from Manila that he wants to hear, and that the wails of the mourning mothers of the dying boys are keeping him awake nights, and that he has got about enough, trying to put bells on the Filipino wildcats, and that they can take the whole Philippine archipelago and go plum to hades with it, for he is going to stop the death rate, and get those boys home and set them to plowing corn."

"Oh, Uncle Ike, don't get excited. I only wanted to change the subject from my own troubles to the troubles of our country," and he went out singing, "There's Only One Girl in All This World for Me," while Uncle Ike took off his collar and wiped the perspiration off his neck, and fanned himself awhile, and then lit his pipe, smoked a spell, and finally said: "Well, it is none of my condum business, anyway, I s'pose."

CHAPTER XI.

Uncle Ike was sitting in his room with a bath robe on, and his great, big, bare feet in a tub of hot water, in which some dry mustard had been sifted, and on a table beside him was a pitcher of hot lemonade, which he was trying to drink, as it got cool enough to go down his neck without scorching his throat. His head was hot, and he had evidently taken a severe cold, and occasionally he would groan, when he moved his body, and place his hand to the small of his back. His pipe and tobacco were far away on the mantel, though he could smell them, and the odor so satisfying to him when he was well, almost made him sick, and when the red-headed boy came in the room the first thing the old man said was :

“Take that dum pipe and terbacker out of the room, and put it in the woodshed. Your Uncle Ike ain’t enjoyin’ his terbacker very well,” and the old fellow made up a face, and looked as though he was on a steamboat excursion in rough weather. The boy took the pipe by the tail, and the tobacco paper in his other hand, and went out, and soon returned with a heavy blanket coat on, a pair of felt boots, and a toboggan knit-cap, and a pair of yarn mittens on, though it was late in July, and the weather was quite hot. Uncle Ike looked at him in wonder, as though he was not sure but it was winter, and he was so ill as not to

know that summer and fall had passed without his knowing it.

"What you got them sliding-down-hill clothes on for, in July?" said the old man, as he put one puckered-up bare foot on the other, in the water, and sozzled them around in the mustard in the bottom of the tub. "You will have me sunstruck yet, if you wear those clothes around here. What is up, anyway?"

"A lot of us boys are going to the Klondike," said the red-headed boy, as he took a big hunting knife out of a sheath, "and I came in to see if you would grubstake me. We have been reading about the millions of dollars in gold nuggets and dust, that is being brought out, and we are going to have some of the gold. Want your corns cut?" said the boy, as he sharpened the knife on Uncle Ike's boot that lay on the floor.

"You ducks have been reading about the gold that has been brought out, but you forgot to read about the corpses that stayed in the Klondike, didn't you?" said the old man as he took a drink of the hot lemonade, and pulled the bathrobe around his hind legs. "You tell the boys you are not going, and that Uncle Ike will not grubstake you. Tell them you have found out that for every dollar in gold that comes out of the mines, a hundred dollars is spent to find it. Tell them that not one man in a hundred that goes there ever sees anything yellow, except the janders. Tell them that seven out of ten men either freeze to death, or die of disease, or starve to death, and that



"A lot of us boys are going to the Klondike."

every trail in Alaska is marked with graves of just such fools as you boys. Tell them that they can make more money selling picture books at a blind asylum, or tin trumpets at a deaf and dumb school, than they could by digging gold in the Klondike, and that you are going to stay home. Now take off that uniform and get down on your knees and rub my feet dry," and the old man drew one foot out of the tub and rested it on the edge, while the boy took a Turkish towel that looked like a piece of tripe, and began polishing the foot, like a bootblack.

"Gosh, but one of your feet would make about six the size of my girl's feet," said the boy, as he fixed the old man up, and helped him onto a lounge, where he stretched out and went to sleep. For an hour the boy watched the old man, and listened to his snore, and finally he got a gutta-percha bug out of his fishing tackle, and when Uncle Ike woke up and began to stretch the boy said: "Uncle Ike, I have saved your life. This kissing bug was just ready to pounce on you, and poison you, when I grabbed it and killed it. See!" and he held up the bug.

"Yes, I see," said Uncle Ike, as he rubbed his eyes, and looked at the kissing bug. You examine it close, right by the tail, and you will find a trout hook. I used to catch a great many trout with that bug," and Uncle Ike got up and stretched his limbs, and found that his cold was gone, and he was well enough, and he dressed himself and began to act natural, and after

the boy had looked him over, and marveled at the sudden cure, he said:

“Uncle Ike, you have deceived me. I thought you was on your last legs, and I was going to have a serious talk with you. Heretofore, when I have tried to talk serious with you, you have turned everything into fun, but now I want a serious opinion from you. What would you think of my going out on a farm and learning to be a farmer? I ride by farms and see farmers and boys at work, or lying in the shade, or drinking out of a jug, or sitting on loads of hay, or riding a horse plowing corn, and it seems to me they have an easy life, and they must make money; and if I can't enlist to fight Filipinos, nor go to the Klondike, I want to be a farmer. What do you think, Uncle Ike?” and the boy looked up into the old man's face appealingly.

“Well, bring back that pipe and terbacker, and I will tell you all about farming, for I was brung up on a farm till I was busted.” The boy brought in the smoke consumer, and after the old man had puffed a few times, and found it did not make him sick, he continued: “In the first place, you are getting too old to learn farming. When city people have a call to farm it, they buy a farm, put up a windmill, get plumbers out from town, put in a bathtub with hot and cold water, and buy some carriages with high backs, and go in for enjoyment, regardless of the price of country produce. They put in hammocks and lawn tennis, and the young people wear knicker-

bockers and white canvas dresses, and roll their pants up, and all that. There is no money in farming that way. Now, you have got your city habits formed; you don't get up in the morning till after 7, and you have to take a bath, and have fresh underclothes frequently. You would want to lay in the shade too much and ride on the hay. Did it ever occur to you that before you could ride on the hay it has to be cut, and cured, and cocked up, and raked around? It takes a whole lot of backaches to get a load of hay ready for you to ride on. Now, you are going on 20 years old. If you had been born on a farm, you would be just about ready to quit it and come to town to learn something else. You would have a stomach full of farming, for you would have worked about twelve years, day and night; your hands would be muscular, and you would have callouses inside of them. You go out on a farm now, at your age, and when you get the first blister on your hands you want to send for a doctor, and you throw up the job and come back on my hands. Suppose you started out next Monday morning to learn to be a farmer. Let me make out a programme for you. You would go to bed Sunday night at 9 o'clock, and lay awake thinking of the glory of a farmer's life, and at 3 a. m. you would go to sleep, and at 4 you would hear the door to the attic open, and a voice that would sound like an auctioneer would yell to you to come down and get to work. You couldn't argue the case with the farmer, as you do with me when I try to get you up

early to go fishing ; and you would get up and put on a pair of cowhide shoes, brown overalls, a hickory shirt with bed-ticking suspenders, and you would go out into a barnyard that smelled like fury, and milk nine or fifteen cows on an empty stomach ; and while another hired man was taking the milk to a creamery, you would see that it was not daylight yet, but you would go in the kitchen and eat a slice of pork, and hurry about it, and then you would curry off the horses, and help hitch the team to a reaper ; and just as it was getting light enough to see things, you would go out to a wheat field, and, after the old man had cut two or three swaths around the field, several of you would turn in to bind up the bundles. They would show you how, and then they would see that you did your share of work.

“You would hustle for about four hours, and you would be so hungry it wouldn't be safe for a dog to come around you, and you would drink warm water out of a jug till your stomach ached, and you would wonder if it was not almost supper time, and if you looked at your watch you would find it was only about 9 o'clock in the morning, with three more solid hours of work before dinner time. When the horn blew for dinner you would just be able to climb on one of the horses to ride to the house, and the harness would take the skin off your elbows. When you got to the house you would want to lay down and die, but you would have to pull water up in buckets to water the horses, and go up in the hay mow and throw down

hay and carry oats to them, and when you went in to dinner you would feel as though you could eat a ten course banquet, but you would find that it was washing day, and they didn't do any cooking, and you would eat a bowl of bread and milk, and chew about a bushel of young onions, and when you were filled up and wanted to lie down and go to sleep, and die, the old man would tell you to hustle out and hitch up that team, and you would be so lame you couldn't ride on top of a hard farm harness, and you would walk to the field, your heavy shoes wearing the skin off your ankles, and the old machine would begin to stutter and rattle, and you would go to work binding bundles at 1 o'clock and work till dark, because it looked as though it was going to rain, and when you got the chores done, milked the cows, bedded down the horses, carried in wood to the kitchen and a few things like that, and they told you supper was ready, you would say you would rather go to bed than eat, and you would go up in the attic and fall on the bed, and go to sleep and dream of your Uncle Ike. Do you know where I would find you next? You would come into town on an early freight train Tuesday morning, and show up about breakfast time, and you would hunt the bathtub, and if any man ever talked farming to you again, you would be sassy to him. No, boy, the city man or boy is not intended for a farmer, but the farmer boy is intended for the city, when he gets enough of the farm. About so much farming has got to be done, but it will be done

by those who are brought up to it, and who know that every minute has got to be used to produce something, that the appetite must be satisfied easily and cheaply, and that everything on the farm must be of marketable value, and nothing must be bought that can be dispensed with, and that everybody must work or give a good reason for not working. The pleasure of farming is largely in anticipation. The big crops and big prices are always coming next year. You would be about as good at farming as I would at preaching," and Uncle Ike gradually ceased speaking, like an old clock that is running down, and ticking slower and slower, and then he fell asleep in his chair, and the red-headed boy sat and thought of what had been said, and looked at his hands as though he expected to find a blister, and smelled of them to see if he had actually been milking cows, and then he rolled over on the lounge and went to sleep, and the two snored a match.

CHAPTER XII.

"Uncle Ike, I heard a rumor about you yesterday that tickled me almost to death," said the red-headed boy, as he came into the old gentleman's room while he was shaving, and the boy took the lather brush and worked it up and down in the cup until the lather run over the side, and he had lather enough on hand to shave half the men in town.

"What was it?" said the old man, as he puckered his mouth on one side, and opened it so he could shave around the corner of his mouth. "Nothing disreputable, is it; nothing to bring disgrace on the family?" and he wiped the razor on a piece of newspaper, and stropped it on his hand, as he looked in the mirror to see if there were any new wrinkles in his face.

"Well, I don't know as it would disgrace us so very much, if you looked out for yourself, and didn't steal," said the boy, as he began to sharpen his knife on Uncle Ike's razor strop. "There is a rumor among the boys that you may be nominated for President, and a lot of us boys got together and took a vote, when we were in swimming, and you were elected unanimously. I am to be the boss who deals out the offices, and all the boys are going to have a soft snap. Before the thing goes any further the boys wanted me to see you, and have you promise that anything I promised should be good, see?"



"Uncle Ike, I heard a rumor about you yesterday that tickled me most to death."

“Well, you are a dum nice lot of politicians, to work up this boom for me, without my consent,” and the old man put up his razor, and began to wash the lather off his face, and while he was rubbing his red and laughing face with a towel, he said: “If I am elected President, and I want you to understand that I have not yet consented to take the nomination, I would, the first thing I did, have all my relatives either sent to jail, or confined in various asylums of one kind or another. I think I would send you to a home for the feeble-minded.”

“What’s the matter with relatives?” said the boy, as he took the razor, and searched around on his lip for some hairs, and finally got hold of one, and the razor pulled it so hard the tears came in his eyes; “seems to me a President with all his relatives in jail would be looked upon as a disgrace to society.”

“Well, I wouldn’t care,” said the old man, as he struggled to make a fourteen-inch collar button on to a sixteen-inch shirt, and nearly choked himself before he found out he had got the boy’s collar by mistake. “I have watched this President business a good many years, and have concluded that the most of the trouble a President has is through fool relatives. Look at Grant. You couldn’t throw a stone in Washington without hitting a relative, and they got into more scrapes, and dragged Grant into more disgrace, and fool schemes, than anything. There wasn’t offices enough for all of them, and some had to live in other ways, which didn’t help Ulysses very much. Harri-

son never had any pleasure until he had an operation performed on his son to remove his talking utensils. That boy would be interviewed and jollied, and he would tell more things that were not so, about pa's policy, than the President could stand. But a brother is the worst relative a President can have, if he is a half-way lawyer. A President cannot kill a brother that is older than he is, and can't prevent his being retained, and can't keep his brother's fingers out of all the contracts, and his being attorney for contractors, and can't tell him to keep away from the White House, and don't dare to tell his brother not to go around looking wise, as though he was running the whole administration. No, sir ; there ought to be a law that when a man is elected President, all male relatives that are old enough to talk, should have their mouths sewed up, and be compelled to put on gloves that are fastened with a time lock, so they couldn't get their hands into anything that would bring disgrace on the chief magistrate. Now, if you boys want me for President, with this understanding, that you shall all keep away from me after the 4th of March, and never let anybody know that you ever heard of me, and that you will never write me even a postal card, why, you can go ahead with your boom," and the old man tied his necktie so it looked like a scrambled egg, and he and the boy went in to breakfast, the boy opening the outside door and whistling a weird whistle, which brought three boys up on the porch, when he said to them :

“By the way, that presidential boom for Uncle Ike is off. Don't let the gang do another thing. He is a lobster,” and the boys went out into the world looking for another candidate, followed by a dog that jumped up and down in front of them as though he could lead them to a presidential candidate or a woodchuck hole mighty quick.

“Speaking of dogs,” said Uncle Ike, as he and the boy sat down to breakfast, and the other boys went out on the street to wait for the red-headed boy to finish eating, “where you boys going?”

“Just going to follow the dog,” said the warm-haired proposition, as he kicked because the melon was not ripe. “Did you ever drown out a gopher, Uncle Ike?”

“Bet your life,” said Uncle Ike, as he dished out enough food for the boy to have fed an orphan asylum. “Oh, I had a dog once that knew more than an alderman. Do you know, boy, that a dog is the best thing a boy can associate with? A boy never does anything very mean, if he has a dog that loves him. Many a time I have been just about ready to do a mean trick, when the dog would sit down in front of me, and look up into my eyes in an appealing way, and raise up one ear at a time and drop it, and raise the other, and he would jump up on me and lick my hand, and seem to say, ‘Don't,’ and, by gosh! I didn't. Say, if a mean boy has a dog that loves him, the dog is better than he is, and the boy is careful about doing mean things, for fear he will

shame the dog. I don't suppose a dog will get to heaven, but, if his master goes to heaven, the dog is mighty likely to lay down on the outside of the pearly gates, and just starve to death, waiting to hear the familiar whistle of his master, who is enjoying himself inside. Now, let's go out on the porch while I smoke;" and the old man led the way, and lighted up the old churn, and puffed away a while, and the boy was in a hurry to get away with the other boys; and finally the boys came up on the porch, and the dog went up to Uncle Ike and licked his hand, as though he knew the old man was a friend of dogs and boys.

"What's this scar on his nose? Woodchuck bite him?"

"Yes, sir," said one of the boys.

"And this one on the under lip?" said the old man. "Looks like a gopher had took a bite out of that lip."

"That's what it was," said another boy, and they all laughed to think that a dignified old man like Uncle Ike could tell all about the scars on a cheap dog.

"Well, boys, I won't detain you if you are going out to exercise the dog on woodchucks or gophers. But let me tell you this," and he puffed quite a little while on the pipe, and seemed to be harking away back to the bark of the dog friend of his boyhood, and the boys could almost see the dirt flying out of an old-time woodchuck hole as the dog of Uncle Ike's memory was digging and biting at roots, and snarling at a woodchuck that was safe enough away down below the

ground. "Let me tell you something. You want to play fair with the dog. A dog has got more sense than some men. He can tell a loafer, after one woodchuck hunt. The boy who gets interested when the dog is digging out a woodchuck, gets down on his knees and pushes the dirt away, and pats the dog, and encourages him, and when he comes to a root, takes his knife and cuts it away, is the thoroughbred that the dog will tie to; but the boy who sits in the shade and sicks the dog on, and don't help, but bets they don't get the woodchuck, and when the dog and his working partner pulls the woodchuck out, gets up out of the shade and begins to talk about how we got the woodchuck, is the loafer. He is the kind of fellow who will encourage others to enlist and go to war, in later life, while he stays home and kicks 'about the way the war is conducted, and shaves mortgages on the homes of soldiers, and forecloses them. That kind of a boy will be the one who will lie in the shade when he grows up, and not work in the sun. Didn't you ever see a dog half-way down a woodchuck hole, kicking dirt into the bosom of the boy's pants who is backing him, suddenly back out of the hole, wag his tail and wink his eyes, full of dirt, at the boy who is working the hole with him, and then run out his tongue and loll, and look at the fellows who are sitting around waiting for the last act, in the shade, and say to them, as plain as a dog can talk, 'You fellows make me tired. Why don't you get some style about you, and come in on this game on the ground floor?' and

then he gets rested a little, and you say, 'dig him out,' and he swallows a big sigh at their laziness, and goes down in the hole and digs and growls so the lazy boys think he has forgotten that they are deadheads in the enterprise, but the dog does not forget."

"Well, I swow, if your Uncle Ike ain't away up in G on woodchuck hunting," said one of the neighbor boys as they all sat around the old man, with their eyes wide open. "How about drowning out a gopher?"

"Same thing, exactly," said Uncle Ike, as he filled up the pipe again, and lit it, and run a broom straw through the stem, to give it air. "The dog watches the hole, and keeps tab on the boys who carry water. You have got to keep the water going down the gopher hole, and you got to work like sixty. Gophers know better than to have holes too near the water, and the dog knows what boy flunks after he carries one pail of water, and says, 'Oh, darn a gopher anyway; I hain't lost no gopher,' and goes and sits down and lets the other boys carry water. The dog knows that the boy who keeps carrying water and pouring it in the hole is the thoroughbred, and that the quitter has got a streak of yellow in him. When the hole is filled up with water, and the gopher comes to the surface, and the dog grabs for it, and the boy who took off his clothes and carried water also grabs, and either the dog or the boy gets bit, usually the boy, the dog knows that the boy who worked with him on that gopher hole has got the making of a good business man in him. A business or professional career, boys,

is just like digging out a woodchuck, or drowning out a gopher, and the fellows who help the dog when they are boys, are the ones who are mighty apt to get the business woodchuck when they grow up. I will bet you ten dollars that if you pick out the most successful business man in town, and go look at his left thumb nail, you will find a scar on it where a half-drowned gopher bit him, because he was at the hole at the right time. Now, go and have fun, and be sure and play fair with the dog," and Uncle Ike took down a broom and shook it at them as they scattered down the street, the dog barking joyously.

"I speak for carrying the water to drown out the gopher!" yelled the red-headed boy.

"Me, too!" shouted the other boys in chorus, as they disappeared from sight, and Uncle Ike listened until they were out of hearing, and then he limped down to the gate and looked up the road toward the country, but all he could see was a cloud of dust with a dog in it, and he walked back to the house sadly, and as he lifted the lame leg upon the porch, and took his hat, he said:

"Blamed if I don't hitch up the mare and drive out there where those boys have gone. I'll bet I know woodchuck holes and gopher holes them kids never would find if they had a whole passel of dogs," and he went out to the barn and pretty soon Aunt Almira heard him yell, "Whoa, gosh darn ye, take in that bit!" and she put on her sunbonnet and went out to the barn to see if he had actually gone crazy.

CHAPTER XIII.

“What you scratching yourself on the chest for?” said Uncle Ike, as the red-headed boy stood with one hand inside his vest, digging as though his life depended on his doing a good job. “Is there anything the matter with you that soap and water will not cure?” and the old man punched the boy in the ribs with a great big, hard thumb, as big as a banana.

“Uncle Ike, how long will a porous plaster stay on, and isn’t there any way to stop its itching? I have had one on for seventeen days and nights, and it seems to be getting worse all the time,” said the boy, as he dug away at his chest.

“Good heavens, take it off quick!” said Uncle Ike, as he laid his lighted pipe down on the table, on a nice, clean cloth, and the ashes and fire spilled out, and burned a hole in it. “You will die of mortification. Those plasters are only intended to be used as posters for a day or two. What in the name of common sense have you worn it seventeen days for? Let’s rip it off.”

“No, I have got to wear it eighteen days more,” said the boy, with a look of resignation. “Now, don’t laugh, Uncle Ike, will you? You see my girl has gone to the seashore to be gone five weeks, and she gave me a tintype and told me to wear it next my heart till she got back, and I thought I could get it

nearer my heart by putting it right against the skin, and putting a porous plaster over it, and by gum, I can feel her on my heart every minute. Now don't laugh, Uncle."

"Well, I guess not," said Uncle Ike, as he put out the fire on the table-cloth, and smoked a little while to settle his thoughts. "Here, this plaster has got to be removed before the fatal day of her return, or you will be holding down a job as a red-headed angel. Now, open your shirt," and the old man reached in and got a corner of the plaster, and gave a jerk that caused every hair on the boy's head to raise up and crack like a whiplash, while the tintype of the girl, covered with crude India rubber and medicated glue, dropped on the floor, and the boy turned pale and yelled bloody murder. "Now, don't ever do that again. A picture in your inside pocket is near enough to the heart for all practical purposes. Next, you will be swallowing her picture in the hope that it will lodge near your heart. Now I got something serious to talk with you about. One of the park policemen was here this morning looking for you. He said some of you boys just raised merry hades at the park concert last night. What did you do?"

"Just flushed quails," said the boy, as he buttoned his shirt, and gave the sore spot a parting dig. "We played we were hunting quail, and we had more fun than you ever saw."

"There are no quail in the park," said Uncle Ike, as he looked curiously at the boy through the smoke,



“Here, this plaster has got to be removed before the fatal day of her return.”

and puffed until his cheeks sank in, and the tears came to his eyes. "What is this quail fable, anyway?"

"You see," said the boy, as he took a piece of ice out of the water pitcher and held it in his bosom, where the plaster came off, "when there is an evening concert at the park, the boys and girls go off in couples and sit under the trees in the dark, or on the grass, where no one can see them very well, and they take hold of hands and put their arms around each other, and all the time they are scared for fear they will be caught, and ordered to quit. Well, us boys go around in the dark, and when we see a couple in that way, one boy comes to a point, like a dog, another boy walks up to the couple and flushes them, and as they get up quick to go somewhere else, I blow up a paper bag and bust it, and they start off on a run. Say, Uncle Ike, it is fun. We chased one couple clear to the lake."

"You did, did you, you little imp?" said the old man, as his sympathies were aroused for the young people who were disturbed at a critical time. "Don't let me ever hear of your flushing any more couples, or I'll flush you the first time I catch you with your girl. How would you like to be flushed? The parks are the only places many young people have to talk love to each other, and it is cruel to disturb them by bursting paper bags in their vicinity. If I was mayor I would build a thousand little summer houses in the parks, just big enough for a poor young couple to sit in, and talk over the future, and I would set police-

men to watch out that nobody disturbed them, and if one of you ducks come along, I would have you thrown in the lake. The idea of a boy who is in love the way you pretend to be, having no charity for others, makes me sick. I'll bet none of those you flushed last night had it so bad they had tintypes of the girls glued on their hearts with a porous plaster. Bah! you meddler!" and the old man stamped his foot on the floor, and the boy looked ashamed.

"Well, that's the last time I will mix in another fellow's love affair," said the boy, as he climbed up on Uncle Ike's knee.

"Now, I want to talk to you seriously," said the boy, as he looked up into Uncle Ike's round, smooth, red and smiling face. "Us boys have been reading about the serious condition of our country, when its wealthy citizens are leaving it and going abroad to live. Do you think, uncle, that William Waldorf Astor's deserting this country, and joining England, is going to cause this country to fail up in business? In case of war with England, do you think he would fight this country?"

"Well, you kids can borrow more trouble about this poor old country of ours than the men who own it can borrow. Astor! Why, boy, his deserting his country will have about as much effect as it would for that man working in the street to pack up his household goods and move to Indiana. Do you suppose this state would tip up sideways if he should quit running that scraper and move out of the state?"

Not much. The Astors have been rich so long that they are un-American. It is not the natural condition of an American to be rich. When a man gets too rich, he is worried as to what to do with his money. There is no great enjoyment that the very rich can have in this country that the poor cannot have a little of. The first thing a very rich man acquires is a bad stomach. He becomes too lazy to take exercise, and lets a hired man take exercise for him. He looks at his money, and thinks of his stomach. In Astor's case there was nothing in this country that he could enjoy, not even sleep. Nobody respected him any more than they did every other honest man. Only a few toadies would act toward him as though he was a world's wonder, on account of his wealth. People with souls, and health, and good nature, in the West, got rich as he, and went to New York, and knew how to spend money and have fun, and do good with it; and Astor couldn't understand it. He wanted to be considered the only, but he never had learned how to blow in money to make others happy. If he gave to the poor, an agent did it for him, and squeezed it, and made a memorandum and showed it to him once a year, and he frowned, and his stomach ached, and he took a pill, and sighed. I suppose two girls from California, daughters of an old Roman of the mines and the railroads, who died too soon, a senator with a soul, taught Astor how to do good with money, and maybe scared him out of the country. Those girls seemed to know where

there was a chance for suffering among the poor, and they kept people in their employ on the run to get to places before the bread was all gone, until half a million of the people that only knew there was an Astor by the signs on buildings for rent, knew these Fair girls by sight, and worshiped them as they passed. The girls are married now, but they give just the same, and wherever they are in the world there is the crowd, and there is the love of those who believe them angels. Astor could not find any one to love him for any good he ever did that did not have rent or interest as the object, and he went away where a man is respected in a half-way manner, in proportion to the money he spends on royalty, in imitating royalty, and he will run a race there, and get tired of it; and some day, if he lives, he will come back to this country in the steerage, as his ancestors did, and take out his first papers and vote, and maybe he will be happy. The only way for a rich man to be very happy is to find avenues for getting his congested wealth off his mind, where it will cause some one who is poor and suffering to look up to him, and say that riches have not spoiled him. But to inherit money and go through life letting it accumulate, and not finding any avenue where it can leak out and be caught in the apron of a needy soul, is tough. No, you boys need not worry about the desertion of Astor. If we have a war with Great Britain, you would find Astor taking a night trip across the channel, and France would draw him in the lottery. One for-

eigner who landed in this country the day Astor sailed away, will be of more value in peace or war than Astor could be if he had remained."

"Gosh!" said the boy, as he got up out of Uncle Ike's lap, "if you are not a comfort! Between that porous plaster, and Astor's going to England, and my girl at the seashore, I was about down with nervous prostration, but I am all right now," and the red-headed boy went out to round up the gang and tell them the country was all safe enough, as long as they had Uncle Ike to run it.

CHAPTER XIV.

“Well, you are a sight!” said Uncle Ike, as the red-headed boy came in the room, all out of breath, his shirt unbuttoned and his hair wet and dripping, and his face so clean that it was noticeable. “Why don’t you make your toilet before you come into a gentleman’s room? Where you been, anyway?”

“Been in swimming at the old swimming hole,” said the boy, as he finished buttoning his shirt, and sat down to put on his shoes and stockings, which he had carried in his hat. “Had more fun than a barrel of monkeys. Stole the clothes of a boy, and left him a paper flour sack to go home in. Wait a minute and you will see him go by,” and the boy rushed to the window and yelled to Uncle Ike to come and see the fun. Presently a boy came down the street from toward the river with nothing on but a flour sack. He had cut holes in the bottom to put his feet through, and pulled it up to his body, and the upper part covered his chest to the arms, which were bare and sun-burned, and the boy was marching along the street as unconcerned as possible, while all who saw him were laughing.

“What did you do that for?” said Uncle Ike, as he called to the boy to come in.

“Just for a joke,” said the red-headed boy, laugh-

ing, and jollying the boy dressed in the flour sack, as he came in at Uncle Ike's invitation.

"Well, that is a good enough joke for two," said Uncle Ike. "Now take off your clothes and change with this boy, and put on the flour sack yourself," and he superintended the change, until the other boy had on a full suit of clothes, and the red-headed boy had on the flour sack. "Now I want you to go to the grocery and get me a paper of tobacco."

"O, gosh, I don't want to go out in the street with this flour sack on. Some dog will chase me, and the people will make fun of me," said the boy, with an entirely new view of a practical joke.

"But you go all the same," said Uncle Ike, taking down a leather strap that he sharpened his razor on, and driving the boy outdoors. "Bring back this boy's clothes, also," and he sat down and waited for the boy to return. He came back after awhile with the tobacco and the clothes, followed by a lot of other boys, and after the two had changed clothes, and all had enjoyed a good laugh, Uncle Ike said:

"Boys, playing practical jokes is a good deal like jumping on a man when he is down. You will notice that the weaker boy always has the joke played on him. Boys always combine against the weak boy. The boy that can whip any of you never has to wear a flour sack home from the swimming hole, does he? Any joke that you can take turns at having played on you is fair, but when you combine against the weak, you become a monopoly, or a trust. When I was a



"Presently a boy came down the street from toward the river with nothing on but a flour sack."

boy we used to tie the clothes of the biggest and meanest boy in knots, and if he couldn't take a joke we all turned in and mauled him. After this, if there is to be any jokes, let the biggest boy take his turn first, and then I don't care how soon the others take their dose, but this trust business has got to be broke up," and Uncle Ike patted the boys on the head and said they could go and have all the fun they wanted to.

"Speaking of trusts, Uncle Ike, I thought you said, a spell ago, that the trusts would be brought up with a round turn," said the red-headed boy, reading, as he glanced at a heading in a morning paper, "but here is an article says that a thousand million billion dollars have been invested in trusts in New Jersey, and the manager of one of the biggest trusts says nobody can do anything to stop them. He says: 'What are you going to do about it?'"

"Well," said Uncle Ike, as he filled the air with strong tobacco smoke, and his eyes snapped like they did when he was mad, "you wait. I am older than you are. I remember when old Bill Tweed, the great robber of New York, who had stolen millions of dollars from the city, and was in his greatest power, became arrogant, and asked the people what they were going to do about it. When people think they are invincible they always ask what anybody is going to do about it. When a bully steps on the foot of a quiet and inoffensive man, purposely to get into a row, he looks at his victim in an impudent manner and

says, 'What are you going to do about it?' and the victim gets up deliberately and thrashes the ground with the bully. The people got mad at Tweed when he said that, and they chased him over the world, and landed him in the penitentiary, where he died. That will be the fate of some of these trust magnates. The foundation of the trust is corruption. Its trade mark was uttered years ago by a great railroad man who said, 'The public be d——d.' That expression is in the mind of every man connected with a trust. He turns the thumbscrews on the public, raises prices, and if they complain, he says, 'What are you going to do about it?' and if anybody says the public cannot stand it, they say 'the public be blessed,' or the other thing. Now, wait. The public will be making laws, and the first law that is made will be one that sends a man to the penitentiary who robs through a trust. If three men combine to rob it is a conspiracy. If a hundred or a thousand combine to rob seventy million people, it is treason. You wait, boys, and you will hear a noise one of these days when the people speak, and you will hear trust magnates who fail to get across the ocean before the tornado of public indignation strikes, begging for mercy. Now, gosh blast you, run away. You have got me to talking again," and Uncle Ike lighted his pipe and shut up like a clam, while the boys went out looking for trouble.

Uncle Ike had been dozing and smoking, and fixing his fishing tackle, and oiling his gun, and whistling, and trying to sing, all alone, for an hour, after the

boys had gone out to have fun, and when he saw them coming in the gate, two of them carrying a big striped watermelon, and the others watching that it did not fall on the ground, he was rather glad the boys had come back, and he opened the door and went out on the porch and met them.

"S-h-h!" said the red-headed boy, as Uncle Ike thumped the melon with his hard old middle finger, to see if it was ripe. "Don't say a word. Let's get it inside the house, quick, and you carve it, Uncle," and they brought it in and laid it on the table, and the boys looked down the street as though they were expecting some one.

"We never used to ask any questions when I was a boy, when a melon suddenly showed up, and nobody knew from whence it came," said Uncle Ike, as he put both hands on the melon and pressed down upon it, and listened to it crack. "Do you know, if a person takes potatoes, or baled hay, that does not belong to him, it is stealing, but if a melon elopes with a boy, or several boys, the melon is always considered guilty of contributory negligence," and the old man laughed and winked at the boys. "But a house is no place to eat a melon in, and a knife is not good enough to cut a melon. Now, you fetch that melon out in the garden, by the cucumber vines, and I will show you the conditions that should surround a melon barbecue," and the old man led the way to the garden, followed by the boys, and he got them seated around in the dirt, with the growing corn on one side, a patch of sunflowers

on another, a crabapple tree on one side, giving a little shade where they sat, and the alley fence on the other. The boys were anxious to begin, and each produced a toad-stabber, but Uncle Ike told them to put away the knives, and said :

“The only way to eat a melon is to break it by putting your knee on it, and taking the chunks and running your face right down into it. A nigger is the only natural melon eater. There,” said he, as he crushed the brittle melon rind into a dozen pieces, and spread it open, red, and juicy, and glorious. “Now ‘fall in,’ as we used to say in the army,” and the boys each grabbed a piece and began to eat and drink out of the rind, the juice smearing their faces and running down on their shirt bosoms, and Uncle Ike taking a piece of the core in his hands and trying to eat as fast as the boys did, the red and sticky juice trickling through his fingers, and the pulp painting pictures around his dear old mouth, and up his cheeks to his ears, while he tried to tell them of a day during the war when he was on the skirmish line going through a melon patch, and how the order came to lie down, and every last soldier dropped beside a melon, broke it with his bayonet, and filled himself, while the bullets whistled, and how they were all sick afterwards, and had to go to the rear because the people who owned the melons had put croton oil in them.

“Gosh, but this is great !” said the red-headed boy, as he stopped eating long enough to loosen his belt.

"You bet!" said one of the other boys; "Uncle Ike is a James dandy," and he looked up and bowed to a boy with an apron on, who came into the garden with a piece of paper in his hand, which he handed to Uncle Ike.

"What is this, a telegram?" says Uncle Ike, as he takes it with his sticky fingers and feels for his glasses.

"No, it is the bill for the melon—50 cents," said the grocer's boy.

"Bunkoed, by gosh!" says Uncle Ike, as he looks around at the laughing boys who have played it on him.

"Don't ever ask where a melon comes from," said the red-headed boy.

"Sawed a gold brick on me, you young bunko-steerers," says Uncle Ike, as he wipes his hands on some mustard and feels in his pocket for the change; "but it was worth it, by ginger," and he pays for the melon, they all go in the house and wash the melon off their hands and faces, the old man lights his pipe and says: "Boys, come around here to-morrow and play this trick on Aunt Almira, and I'll set up the root beer."

CHAPTER XV.

"Say, where you been all day?" asked Uncle Ike of the red-headed boy, as he showed up late in the afternoon, chewing a gob of gum so big that it made his ear ache. "Here, I've been waiting all day for you, with so many things on my mind to tell you about that I have had to make memorandums," and the old man took out his knife and shaved some tobacco off a plug, rolled it in his hands and scraped it into the pipe, and lit up for a long talk.

"I been working," said the boy, as he took some pieces of chocolate out of his pocket and offered them to his uncle. "I am working for a syndicate, and have got a soft snap, with all the money I can spend," and the boy shook the pennies in his pocket so they sounded like emptying a collection plate.

"Working for a syndicate, a-hem!" said the old man. "A syndicate is a great thing, if you are the syndicate, but if you work for it you get left, that's all. Now tell me about it. What you doing for a syndicate, and who furnishes you the money to spend? Tell me, so I can see whether it is honest. Somehow I can't feel that a syndicate means any good to a boy."

"It is this way, Uncle Ike," said the boy, as he threw away his gum and took another stick out of his pocket, and chewed it until he fairly drooled, "you know these slot machines in the depots and hotels,

where people put in a penny and pull out a knob and get a stick of gum or a chocolate, or some peppermint drops. Well, the syndicate wants a boy to go around and put in pennies, and get the prizes, when people are looking on, so as to get them interested, so they will put in pennies, see?"

"Sure! You are a sort of capper for a gum bunko game, eh? Rope in the people and get them next to a good thing," said Uncle Ike, looking at the boy over his glasses. "What particular talent does this new business bring to the front? Do you make speeches to the people, encouraging them to invest their hard-earned pennies in your great scheme for the amelioration of the condition of the down-trodden, or what do you do? Tell me how the thing works."

"Why, my work is all pantomime. The man who hired me said I had a face that was worth a fortune. I go up to a slot machine, and act as though I never saw such a thing before. Then I monkey around, and seem to be puzzled, and my face looks serious, and the people in the depot waiting for trains gather around and watch me, and when the jays are all ripe, ready to pick, I put a penny in the slot, draw out a stick of gum, put it in my mouth, and then I smile one of those broad smiles, like this, and the people begin to put in pennies, and they surround the machine, and money just flows in, until their train goes, when another crowd comes in and I work them on the chocolate slot, and just blow in pennies belonging to the syndicate that owns the machines. Oh, it's a great

snap, Uncle Ike. You ought to go into it," and the boy threw away his gum and went to eating chocolate.

"Is that so? My face would be my fortune, too, would it?" said Uncle Ike, who was beginning to show that he was mad. "And what salary does the syndicate pay you for your valuable services as a piece of human fly paper?"

"O, they don't pay me any salary," said the boy, as he took out a handful of syndicate pennies and poured them from one hand into another, to show the old man that he had wealth. "I don't ask anything for my services. I just get pay in fun, and have all the gum, and chocolate, and lemon drops that I can eat. The man told me it would be an experience that would be valuable to me in after life, being in the eye of the public, leading the people. He said this would be the making of me, and open up a career that would astonish my friends. Don't you think so, Uncle? Can't you see a change in me since I went to work for the syndicate?"

"Well, I don't know but I do," said Uncle Ike, as he pondered over the remarks of the boy. "You begin to look more bilious, probably on account of the chocolate you have eaten, to deceive the people at the depot into the idea that it is good stuff. And perhaps this experience will be the opening of a career. If you can, by your actions, cause strangers to run up against a slot machine, I don't see why you couldn't, in time, be a pretty good capper for a three-card monte game, where you could pick out the right card, and the jay

loses his money. If this is the kind of business you have selected for a career, it will not be long before you will be in demand as a bunko-steerer. You would be invaluable, with that innocent face of yours, in roping in strangers to a robbers' roost, where they would be fleeced and thrown down stairs on their necks. With about two days more experience on a slot machine, some gold-brick swindler will come along and raise the syndicate out on your salary, and put you on the road selling gold bricks. Starting in business as a fakir, you will rise to become a barker for a side-show, graduate into bunko and gold bricks, and if you are not sent to the penitentiary, there is a great opening for you as a promoter of a trust in the air we breathe. We shall have to part company. My reputation is dear to me. I have never turned a jack from the bottom when I had one to go in seven-up, and to associate with a boy who will rope people to buy mouldy gum, and be an advance agent of prosperity as recorded on a slot machine, is too much, and I bid you good-bye. I have loved you, but it was because you were innocent and tried to do the fair thing, but—good-bye," and the old man laid down his pipe, picked up his hat and started for the door.

"Hold on, Uncle Ike," said the boy, taking the handful of pennies out of his pocket and laying them on the table, "I didn't know it was so bad. I won't do it any more. Come back, please."

"Well, I got to go downtown," said the old man, "and I will be back in an hour. In the meantime



"Been trying to smoke the old man's pipe, eh?"

you write out a letter of resignation to the syndicate. Say that you find a diet of decayed chocolate and glucose candy is sapping the foundation of your manhood, and that your Uncle Ike has offered you a position on the staff of a gold-brick syndicate," and the old man went out, leaving the boy to write his resignation.

"Well, how is my decoy duck, and has he sent in his resignation?" said the old man, as he came in a little later and found writing material and pennies on the table, and the boy lying on the lounge looking pale and sick. "What is this? Sick the first time you have to resign an office? That won't do. You never will make a politician if you can't write out a resignation without having it go to your head," and the old man sat down by the boy and found that he was as sick as a horse, his face white, and cold perspiration on his upper lip among the red hairs, and on his brow among the freckles. The boy's bosom was heaving, and his stomach was clearly the seat of the disease, and suddenly the boy rushed out of the room, into the bathroom, and there was a noise such as is frequently heard on steamboat excursions. The old man thought it was the chocolate and gum that had made the boy sick, until he looked at his pipe on the table, which was smoking, although he had been away an hour or more.

"Been trying to smoke the old man's pipe, eh?" said he, as the boy staggered out of the bathroom so weak he could hardly stand. "Well, that plug tobacco

in the pipe is a little strong for a bunko-steerer, but I suppose you thought if you were going to be a business man, and leave me, you ought to take with you some of my bad habits. Let me fill the pipe with some of this mild switchman's delight, and you try that," and he brought the pipe near to the boy.

"Take it away, take it away," said a weak voice, coming from under a pillow on the lounge. "Oh, Uncle Ike, I will never touch a pipe again. You look so happy when you are smoking that I thought I would like to learn, so I lit the pipe, and drew on it, and the smoke wouldn't come, and I drew in my breath whole length, as I do when I dive off a spring board, and the whole inside of the pipe came into my mouth, and I swallowed the whole business, and pretty soon it felt as though a pin-wheel had been touched off inside of me, and the sparks flew out of my nose, and the smoke came out of my ears, and they turned on the water in my eyes, and my mouth puckered up and acted salivated, like I had eaten choke-cherries, and pretty soon the pin-wheel in my stomach began to run down, and I thought I was going to stop celebrating, when the pin-wheel seemed to touch off a nigger-chaser, and it went to fizzing all around inside of me, up into my lungs, and down around my liver, and it called at all my vital parts and registered its name, and when the nigger-chaser seemed to be dying it touched off an internal sky-rocket, and s-i-z-boom—that was when I went in the bathroom, 'cause I was afraid of the stick. Say,

Uncle Ike, does anyone ever die from smoking plug tobacco?"

"Oh, yes, about half of them die, when they smoke it the first time. When their eyes roll up, like yours, and they cease to be hungry, and feel as though they had rather lie down than stand up, they don't last very long," and the old man looked serious, and reached for his pipe and a match, and said: "Any last message you want to send to anybody; any touching good-bye? If you do, whisper it to me, and I will write your dying statement."

"Don't light that dum pipe!" said the boy, rolling over and looking like a seasick ghost, as Uncle Ike was about to scratch a match on his trousers. "Here is the address of my girl. Write to her that I am dead. That I died thinking of her, and smelling of plug tobacco. Put it in that I died of appendicitis, or something fashionable, and say that eight doctors performed eight operations on me, but peritonitis had set in, and there was no use, but that they cut a swath in me big enough to drive an automobile through. I had rather she would think of me as dying a heroic death, than dying smoking plug tobacco. And, say, Uncle Ike, after you have written her, don't make a mistake and send my resignation to the syndicate to her. O, God! but it is hard to die so young," and the boy went to sleep on the lounge, and Uncle Ike went to taking the kinks out of a fish line, knowing that when the boy woke up he wouldn't be dead worth a cent. About half an hour later the boy

rolled over, opened his big eyes, sat up, and stared around, and Uncle Ike said :

“Now, you go in the bath-room and wash your face in cold water, and you will be all right,” and the boy did so, and came back with almost a smile on his face, and he looked at the papers on the table, and said :

“Uncle Ike, you didn't send that appendicitis story to my girl, did you? Gosh, but I am all right now, and I am not going to die.”

“No, I didn't send it; but next time I will, by ginger,” and the old man laughed. “Here, have a smoke on me,” but the boy went out in the open air and kicked himself.

CHAPTER XVI.

It was a beautiful, hot, sunny morning, and after breakfast Uncle Ike came out on the porch in his shirt sleeves, and with a pair of old hunting shoes on, and his shirt sleeves rolled up, showing the sleeves of a red flannel undershirt, a kind he always wore, winter and summer. He leaned against the post of the porch, lit his pipe, and looked away toward the hazy, hot horizon, and thought of old days that had been brought to his mind the day before, when he saw the parade of a Wild West show. The old man was a '49er, who went across the plains for gold when the country was young, and the yells of the Indians had made him nervous, as they did half a century ago. He had staked the red-headed boy and several of his chums to go to the show, and was waiting for them to show up and report. He stepped down on the lawn and took up the nozzle of a sprinkler and turned it on a lilac bush, when suddenly there was a yell that was unmistakably that of a Comanche Indian; and he stopped and looked at the bush, and could plainly see a moccasin and a leg with buckskin fringe on it, and he knew the boys were laying for him, to scalp him and have fun with him; so he held the nozzle as his only protection against the bloodthirsty band of savages, headed by Chief Red Head, his nephew, but a bad Indian when off the reservation. From behind

an evergreen tree down by the gate there came a blood-curdling yell, which was evidently from the throat of "Watermelon Jim," a neighbor's boy, while from the wild cucumber vine on the south porch came a noise like that of a pack of wolves breakfasting on a fawn.

"Surrender!" shouted a damp voice from behind the lilac bush, where the hose was turned. "Surrender, or we burn down your ranch over your head!" and a painted Indian, with red, short hair showing under the feather, crawled toward a rosebush, where it was dry.

"Never!" said Uncle Ike, as he bit the stem of his pipe, and smiled at the boys who were peeking out from behind the different hiding places. "Your Uncle Ike often dies, but he never surrenders," and he cocked the nozzle of the lawn sprinkler, and stood ready for the attack.

The red-headed Indian lit a parlor match and held it aloft, which was apparently a smoke signal, for an Indian behind the porch appeared and suddenly a swish was heard in the air, and a piece of clothesline with a noose in it came near going over Uncle Ike's head; so near that it broke his clay pipe, leaving the stem between his lips.

"Ah, ha! You will, will you? Vamoose!" said Uncle Ike, as he turned the hose on the Indian with the lasso, and drove him behind the porch with water dripping down his calico shirt, taking the color out. Then an Indian near the gate began to fire blank

cartridges with a toy pistol and Uncle Ike put his elbow up in front of his face, as he said afterward, to save his beauty, and Uncle Ike started toward that Indian, dragging the hose, and shouting, "Take to the chaparral, condemn you, or I will drown you out like a gopher!"

For a moment there was an ominous silence. The Indians had withdrawn behind the currant bushes, but Uncle Ike knew enough of Indian warfare to know that the silence was only temporary. Suddenly there was a blazing and crackling, and a big smoke from the back of the house, and it seemed the redskins had set fire to the house, the hired girl yelled fire and murder, and came out with a pail of water, while the chief yelled "Charge!" and in a minute Uncle Ike was surrounded by the tribe, his legs tied with the clothesline, though he fought with the garden hose until there was not a dry rag on one of the boys or himself.

"Burn him at the stake!" shouted a little shrimp who carries papers every afternoon, after school, as he wiped the red paint off his cheek on to his bare arm, and shook water out of his trousers leg.

"No, let's hold him for a ransom," said the red-headed boy. "Aunt Almira will give us enough to buy a melon, and make us a pail of lemonade, if we let this gray-haired old settler off without scalping him."

"Chief, spare me, please," said Uncle Ike, as he sat up in a puddle of water on the battle ground, with



“Take to the chaparral, condemn you, or I will drown you out like a gopher!”

his legs tied. "I am the mother of eleven orphan children. O, spare me! and don't walk on that pipe of mine on the grass there, with your moccasins. I will compromise this thing myself, and pay the ransom. Here is a dollar. Go and buy melons, and we will have a big feed right here. But what was the fire behind the house, and is it put out?"

"The ransom is agreed to," said the red-headed boy, as he took off his string of feathers, and gave a yell, hitting his lips with the back of his hand so it would "gargle," "and the fire is out. We put some kerosene on an empty beer case, that was all." So Uncle Ike handed over the dollar, and was released, while a boy who had washed his paint off was sent to a grocery after a melon. Then they wiped the mud off Uncle Ike, and all went upon the porch, a new pipe of peace was provided, and they talked about the Wild West show of the night before, while Uncle Ike did the most of the smoking of the pipe of peace, though he wiped the stem once and handed it to the red-headed chief to take a whiff, but the chief, after his experience with plug tobacco cholera a few days before, declined with thanks.

"What interested you most at the show?" said Uncle Ike, puffing away, as he sat on the floor of the porch, and leaned his back against one of the posts. "When you go to a show you always want to get your mind on something that makes an impression on you."

"Well, sir," said the boy who had worked the lasso

on Uncle Ike, "the way these Mexicans handled the lariat struck me the hardest, only they look so darned lazy. They just wait for a horse to get in the right place, and then pull up. I would like to see them chase something, and catch it by the leg, that was trying to get away. But the Cossacks! O, my! couldn't they ride, standing up, or dragging on the ground with one foot in the stirrup. Gosh! if Russia turned about a million of those Cossacks loose on China, they wouldn't do a thing to John Chinaman."

"The Indians got me," said another boy, as he took off a moccasin and hung it up in the sun to dry, after his fight to the death with Uncle Ike's water-works. "I would like to be an Indian, or a squaw, and never have anything to do but travel with a show, and yell. They just have a soft snap, dressing up in feathers, and paint, and buckskin, and living on the fat of the land, and yelling ki-yi! in a falsetto voice."

"Oh, I don't know," said the red-headed boy, "what struck me as the most exciting was the battle of San Juan hill. Say, did you see our boys just walk right up to the Spaniards, in the face of a perfect hailstorm of blank cartridges, with a gatling gun stuttering smokeless powder, and the boys in blue firing volleys, and the rough riders walking on foot, and the Spaniards just falling back, and pretty soon we went right over them, and down came the Spanish flag, and then the Stars and Stripes went up, and there was where I yelled so the roof ripped. But what made me cry was to see Old Glory and the

British flag get together, every little while, and float side by side, and seem to be grown together as one flag, and everybody seemed glad. What you think about things, Uncle Ike? Don't sit there and smoke up, all the time, but tell us what you think about the American and British flags waving together so much lately. Are you in favor of an alliance? Do you want to be an assistant Englishman, Uncle Ike?"

"Well, I don't want to be quoted much on this business," said Uncle Ike, as he looked around at the boys, who were listening intently. "I have watched the course of England and all the countries, for over fifty years, in their relations with this country, and the only friendship England ever showed to us was in the last war. They did us good, no doubt, and I trust I am grateful, as becomes a good citizen. It was like a big boy and little boy fighting. The big boy can whip if he is not interfered with, but a lot of boys are standing around, ready to mix in to help the little fellow. They are ready to trip up the big fellow, so the little one can jump on him, and they are getting ready to throw stones at him, and kick him on the shins. Then a big bully that they are all afraid to tackle, comes along and says: 'This little fellow picked on the big fellow, and kept nagging him till he had to fight or run. Now the little fool has got to take his medicine, and you fellows mustn't mix in, or you got me to fight. Just keep hands off, that's all.' That's all there was to it, but it came in mighty handy, and we appreciate it, but there is too much

grand stand play about an alliance. In other wars with England, Germans and French and Poles have fought with us, and for us, and yet we have never felt like having an alliance with them. Do you ever take much stock in Russia, boys? Don't ever forget Russia. During our war between the North and South, we were once in a tight place. England and other countries were about to recognize the Southern Confederacy, and England was doing everything possible to break us up, furnishing privateers, and harboring confederate gunboats, and making it warm for us. Boys, your Uncle Abraham Lincoln was perspiring a good deal those days. They say he couldn't wear a collar, he sweat so. It was believed that England and several other countries were going to simultaneously recognize the Confederacy, and maybe turn in and fight us. Warships from other countries were hovering around our southern coast, and our soldiers were feeling pretty blue, the cabinet never smiled, and nobody laughed out loud except Uncle Abe, and even his laugh seemed to have a hollow, croupy sound. One day, when the strain was the greatest, and everybody felt as though there was a funeral in the family, and there were funerals in most families, a flock of warships flying the flag of Russia, steamed by Sandy Hook, and up to New York, saluted the forts and the Stars and Stripes all along up to the Battery. It seemed as though those battleships never would stop coming. They lined up all around New York, and their guns pointed toward the sea, and every Russian

on board acted as though he was loaded for bear. The news went to Washington that night, and they say Uncle Abe had night sweats. The next morning a Russian admiral, who had gone over to Washington on a night train, called to pay his respects to the President, and presented him with a document in the Russian language, which had to be interpreted by the Russian minister. When it was interpreted they say old Abe danced a highland fling, and hugged the Russians and danced all hands around. That document has never been published, but it was to the effect that the Russian fleet was at the disposal of the President of the United States, to fight any country on the face of God's green earth that attempted to mix in. See? It was not long before other nations discovered that Russia had sent her fleet to stay, and every Russian on every vessel acted as though he was spoiling for a fight, and seemed to say to the world, 'Come on, condemn you!' And nobody ever came along to fight. And Uncle Abe began to be in a laughing mood, and you know the rest, if you have read up about the war. Nobody has ever suggested an alliance with Russia, and yet we are under more obligations to that old Czar than to anybody. In fact, we don't want an alliance with anybody. We want the friendship of all. If I have any more love for one country than another, I do not know which it is, only when I see a Russian, even one of those Cossacks that rode so well, I feel like taking him by the hand and telling him, when he goes home, to go up to the

Winter palace and give my love to the Czar, because I always have before me the picture of that Russian fleet in New York harbor, when things were hot. England has done a similar favor during this last war, and if we had another war, and the newspapers would quit nagging him, you would find the young emperor of Germany doing something for us equally as good. So, boys, don't get stuck on one country, but give them all a chance to be good to us."

"Gosh, Uncle Ike, I never heard anything about that Russian fleet," said the red-headed boy. "England can go plum to thunder. I thought England was the only country that was ever even polite to us."

"Come on, boys, let's go and play Cossack," said one of the Indians, and they went rolling over the picket fence on their stomachs, leaving Uncle Ike to go and put on some dry clothes.

CHAPTER XVII.

Uncle Ike had been having twinges of rheumatism in one of his legs ever since he had the scrap with the Indians, and turned the hose on them and got wet himself, and he sat out on the porch one morning with a blanket over his leg trying to warm it up, smoking his pipe in silence, and wondering why the good Lord arranged things so a good man should grow old, and have pains. The red-headed boy and quite a flock of kids of about his age were sitting on the sidewalk, outside the fence, arguing something in loud voices, and finally he heard them agree to leave it to Uncle Ike, and then they piled over the fence and came up to the porch, and the red-headed boy was the spokesman. He said :

“ Say, Uncle Ike, us boys have got a bet and you are to decide it. Isn't it true that the people of Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are gamblers, and hasn't our government fought them to a standstill to send people there to induce them to stop gambling and to attend to business? Isn't gambling a sin, and is it not our duty as a nation, to teach these ignorant people the wickedness of gambling, bull fighting, cock fighting, and all that? ” and the boys sat all around Uncle Ike, waiting for a decision to be handed down, as they say in court.

The old man rapped the bowl of his pipe on the arm

of the rocking chair, blew through the stem, made up a face when he got some of the nicotine on his tongue, took a piece off the broom and run through it, blew again, reached for the tobacco bag, filled it up, lighted it, smoked a minute or two in silence, while five pairs of big boys' eyes watched him as though he was a chief justice. He wiggled around a little, to ease his leg, knitted his brow as the pain shot through his leg, almost said damn ; then the pain let up, his face cleared off, a smile came over it, he looked at the little statesmen around him, and finally said :

“ Well, boys, you must not grow up with the idea that our own beloved country has no faults. Just love it, with all its faults ; fight for it, if necessary, but don't get daffy over it. In the countries you speak of, everybody gambles more or less. In this country only a small proportion gamble, and yet the element of chance is something that is very attractive to most people here at home. The other evening your Aunt Almira brought home a beautiful goblet she won at a progressive euchre party of neighbors. How much more of a sin is it for the Cuban woman to win five dollars at monte, and buy a goblet ? It is scarcely three years since tickets in Havana lotteries were publicly sold in this country. There is more money lost and won on draw poker in one day in New York than is lost and won in Havana on monte and roulette. You can find almost any gambling game in Chicago or Milwaukee that you can find in the Philippines ; and while we do not have bull fighting, we

have prize fighting every night in the week, far more brutal. It is the gambling instinct in men and women that keeps the stock exchanges going, and industrial stocks, manipulated by those who control the prices, is tinhorn gambling, as much as pulling faro cards from a silver box in a brace game, where the dealer gets a rake-off, the same as the commission man, who deals the cards in stock or wheat. I don't know whether it is the object of our government to attempt to show the people of these new possessions the wickedness of gambling, and cock fighting, and all that; but if it is, thousands of men who have become bankrupt from gambling here at home could be sent there as object lessons; but the chances are they would put up a job to skin the natives out of their last dollar on some game they did not understand. If gambling is a sin, let he who is without sin throw the first stone into a Porto Rican cock fight. Let the senator who never played draw poker be the first to introduce a resolution to stop gambling in Manila. Let the army general that never sat up all night at a faro bank issue the first order against monte and roulette in Havana. Let the men who furnished embalmed beef for widows' sons, issue edicts against making fresh meat out of live bulls. I can't decide your bet. You better call it a draw," and the old man looked at the boys as though he wanted to change the subject.

"Say, boys, Uncle Ike knows more than any man in the world," said the red-headed boy, "but he argues



"I can't decide your bet. You better call it a draw."

too much. Let's go and play shinny and call it golf," and they went off on a gallop, leaving Uncle Ike with his lame leg and his pipe.

Uncle Ike sat and thought for an hour or more, on the porch, occasionally moving his rheumatic leg so it hurt him worse than it did before he moved it, and then he wondered what in the deuce he had moved it for. He thought of his experience as a gambler, since the boys had talked about gambling. He thought of the time he went to a State fair, when he was a boy, right fresh off the farm, with his white shirt his mother had sat up the night before to iron for him, his ready-made black frock-coat that the sun had faded out on the shoulders, the old brown slouch hat he had traded another one for with a lightning rod peddler, his shoes blacked with stove blacking, instead of being greased, as usual. He thought how a gambler at the State fair picked him out for a greeny before he had fairly got through the gate, and wondered how the gambler could have known he was so green without being told, and yet he carried a sign of greenness, from the faded and sunburned hair of his head to the sole of his stove-blackening shoes. He thought how the gambler got him to bet that he could find the pea in the shell, and how he had been so confident that he could find it that he had bet his whole month's wages, and when the gambler had taken it, and wound it around a wad he had, and put it in his vest pocket, he remembered, here sitting on the porch with his rheumatic leg, how mad he was when the gambler who had ruined him,

shouted, "Next gentleman, now! Roll up, tumble up, any way to get up!" As he sat there waiting for the boys to come back and be company for him, he thought how destitute he was when the gambler had taken his money, how he was twenty miles from home, with only 20 cents in his pocket, and he sat down on a chicken coop, and ate 10 cents' worth of the hardest-hearted pie that ever was, and the tears came to his eyes, and the great crowd at the fair all mixed up with the horses and cattle, and he wandered about like a crazy person, all the afternoon, and at night started to walk home, with the balance of his wealth invested in gingerbread that stuck in his throat as he walked along the road in the dust, and he drank at all the wells he passed, until before he got home the peaches he had eaten before he gambled, combined with the corrugated iron pie, and the gingerbread and the various waters, gave him a case of cholera morbus big enough for a grown person, and when he got home along toward morning he wanted to die, and rather thought he would. Then he began to wonder if that gambler ever prospered, and whether he wound up his career in the penitentiary, or in politics, when he saw a big dust down the road, where the boys had gone, and presently the whole crowd came on a run, barefooted, and the first to arrive hit Uncle Ike on the arm and said, "Tag; you're it," and they all laid down on the grass and panted, and accused each other of shoving, and not running fair. After they had got so they could

breathe easy, and each had taken a lot of green apples out of his shirt, and were biting into them and looking sorry they did so, the red-headed boy said:

"Uncle Ike, we have been talking it over, and have decided that some day you are to take us down to Pullman, the town founded by George Pullman. We have read a book about the town, and all about the philanthropist who laid it out, and made a little Utopia—I think that's the word—for the laboring men in his employ, where they have little brick houses made to fit a family, with gas and water. The book says he was a regular father to them, and we want to see a place where everybody is happy and contented. Will you take us there some time, Uncle Ike? Isn't Pullman the greatest and happiest man in the world?"

"Look a here," said Uncle Ike, as he got up and tried his lame leg, and found the pain was gone, and walked down on the lawn where the boys were rolling in the grass, and sat down on a lawn chair; "when you read a book of fairy stories, you want to look at the date. That book was written a dozen years ago to advertise Pullman cars. It is out of date."

"Well, isn't the town there, and are not the laboring people happy, and singing praises to the great and good Mr. Pullman, and showering blessings on his family, and helping to make a heaven upon earth of the town he built for them?"

"I thought you boys were up to the times," said the old man, as he lighted up his pipe, and crossed his legs so the lame one was on top, "but you are

back numbers. You read too much algebra, English history and fables. Why, Pullman has been dead for years, both the man and the town. I guess I'll have to educate you a little in American history, that you don't get in the ward school. Pullman was a carpenter who worked with a jack plane, and a saw, and things. It is said he took advantage of some ideas another man forgot to patent, got the ideas patented, and the result was the sleeping car. He made money by the barrel, and when the callouses and blood blisters were off his hands, and they became soft, he began to blow in money, and made people acquainted with the fact that he was too rich for words. He still looked like a carpenter, but smelled like a rose garden, for he learned to take a bath every few minutes and perfume himself, so the old-fashioned perspiration that had been so healthy for him would not be noticed. He hunted dollars as a pointer dog hunts chickens, and finally he got so much money he could not count it, and he hired men who were good at figures to count it for him. Then his brain took a day off and studied out Pullman, and he built it on the prairie. His idea was all right, only that he couldn't get over the idea that he must have a big percentage on his outlay, in rents. He wanted his men to be happy, but he wanted them to pay big prices. Another thing he wanted was for them not to think, but to let him do all the thinking. For a few years they were happy, but they kept getting in debt; he cut down on wages, but kept rents up, and the price of

gas and water never went down. If they did not like it they could go somewhere else, and leave some of the furniture to square up, if they were behind in rent, but usually the bookkeeper took it out of the wages. Then they traded at his stores, attended his theater, and he got most all the velvet. They stood it as long as possible, and asked for more wages, and more work, and his agents—Pullman was never there himself, he had an island in the St. Lawrence, and residences everywhere except at his Utopia—told them to hush up and go to work, and be mighty quick about it, or he would fire them bodily out of the town. Then they struck, and wanted to arbitrate, but Pullman telegraphed that there was nothing to arbitrate, and then the Utopia became a Tophet, which it had resembled for some time. Everything was closed up, men saw their children hungry, and they were moved away by charity to new places, where they might get some work. The cold-blooded proposition that is not popular with American citizens was that if men would get on their knees, apologize, and beg, the authorities would see what could be done for them. Men became desperate, troops were sent to guard the premises and to jab with bayonets these happy workmen that did not move along fast enough. Pullman himself stayed at his island, or at the seashore, and the men who had dared to think without a dog license were growing thinner, and by and by nearly all were gone; others took their places, but the old town was not what it used to be. Workmen preferred to live miles away,

in attics, or anywhere, in preference to the Pullman cottages. Then, one morning Pullman died, quick action, at his house, and millionaire neighbors buried him. Few flowers were sent by the old laborers. His boys, twins, had developed a partiality for jags, and having been cut off with little money in his will, they have wandered around, from one drunk cure to another, marrying occasionally, and otherwise enjoying themselves, until their poor mother was almost crazy, and the Pullman works are run by men who happened to be in on the ground floor, but who don't care much about the laboring man. No, sir," said the old man, warming up to the subject, "I will not take you kids to Pullman. I had rather take you to a cemetery, or visit the homes of the cliff dwellers of Mexico. Now, go wash up for dinner. You get me to talking, and I forget all about my rheumatism, and my dinner, and everything," and the old man started for the house, and the boys looked at each other as though they had learned something not in the school books.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was the first cool and bracing morning since the extreme heat of the summer, and Uncle Ike had begun to feel like going duck shooting. He could almost smell duck feathers in the air, and he had put on an old dead-grass colored sweater, with a high collar that rubbed against his unshaven neck, and he had got out his gun to wipe it for the hundredth time since he laid it away at the close of the last season. He looked it over and petted it, and finally sat down in a rocking chair, with the gun between his knees and a few cartridges in his hand that he had found in the pocket of his sweater; and he got to thinking of the days that he had passed, in the last half century, shooting ducks, and hoping that the clock of time could be turned back, in his case, and that he might be permitted to enjoy many years more of the sport that had given him so much enjoyment, and contributed so greatly to his health and hardness of muscle. He was cocking the old gun and letting down the hammers in a contemplative mood, and occasionally aiming at a fly on the opposite wall, as though it was a duck, when the door opened and the red-headed boy, accompanied by eight other boys, armed to the teeth with such weapons as they could find, marched in and formed a line on the opposite side of the room, and at the command, "Present

arms!" given by the red-headed captain, they saluted Uncle Ike. He arose from the rocking chair, placed his shotgun at a "carry," and acknowledged the salute, and said:

"If that horse pistol that No. 2 soldier has got pointed at my stomach is loaded, I want to declare that this war is over, and you can go to the cook and get your discharges, and fill out your blanks for pensions. But now, what does this all mean? Why this martial array? Why do you break in on a peaceful man this way, a man who does not believe in shedding human gore, so early in the morning?"

"Uncle Ike," said the red-headed boy, stepping one pace to the front, and saluting with a piece of lath, "we came to offer you the position of colonel of our regiment. We have thought over all the men who have been suggested as leaders, and have concluded that you are the jim dandy, and we want you to accept."

"Well, this takes me entirely by surprise;" said Uncle Ike, as he laid the shotgun on the table; "I certainly have not sought this office. But I cannot accept the trust until I know what is the object of the organization. Who do you propose to fight?"

"We are organized to fight the French, both with weapons and by the boycott," said the leader, swelling out his chest, and each red hair sticking up straight. "We have watched the trial of Dreyfus, and the outrage of his conviction without a particle of testimony against him, has just made us sick, and we are form-

ing a regiment to fight Frenchmen wherever we find them. We had the first battle at daylight this morning, when a French milkman drove along, and we threw eggs at him, and his horse run away and spilled four cans of milk. We are for blood, or milk, or any old thing that Frenchmen deal in. We will not drink any French champagne, and have decided not to visit the Paris Exposition."

"Well, I swow! you have got it up your noses pretty bad, haven't you?" said the old man as he ordered the platoon to sit down on the floor and go into camp. "It is pretty tough, the way the French treated Dreyfus, but how are you going to make your boycott work?"

"We are going to petition the President to cut off supplies for the Paris Exposition, withdraw from participation in it, and we are going to ask all the people that were intending to go to Paris to stay away."

"I see, I see," said Uncle Ike, feeling in the pocket of his old sweater, and finding a handful of leaves, twigs and plug tobacco that had accumulated there for years. "How many Jew boys have you got enlisted in your army? You know this Dreyfus trouble is a fight on the Jews, not only in France, but of the whole world. You ought to have a whole regiment of Jew boys. How many have you got?"

"Well, we haven't got any yet, but a whole lot of them are going to think about it, and ask their parents if they can join," said the captain.

"Yes, they will think about it, but they won't join,"



"Uncle Ike, we came to offer you the position of Colonel of our regiment."

said the old man, reaching for his pipe, and lighting up for a talk. "The Jews are the most patient, peaceful people in the world. They come the nearest to acting on the theory of the Golden Rule, of any class of people, and they are about the only people that will turn the other cheek, when hit on the jaw. They have been assailed for thousands of years, until they look upon being ostracised and trodden upon as one of the things they must expect, and they don't kick half as much as they ought to. If they had the enthusiasm and the fighting qualities of the Irish, they would take blackthorn clubs and mow a swath through France wide enough for an army to march over. Why don't you fellows wait until the Jews map out a plan of campaign, and then follow them? It is no dead sure thing that if the people of other countries boycotted France, that they would not ruin more Jews than Frenchmen, as the Jews are in business that the Exposition will make or break, while the French just sit around and drink absinthe and shout "viva la armee!" Don't you see you may ruin the very people you want to help? Then, stop and think of another thing. It is not many months ago that a Jew cadet at West Point was hazed and abused and ostracised by the other cadets, and had his life made such a burden that he had to resign and go home, heart-broken to a heart-broken mother. That was almost as bad as the Dreyfus case, as far as it went. How can the President boycott France for abusing Jews when our own army officers, that are to be, have shown a meanness

that will size up pretty fairly with the French army devils. I'll tell you, boys, what you do. Let your sympathy go out to Dreyfus, and all his people, but don't go off half-cocked. Wait until the representative Jews of this country decide what it is their duty to do in this case, and then join them, and help them, whether it is to fight or to pray. If they conclude to sit down, and look sorry, and turn the other cheek, and be swatted some more, you be sorry also. If they decide to get on their ears, and fight, with money, or guns, or boycott, you do as you like about helping them out. But if you read, in a day or two, that France has borrowed a few more millions of Rothschild, to pay off these officers who have persecuted Dreyfus, you can make up your minds that it is a good deal like our politics here at home, mighty badly mixed. Now you go and get me a wash basin of hot soft water, and some rags, and I will clean this gun, and you disband your army, and appoint a good Jew for colonel, and when he says the affair is ripe for a fight you can spiel," and the old man took the gun apart and prepared to clean it.

"Atten-shun!" shouted the red-headed boy to his army, and each soldier jumped up off the carpet and stood erect as possible. "I will now disband you, and deliver my farewell address." Then he whispered to Uncle Ike, and the old man handed him a half dollar, when the captain gave the money to a boy who seemed to be second in command, and added, "Go and buy you some ice-cream soda, and be prepared to respond

to the call to arms at a minute's notice. If France does not pardon Dreyfus, and I can get a lot of Jew boys to join us, we won't do a ting to France. Break ranks! Git!" and the boys went outdoors and made a rush for a soda fountain.

"Now, Uncle Ike," said the boy, as he watched his army going down the street, "I have got a favor to ask of you. I want you to give me music lessons."

"Well, I'll be bunkoed," said Uncle Ike, as he began to pull the sweater off over his head. "I can't sing anything but 'Marching Through Georgia.' What you want music lessons for?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you, if you won't laugh at me," said the boy, blushing. "You see, my girl has got back from the seashore, where she has been taking salt-water baths. She was too fresh, but she is salty enough now, and her face and arms are tanned just like these Russia leather moccasins. You couldn't tell her from an Indian, only she doesn't smell like buckskin. She has been taking lessons all summer at a conservatory of music, and she can sing away up so high that when she strikes a high note and gargles on it, it makes your hair raise right up, and bristle, it is so full of electricity. She has got a tenor voice that——"

"Hold on, hold on, you have got all mixed up," said the old man. "She does not gargle. That is called warbling, or trilling, or trolling, or something. And no girl has a tenor voice. She must be a soprano."

“Well, that’s what I want to take music lessons for, so I can talk with her intelligently about her music. Why, last night we were at a party, and I turned the music while she played and sang, and I got the wrong page, and got her all tangled up, and when she got through, and the people were telling her how beautiful she sang, I told her she had the most beautiful bass voice I ever saw, and she was so mad she wouldn’t speak to me, so I want you to teach me which is tenor, and which is baritone, and which is that other thing, you know, Uncle Ike.”

“Yes, I think I do,” said the old man as he turned his head away to keep from laughing. “You want to learn to be a he Patti, in four easy lessons. Why, you couldn’t learn enough about music to be in her class in fourteen years. What you want to do is to look wise, and applaud when anybody gets through singing, and say bravo, and beautiful, and all that, but not give yourself away by commenting on the technique, see?”

“Stopper! Backerup! What is technique on a girl, Uncle Ike?” asked the red-headed boy, as his eyes stuck out like peeled onions. “I have been around girls ever since I was big enough to go home alone after seeing them home, without being afraid of spooks, but I hope to die if I ever saw a technique.”

“The technique,” said Uncle Ike, looking wise, “is what we musicians call the—the—get there, Eli. You know when a girl is singing, and gets away up on a high note, and keeps getting it down finer all the

time, until it is not much bigger than a cambric needle, and she draws in a whole lot of air, and just fools with that wee bit of a note, and draws it out fine like a silk thread, and keeps letting go of it a little at a time until it seems as though it was a mile long, and the audience stops talking and eating candy, and just holds its breath, and listens for her to bite it off, and she wiggles with it, and catches another breath when it is keeping right on, and it seems so sweet and smooth that you can almost see angels hovering around up in the roof, and she stands there with her beautiful eyes shining like stars, and her face wreathed in smiles, and that little note keeps paying out like a silk fish line with a four-pound bass running away with the bait, and the audience gets red in the face for not breathing, and when everybody thinks she is going to keep on all night, or bust and fill the house with little notes that smell of violets, she wakes up, raises her voice two or three degrees higher, and finds a note that is more beautiful still, but which is as rare as the bloom of a century plant, so rare and radiant that she can't keep it long without spoiling, and just as you feel like dying in your tracks and going to heaven where they sing that way all the time, she shakes that note into little showers of crystal musical snowflakes, and then raises her voice one note higher just for a second, and backs away with a low bow and a sweet smile, and the audience is dumb for a minute, and when it comes to, and she has almost gone behind the scenes, everybody cheers,

and waves handkerchiefs, and stands up and yells until she comes back and does it over again, that is technique."

"Well, sir, my girl has got a technique just like that. She can sing the socks right off of——"

"Oh, hold on; don't work any of your slang into this musical discussion. When you want to know anything about music, or falling in love, or farming, come to your Uncle Ike. Office hours from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m. No cure no pay. If you are not satisfied your money will be cheerfully refunded," and the old man got an oil can and begun to oil the old shotgun, while the boy started to sing "Killarney" in a bass voice, and Uncle Ike drew the gun on him and said: "If you are looking for trouble, sing in that buzz-saw voice in my presence. I could murder a person that sang like that."

CHAPTER XIX.

Uncle Ike was leaning over the gate late in the afternoon, waiting for the red-headed boy and some of his chums to come back from the State fair. He had gone to the fair with them, and gone around to look at the stock with them, and had staked them for admission to all the side shows, and when they had come out of the last side show, and were hungry, he had bought a mess of hot wiener sausages for them, and while they were eating them somebody yelled that the balloon was going to go up, and the boys grabbed their wieners and run across the fair grounds, losing Uncle Ike; and being tired, and not caring to see a young girl go up a mile in the air, and come down with a parachute, with a good prospect of flattening herself on the hard ground, he had concluded to go home before the crowd rushed for the cars, and here he was at the gate waiting for the boys, saddened because a pickpocket had taken his watch and a big seal fob that had been in the family almost a hundred years. As he waited for the boys to come back he smoked hard, and wondered what a pickpocket wanted to fool an old man for, a man who would divide his money with any one out of luck, and he wondered what they could get on that poor old silver watch, that never kept time that could be relied on, and a tear came to his eye as he thought of some jeweler melting up that old fob

that his father and grandfather used to wear before him, and he wondered if the boys would guy him for having his pocket picked, he, who had mixed up with the world for half a century and never been touched. It was almost dark when the red-headed boy and his partners in crime, came down the sidewalk, so tired their shoes interfered, and they stubbed their toes on the holes in the walk, even.

"Well, I s'pose you ducks spent every cent you had and had to walk five miles from the fair ground," said Uncle Ike, as he opened the gate and let them fall inside and drop on the grass, their shoes covered with dust, and their clothes the same. He invited them in to supper, but the peanuts, the popcorn, the waffles, the lemonade, the cider and the wieners had been plenty for them, and it did not seem as though they ever wanted to eat a mouthful again.

"Where is your fob and watch?" said the red-headed boy, as he noticed that the big stomach of the old man carried no ornament.

"Well, I decided this afternoon that it did not become a man of my age to be wearing gaudy jewelry," said Uncle Ike, "and hereafter you have got to take your uncle just as he is, without any ornaments. The watch never did keep time much, and I have had enough of guessing whether it was 1 o'clock or 3."

"Never going to wear it any more?" asked the red-headed boy, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, I guess not," said Uncle Ike, as he heaved a sigh.

"Then I guess we can draw cuts for the old rattle-box," said the boy, as he pulled the watch and fob out of his pants pocket.

"Here! where did you get that watch?" said Uncle Ike, in excitement. "I thought a pickpocket on the trolley car got it, and I was hot. Say, that is one of the best watches in this town. Where did you find it? Did the police get the man?"

"Oh, police nothin'," said the boy. "Say, Uncle Ike, you were the easiest mark on the fair ground. There you stood, looking up at the kites, with your hands behind your back, like a jay from way back, and I knew somebody would get your watch; so I just reached up and took it, and left you standing there. I wanted to teach you a lesson. Don't ever wear your jewelry at a fair. Here's your old ticker. Sounds as though it had palpitation of the heart," and the boy handed it to the old man.

"Well, by gum! To think I should live all these years, and go through what I have, and then have an amateur pickpocket take me for a Reuben, and go through me! But how did you like the great agricultural display?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, taking off his shoes and emptying the sand out. "It seems to me the farmers ought to be encouraged. I wonder how many hundred dollars it cost to hire that girl to go up in a balloon; and what good could that exhibition do the farmers? If that girl's parachute hadn't parachuted at the proper time, and she had come down



"Here! where did you get that watch?"

and been killed, wouldn't the people have been so horrified they would never go to another fair, and couldn't the state have been sued for damages for hiring her to kill herself?"

"Oh, maybe," said the old man, winding up his watch a lot ahead, and holding it to his ears to see if it had heart disease, as the boy had intimated. "But, you see, people have got to be amused. It has got so there is not the inspiration in looking at vegetables that there used to be, and the patchwork quilt does not draw like a house afire. The farmers are not going to blow in money to exhibit things for a blue ribbon, and the wealthy people who have fancy stock take the premiums and advertise their business. Money is paid for exhibits that more properly belong to the circus and the vaudeville, that ought to be paid in premiums to farmers who raise things. We hire a balloonist, believing that she will fall and kill herself before the season is over. We take the chance that she will kill herself at our fair, but if she does not, and is killed at some cheap fair, somewhere else, we feel that we are abused, and have been trifled with. What interested you the most at the fair?" asked the old man.

"The wieners," said the boys, all at once. And the red-headed boy added: "When a feller is so hungry his eyes look straight ahead, and he can't turn them in the sockets, there is nothing like a hot wiener to start things moving, and the man who invented wieners ought to have a chromo. By gosh, I

am going to bed," and the boys all started for their resting places, while Uncle Ike felt of his stomach where the fob rested, and looked as happy as though he had never been robbed.

"Come on, Mr. Train-robber," said Uncle Ike the next morning, as the boy showed up in the breakfast room, and the old man held up his hands as he supposed passengers did when train-robbers attacked a train. "Go through me, condemn you, and take every last dollar I have got. I have brought you up to be an honest boy, and you turn out to be a pick-pocket, and rob me of my watch. Oh, I tell you, no old bachelor ever had so much trouble bringing up a boy as I have. Now, I expect you will graduate in burglary, bunko, and politics, won't you?" and the old man looked at the laughing boy with such pride that the boy knew he was only fooling.

"No, if I went into burglary and kindred industries, I could never find such easy marks to practice on as dear old Uncle Ike," and the boy put his arms around the old man and asked him what time it was, and the Uncle grabbed his fob as though he was not sure whether it was there or not. "Now, let's eat breakfast," and they sat down together, and Aunt Almira poured the coffee, while Uncle Ike looked over the morning paper.

"You can disband your army, and let them go back to the paths of peace, for Dreyfus has been pardoned," said the old man. "I knew that they would pardon that man."

"Now, wouldn't that kill you," said the boy, as he sampled two or three pieces of canteloupe to find one to his taste. "That breaks up my scheme to fight the French. Uncle Ike, I have about made up my mind to lead a different life and become a minister, and preach, and go to sociables, and just have a dandy time. Say, it's a snap to be a minister, and only have to preach an hour Sunday, and have all the week to go fishing and hunting. What denomination would you advise me to become a minister of?"

"Well," said Uncle Ike, as he dropped a few lumps of sugar into his coffee, and looked at the boy across the table, "from the color of your hair, and your constant talk about falling in love every time you see a pretty girl, and the manner in which you take up a collection every time you see me anywhere, I should say you would make a pretty fair Mormon. Yes, if I was in your place I would preach Mormonism, as your experience in taking things out of people's pockets, in the way of watches, would come handy, and you are so confounded freckled you would have to have wives sealed to you or they would not stay. A minister has got to be pretty condemned good-looking, nowadays, to hold a job in a fashionable church."

"But the minister business is easy, ain't it? They don't have to work, anyway," and the boy looked at Uncle Ike as though he expected an opinion that was sound.

"If you took a job preaching," said the old man, whirling around from the table, and sitting down in

his old armchair, and lighting his pipe, "you wouldn't have any soft snap. Do you know anything about what a minister has to do? Let's take one week out of the life of a regular minister. He starts in on Monday morning by having a woman call at the parsonage, a woman dressed poorly, and whose pained face makes his heart ache, and she tells him a tale of woe, and he goes to his wife and gets a basket of stuff out of the kitchen to give her, a kitchen not stocked any too well, and sends her home with immediate relief, and then goes out to hunt up the relief committee of his church to give the woman permanent relief. He comes back after a while and finds other callers, some to have him make a diagnosis of their souls, over which they are worrying, another to have him help get a son out of the police station, who used to belong to the Sunday-school, and one man wants him to preach a funeral sermon in the afternoon. He gets out of the police station in time for the funeral, and they make him go clear to the cemetery, and stop at the house with the mourners on the way back, and he gets a cold dinner that night, and has to call on several sick friends that evening, and one of them is so nearly gone that he remains with him to the last, and gets home at midnight. The other days of the week are the same, only more so, and in addition he has to run a prayer meeting, several society meetings, a sociable, settle a quarrel in the choir, and bring two members of the church together who have not spoken to each other for months,

attend a ministers' meeting and map out a plan of campaign against the old boy, run out into the country to preach a little for a neighboring preacher who is sick, or off on a vacation, attend a missionary meeting, marry a few couples, and prepare two sermons for Sunday forenoon and evening, sermons that are new, and on texts that have not been preached on before. One night in the week he can get on his slippers and sit in the library, and the other nights he is running from one place to another to make a lot of other people happier, and he has more sickness at home than any man in his congregation, and he works harder than the man who digs in the sewer, and half the time the people kick on his salary and wonder why he doesn't do more, and say he looks so dressed up it can't be possible he has much to do, and when he gets worn down to the bone, and his cheeks are sunken, and his voice fails, and his step is not so active, they saw him off on to some country church that never did pay a minister enough to live on, and he never kicks, but just keeps on praying for them until he kicks the bucket, when he ought to give them a piece of his mind. How do you like it?"

"Say, Uncle Ike, I surrender. I don't want to preach. Where can a man enlist as a pirate? The pirate business appeals to me," and the boy got up and took his golf club to go out.

"Yes, you have many qualifications that would come in handy as a pirate, and I will use my influence to get you into politics, you young heathen," and the

old man gave the red-headed boy a poke in the ribs with his big hard thumb, and they separated for the day, the old man to smoke and dream, and the boy to have fun and get tired and hungry.

CHAPTER XX.

Uncle Ike did not get up very early, on account of a little pain in one of his hind legs, as he expressed it, a rheumatic pain that he had almost come to believe, as the pension agent had often suggested, was caused by his service in the army thirty-five years ago. The pension agent, who desired to have the honor of securing a pension for the old man, had asked him to try and remember if he was not exposed to a sudden draft, some time in the army, which might have caused him to take cold, and thus sow the seeds of rheumatism in his system, which had lain dormant all these years and finally appeared in his legs. The old man had thought it over, and remembered hundreds of occasions when he was soaked through with icy water, and had slept on the wet ground, and gone hungry and taken cold, but he realized that he had taken no more colds in the army than he had at home, and he could not see how he could swear that a chill he received thirty-five years ago could have anything to do with his present aches, and though he knew thousands of the old boys were receiving pensions, that were no worse off than he was, he had told the pension agent that he need not apply for a pension for his pain in the knee. He said he felt that he might just as well apply for a pension on account of inheriting rheumatism from an uncle who fought in

the Mexican war, and he would wait until the government did not insist on a veteran having such an abnormal memory about sneezing during the war, as a basis for pension claims, and when it got so a pension would come to a soldier by simply looking up his record, and examining his physical condition, he would take a pension. The old man had heard a peculiar clicking down in the sitting room, all the morning, while he was dressing, and he wondered what it was. As he limped into the sitting room, with his dressing-gown on, and began to round up his shaving utensils, preparatory to his morning shave, he found the red-headed boy in his night shirt, sitting at a table with an old telegraph instrument that looked as though it had been picked out of a scrap-heap, and the boy was ticking away for dear life, his hair standing on end, his brow corrugated, and his eyes glaring.

“What dum foolishness you got on hand now?” asked the old man, as he set a cup of hot water on the mantel, and began to mix up the lather. “What you ticking away on that contrivance for, and looking wise?”

“This is a telegraph office,” said the boy, as he stopped operations long enough to draw his cold bare feet up under him, and pulled his night shirt down to cover his knees. “I am learning to telegraph, and am going into training for president of a railroad. Did you see in the papers the other day that Mr. Earling was elected president of a railroad, and did

you know that he started in as a telegraph operator and a poor boy, with hair the color of tow? They used to call him Tow-Head."

"Yes, I read about that," said Uncle Ike, as he looked in the glass to see if the lather was all right on his face, and began to strop his razor. "I knew that boy when he was telegraphing. But he knew what all those sounds meant. You just keep ticking away, and don't know one tick from another."

"Yes, I do," said the boy, as he smashed away at the key. "That long sound, and the short one, and the one about half as long as the long one—that spells d-a-m, dam."

"Well, what do you commence your education spelling out cuss words for?" asked the old man, as he raked the razor down one side of his face, pulling his mouth around to one side so it looked like the mouth of a red-horse fish. "Anybody would think you were in training for one of these railroad superintendents who swear at the men so their hair will stand, and then swear at them because they don't get their hair cut. The railroad presidents and general managers nowadays don't swear a blue streak, and keep the men guessing whether they will get discharged for talking back. This man Earling never swore a half a string in his life, and in thirty years of railroading he never spoke a cross word to a living soul, and his brow was never corrugated as much as yours has been spelling out that word dam. Got any idea what railroad you will be president of?" and the



“What dum foolishness you got on hand now?”

old man wiped his razor, stropped it on the palm of his hand, put it in a case, and went to a washbowl to wash the soap off his face.

"Well, I thought I would start in on some narrow-gauge railroad, and work up gradually for a year or two, and finally take charge of one of those Eastern roads, where I can have a private car, and travel all over the country for nothing. As quick as I get this telegraph business down fine I shall apply for a position of train dispatcher, and then jump right along up. Uncle Ike, you will never have to pay a cent on my railroad. I will have a caboose fixed up for you, with guns and dogs, and you can hunt and fish all your life, with a nigger to cook for you, and a porter to put on your bait, and another nigger chambermaid to make up your bed, and I will wire them from the general office to sidetrack you, and pick you up, and all that."

"Is that so?" said the old man, as he stood rubbing his face with a crash towel till it shone like a boiled lobster. "You are hurrying your railroad career mighty fast, and if you are not careful you will replace Chauncey Depew before you get long pants on. Now, you go get your clothes on and come to breakfast, and after breakfast I will tell you something." The boy dropped the key, after ticking to the imaginary general office not to disturb him with any messages for half an hour, as he was going to be busy on an important matter, and he went to his room and soon appeared at the breakfast table, and after the

breakfast was over, and the old man had lighted his pipe, the boy said :

“Now, Uncle Ike, tell me all you know about rail-roading in one easy lesson, for I have to go to a directors’ meeting at ten, and then we are going out to look over the right of way,” and the boy ticked off a message to have his special car ready at eleven-thirty, stocked for a trip over the line.

“I see you are getting well along in your railroad career, and like nine out of ten boys who want to be railroad men, you are beginning at the private car instead of the gravel train, issuing general orders instead of working in the ranks,” and the old man smoked up and thought a long time, and continued : “The successful railroad man begins at the bottom, and learns the first lesson well. Do you know how long this man Earling has been getting where he is today ? Thirty-five years. More than the average age of man. The successful railroad man, if he begins telegraphing, gets so he can send or receive anything, with his eyes shut, and never makes a mistake. After a long time he gets a measly country station, where he does all kinds of work, and he is satisfied. He goes to work to increase the business of that station, to clean up around the depot, and please all the customers, as though he was going to live there all his life. He never thinks he is going to be a high official, but just makes the best of the present. Some day he is awfully surprised to be given a better station, and he hates to leave, and maybe sheds a tear as he parts with the friends he has

made there. But he goes to his new place and improves it, and gets in with a new, pushing class of people, and begins to grow. He maybe works there ten years, and his work shows so the officials recognize it, and he never makes a mistake in his telegraphing, and some day they call him into headquarters during a rush, to help the train dispatcher, and then he has to move into the city and watch trains on thousands of miles of road, to see that they don't get together, as train dispatcher. He thinks that position is good enough, and he hopes they will let him alone in it, but some day he assists the superintendent, and he is so well posted they are all surprised. They wonder how that station agent got to knowing all the men on the road, and how much a train of freight cars weigh, and how many cents per mile each loaded car earns for the company, and what cars ought to go to the shops for repairs, and how many new cars will have to be bought to handle the crops on his division. The 'old man,' as the president is always called, gets to leaning on this always good-natured, promoted, station agent, who is so modest he wouldn't offer a suggestion unless asked his opinion, and when asked gives it so intelligently that you could set your watch by it, as the boys say. He is always sober, never sleepy, and whether figuring on the wheat crop of Dakota to a carload, or wearing rubber boots and dining on sausage and bread for a couple of days fixing up a washout, he is always calm and smiling, and every man works as though his own house was afire, till the

washout is repaired and the first train pulls over. When the rich, fat, gouty directors come around, once a year, to take an account of stock, and see the property at work, they see the modest man, and by and by he is taken off his feet by a promotion that almost makes him dizzy. Other railroads see that he is all wool, and they try to steal him away, but he says he has got used to his old man, and he knows every spike in the system, and there are gray hairs beginning to come around his ears, and he guesses he will not go away and have to make new acquaintances, and he remains with the road where he learned to tick, as you are ticking, and one day he is at the head of it. But if you examine into the head of the man who gets up from station agent to president, you will find that there is brain there and no cut feed. Another station agent might get the bighead the first time he was promoted, and they would have to promote him backward, on that account, but it would be because there was excelsior in his head, instead of brain, and he would be mad and jealous, and say mean things about those who got promoted, and stayed promoted. Now, let me give you a pointer. Don't train for general manager or president of a road. Train for the thing you are going to get first, whether it is operator or brakeman, and when you have mastered the details of that place, learn something about the next above. It is like going up a ladder; you have got to go up one step at a time, and get your foot on the step so it will stay, then go up another

step. If you attempt to step from the ground to the top of the ladder, you are going to split your pants from Genesis to Revelations, and come down on your neck, and show your nakedness to those who have watched you try to climb too fast, and they will laugh at you. Now, go on with your condom ticking, but tick out something besides d—a—m, dam," and the old man went out to see if there had been any frost the night before, with an idea that if there was he would shoot a few teal duck, and cure his rheumatism that way, instead of putting on liniment.

CHAPTER XXI.

Uncle Ike was out in the front yard in the early morning, in his shirt sleeves, with no collar on, an old pair of rubber boots to keep the dew from wetting his feet, and he was helping the Indian summer haze all he could, by smoking the clay pipe and blowing the smoke up among the red and yellow leaves of autumn, and as he kicked the beautiful leaves on the lawn into piles he thought what foolish people they were who claimed last week that winter had come, because it was a little chilly, when he could have told them, by half a century's experience, that the most beautiful part of the year was to come, the Indian summer, the lazy days when you want to shoot snipe, and eat grapes, and have appendicitis. The red-headed boy came out yawning, half awake, and raised his arms and stretched until it seemed that he would break his back.

"You remind me of Indian summer," said the old man, as he stepped on the boy's bare foot with his soft rubber boot.

"Oh, I don't know," said the boy, as he let out a secret school society yell at some boys across the street, which brought them all over into the yard, as though there was a dog fight on. "Uncle Ike, you remind me of Father Time, after he has been to a

barber and got shaved, with your smooth old laughing face. Why do I remind you of Indian summer?"

"Well, your red hair resembles the frosted leaf of the maple tree, your brown freckles look like the dead and dying leaves of the oak, your unwashed chalky face looks like the leaves of the ash, your sparkling eyes like the dewy diamonds on the grass, and your sleepy look as you just come from your bed makes me think of the hazy atmosphere that the Indians loved so well. What all you boys around here for so early in the morning, anyway, disturbing your Uncle Ike when he wants to think?" and he grabbed half a dozen boys and piled them up in a heap on the grass, and put one of his big rubber boots on the top one, and held them down, squirming like a lot of angleworms in a tomato can. The red-headed boy took Uncle Ike by the suspenders and pulled him off the boys, and then they all grabbed his legs and threw him down and sat on him, breaking his pipe, and pulling off his rubber boots and making him yell, "Enough!" before they would let him up, but he laughed and spanked them with a leg of a rubber boot, and finally they all sat down on the porch, panting, and Uncle Ike was the youngest boy in the gang, apparently.

"Come to order," said the red-headed boy, and every boy took off his hat, and braced back against the side of the house, and Uncle Ike looked on, wondering what was coming next. "We have met, gentlemen," said the red-headed boy, "to make arrangements to nominate Dewey for President. We have



"Squirming like a lot of angle worms in a tomato can,"

watched the manner in which the people have received him at New York and Washington; have noticed his modesty and level-headedness, and us boys, Uncle Ike, have decided that Dewey shall be the next President. If any person has got anything to say why he should not be President, let him speak now, or forever after hold his peace. It is up to you, Uncle Ike, and this assemblage would like to hear a few casual remarks from you, before breakfast, on this subject. Now, boys, hurrah for Uncle Ike, the jolliest old scrapper in the business. Now, give the yell, 'Who are we! who are we! we are the kids for old Dewe-e—siz! boom! yah!' and the boys yelled until Uncle Ike had to respond.

"Well, you condum heathen can settle more public questions here on this porch than all the political parties," said the old man, as he fixed a broken suspender with a nail, and came up to the boys with one rubber boot in his hand, and reached for a new pipe on the window sill, loaded it, and lit it for a talk. "You ought to have better sense than to think of Dewey placing himself in the hands of the politicians, and going into politics, where he will have to be cat-hauled by all the disreputable critters in the country. Look at Grant! When he got out of the war he was just like Dewey, and would be alive today if he had not got into the hands of the politicians. Dewey can sit down in Washington as he is, and have more power for good than any President, and he will be proud of himself and his country. If he went

into politics he would be betrayed, and made responsible for all the stealing and mistakes of those under him, and in a little while he would hate himself, and would like to get all the politicians into a Spanish ship and turn the Olympia loose on them."

"Yes, but nobody could say anything against Dewey," said the red-headed boy, interrupting Uncle Ike. "All he would have to do would be to appoint a cabinet of admirals, and give all the other offices to the midshipmen and jackies, and send army officers abroad as ministers and things. The people would lynch a man that said anything against Dewey."

"They couldn't say anything against him, could they?" said Uncle Ike, pulling on the rubber boot. "Well, you are an amateur in politics. Do you know what they would do if Dewey were nominated? They would prove that he murdered a man in Vermont in 1852, in cold blood, and produce the corpse. They would swear that he was the inventor of the wooden nutmeg, and that he had six wives living, and that he was in cahoots with Aguinaldo, and that he didn't sink the Spanish fleet, but that it got waterlogged and went down without a shot being fired. They would claim that he was the originator of the process of boiling maple roots and putting the juice into glucose, and selling it for pure Vermont maple syrup. They would claim that the reception he received at the hands of the American people was a put-up job; that he paid all the expenses himself, out of money he stole from the government, and that all the cheer-

ing was done by hired claquers, who were all promised an office when he was elected. And then if he was elected, every man that knew him before he went to Manila would claim to have been the making of him, and want to be in the cabinet, and every man that has shook hands with him since, would expect the best office at his disposal, and if they didn't get the offices they would prove that he was responsible for the embalmed beef scandal, and that he was in partnership with Capt. Carter in robbing the government, and ought to be in jail. Oh, you can't tell me anything about politics, and if I could see Dewey I would tell him to say nothing but 'nixy' to every proposition to mix him up. Now, all you boys come in to breakfast," and the old man tossed the boys toward the dining room door as though they were footballs.

"Well, Uncle Ike, you have punctured our tire again. Every time we get a scheme to save the country, you come in with your condumed talky-talk, and throw us in the air. Guess you will have to take the nomination yourself, and run on a platform of seven words, 'Here's to the boys, God bless 'em,'" and the red-headed boy got under Uncle Ike's arm, and the gang went in to breakfast, Uncle Ike trying to argue against being nominated, and having to go to the White House with a lot of tough boys making life a burden to him, when he would have to get married, for no President is a success as a bachelor, as Cleveland found out. As Uncle Ike got the boys all

around the table, he bent his head and reverently asked a blessing—something he had never done before in the presence of the red-headed boy, and when the meal was over and the boys had all gone away, except the warm-haired one, and Uncle Ike had begun to smoke again, the boy said to him:

“Uncle Ike, I did not know that you belonged to any church.”

“Well, I don’t,” said Uncle Ike, as he got up and looked out of the window, and blew smoke at a fly that was buzzing on the glass.

“Then how could you ask a blessing, and expect that it will be heard? I supposed a person had to be initiated in a church, and be sworn in, and given the password, and take the degrees, before he was ordained to ask a blessing,” said the boy.

“No, that is not necessary,” the old man said. “Now, you haven’t got much religion, and never jined, but you give thanks to the Lord quite often. When you are happy, and enjoying yourself, and smile and laugh, you are unconsciously thanking the Ruler for making things so comfortable. All pleasure is made possible by a higher power, and all you got to do is to feel grateful, same as you would to me if I gave you a dollar, and there you are. You just be square, and do business on the golden rule plan, and you have got a heap more religion than some people who are blating about all the time. I just thought I would paralyze you kids by showing you that I was all wool, and wanted the Lord to keep tab on us, and know

that we appreciated good health, and all that. Now, you go to school, and don't say anything to that blue-eyed teacher of yours that you have nominated me for President. I don't want to get girls after me, thinking they will be mistress of the White House," and the old man took his gun and went down into the marsh looking for snipe.

CHAPTER XXII.

Uncle Ike had been reading the morning paper, as he sat before the grate fire, in the sitting room, while the red-headed boy was using a slate and pencil trying to figure out something to make it match the answer as given in the arithmetic, and having guessed the answer right he was drawing a picture of Uncle Ike and his pipe, and occasionally wetting his finger in his mouth and rubbing out some feature of the old man that didn't suit. He had the old man pictured in a football costume of padded trousers, nose guard, ear guard, knee pads, and all the different things used in football, and when he showed the picture to Uncle Ike, that old citizen sighed, though he looked a bit pleased that he should be the study of so eminent an artist. Uncle Ike had been reading that there was to be a football game that afternoon, between the State university and Beloit college, and he wanted to go like a dog, but he had abused football so much that he was ashamed to speak of going.

"I hope you are not interested in that disreputable game," said Uncle Ike, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the andirons of the fireplace. "I hope you don't want to go and see respectable boys maimed and killed, and knocked down and dragged out, and sand-bagged, and brained. I have seen a bull fight in Mexico, but I never want to see anything as bloody

as a football game," and the old man winked to himself, and filled the pipe.

"Oh, what you giving me?" said the boy, jumping up in indignation. "Football is no worse than the old-fashioned pullaway you used to play. I am going to see this game through a knothole in the fence I rented from a boy who has the knothole concession at the baseball park."

"No, you don't," said Uncle Ike, "you will go in the gate like a gentleman. No nephew of mine is going to grow up and be a knothole audience. You get two or three of your chums and come around here about 2 o'clock, and I will go with you, and stand between you and the sluggers, and see this game out. I don't want to go, and detest the game, but I will go to please you," and the old man looked wise and fatherly.

"Oh, you don't want to go, like the way the woman kept tavern in Michigan," said the boy, as he edged toward the door.

"How was it that the woman kept the hotel in Michigan?" he asked, looking mad.

"Like hades," said the boy, "only the man who told me about it said she kept tavern like h—l, but I wouldn't say that in the presence of my dear old uncle," and the boy slipped out ahead of a slipper that was kicked at him by the laughing old man.

So in the afternoon Uncle Ike, the red-headed boy and two chums appeared at the gate, the old man plunked down two dollars with a chuckle, asked if he

could smoke his pipe in there, and was told that he could smoke a factory chimney if he wanted to, and they went in and got seats on the bleachers, and as they sat down the old man said it was almost exactly like the bull ring in Mexico. The boys explained to him that the red ribbons were university colors and the yellow belonged to Beloit, and he must choose which side he would root for. As the red matched his flannel underwear and his flushed face, he said he was for the university, and then the boys explained the game, about carrying the ball, getting touchdowns, kicking goal, and half-back and quarter-back, and when the teams came in and the crowd yelled, Uncle Ike felt hurt, because it made so much noise, and people acted crazy. Uncle Ike looked the players over, and he said that big fellow from Beloit was John L. Sullivan in disguise, and wanted him ruled off. The play began, the ball shot out behind the crowd, a man grabbed it and started to run, when someone grabbed him by the legs and he went down, with the whole crowd on top of him. Uncle Ike raised up on his feet and waved his pipe, and when one of the men did not get up and they brought water and tried to bring him back to life, he shouted: "That is murder. I saw that fellow with the black socks strike him with a hatchet. Police!" but someone behind him yelled to him to sit down, and the red-headed boy pulled his coat tail, he sat down, and the game went on, but Uncle Ike was mad, because the dead boy was playing as lively as anybody.

Then a man got the ball and started on a run down the field, with the whole crowd after him, and finally they got him down and Uncle Ike stood up again and said: "Stop the game. I saw a fellow trip him up, and pound him with a billy, and stab him. Say, boys, he's dead, sure. Where's the police? Ain't there no ambulance here? Kill the umpire!" he shouted, remembering that he was an old baseball fan.

"Oh, don't worry, Uncle Ike, they are all right," said the boy, waving a long piece of red ribbon, as the two bands tried to play a "Hot Time" and a waltz at the same time. "Now watch the kangaroo kick off," and as he kicked the ball the whole length of the field the old man simply sat still and said:

"Gee whiz, but that was a corker. U-rah-u-rah!" and the only way to stop him was to feed him peanuts.

From an enemy of football the old man was rapidly becoming its friend. When the men came together at first, and went down in a heap, legs flying in all directions, and noises like heavy blows coming to him, he would swear he saw a man strike another with a mallet, but later in the game he said it served the man right, and he ought to have been hit with an ax, and before the game was over he was so interested that he got down off the bleachers, leaned over the railing and yelled at the combatants to eat 'em up, and when the game was over he rushed into the field, hugging the players, and saying that it was the greatest thing that ever was, and offering to act as one of the bearers to the funeral, if anybody had been killed,



"Police!"

and when the boys got him out of the grounds he took up the whole sidewalk, waving his ribbons, tied on his cane, shouting the university yell till he frothed at the mouth, and on the way home he took the boys into a store and bought them a new football, and insisted that they come into the front yard and play a game every morning, and offered to have the shrubbery cut down to give them room. As they got home, and the other boys had gone away, the red-headed boy said :

“Uncle Ike, you have disgraced the whole family. You went to the football game under protest, a quiet, inoffensive citizen, ostensibly to take care of us boys, and the first jump out of the box you got crazy, and we had a terrible time to get you home. I don't suppose you remember what you did do out there. Do you remember of putting your arm around a strange lady, and hugging her, and telling her to yell? Her husband is looking for you with a gun. Do you remember of grabbing a young woman sitting in front of you, just as they made a touchdown, pulling her head over into your lap, and patting her cheeks with your great big hands, and telling her she ought to marry a football player? Her brother is coming up street now with a baseball club. I suppose you have no recollection of jumping up and sitting down in the lap of a woman in the seat behind you, throwing your arms around her, and telling her she was a darling, and squeezing her till you broke her corset. She says you offered her marriage, and her lawyer will be here

in the morning to find out what you are going to do about it. I think you better be examined by doctors to see if you are not getting nutty, and let them send you to a sanitarium," and the boy sighed, and looked at the old man as though his heart was broken.

"Say, did I do any of those things?" asked Uncle Ike, as he got up and looked out of the window, and then locked the door, and acted frightened. "Well, I'll be dumb! I recollect the woman in front of me, and the one behind, but I pledge you my word that I did not know that I hugged anybody. I am willing to apologize, but I'll be condemned if I marry any of 'em, and I'm not crazy. That confounded game got me all mixed up, and I may have acted different from what I would ordinarily, but it was not my intention to propose to any female."

"But say, Uncle Ike, what did you think of the game as a means of building up muscle, pluck, push, get there, and general usefulness?" asked the boy.

"Greatest thing I ever saw," said Uncle Ike, as he looked out of the window, to see if any females he might have hugged in his excitement were out there waiting for him. "Say, I saw young fellows in that game that I used to know, who would cry if taken across their father's knee, and beg for mercy, and they would rush into the most dangerous position, and if knocked silly they would smile, never groan, and suck a swallow of water out of a sponge, and go in for another knockdown. That game will make men of the weak boys, and cause them to be afraid of

nothing that walks. The boy who pushes, and tackles, and runs through a wilderness of other boys who are trying to down him, and get his pigskin away, will become the pushing business man who will go through the line of business progress, and make a touchdown in his enterprise, and he will kick a commercial or professional goal, over the heads of all competitors. Life is only a football game, after all. Every man in business who is worth his salt is a pusher, a shover, a tackler, a punter, or half-back, and the unsuccessful ones are the ones who carry the water to bring the business players to, when they become overheated, and do the yelling and hurraing when the pushing business man in the football game of life makes a touchdown. It is these rough players that become the rough riders when war comes to the country, and they rush the ball up San Juan hill in the face of the Spanish tacklers, and the interference of barbed wire and other things. War is a football game also, and the recruiting officers are not looking for the weak sisters who can't push and shove, and fight, and fall over each other, and when wounded laugh and say it is nothing serious. A country that has a majority of its boys growing up to fight on the football field for fun, has no cause to fear any war that may come to it, for if they will fight like that in good nature, to uphold the colors of their college, what will they do to uphold 'Old Glory,' which comprises the dearest colors in all the world? Yes, boy, you can go on playing football, and if you are injured your Uncle Ike will pay all the

expenses, and sit up nights with you, but you better not take me to any more games, for the first thing you know I will be bringing home here more wives than that Utah congressman has got. Now, go rest up, and next week I will take you to see President McKinley, at the hotel here, and you will see him throw his arms around me and say, 'Hello, Uncle Ike!' I used to know him when he wasn't President," and Uncle Ike dismissed the boy, and sat by the window till dark, looking out to see if anybody was coming to claim his hand in marriage, and wondering if he did make as big a fool of himself at the football game as the boys said he did.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was Sunday afternoon, and Uncle Ike had been to church with the red-headed boy, and they had listened to a sermon on patriotism, and the minister had expressed himself on the subject of the Philippines, and the duty the President owed to civilization to keep on killing those negroes until they learned better than to kick at having a strange race of people boss them around, and Uncle Ike had walked home along the bank of the lake, and breathed the free air that was his because his ancestors had conquered it from England, and he couldn't help having a little sympathy for those Filipinos who had been bought from a country that didn't own them, by a country that had no use for them, and wished it could get rid of them honorably, without hurting the political party that was acting as overseer over them. He didn't want to seem disloyal to a country that he loved and had fought to preserve, but when he thought of those poor, ignorant people, trying to learn what freedom meant, and what there was in it for them, studying the constitution of the United States to find out how to be good and great, and dodging bullets, he felt as though he wished he knew just what the Savior of Man would do in the matter if He had been elected President. He had left the red-headed boy at Sunday-school, and now they were both back home, wait-

ing for the dinner bell to ring. The boy was studying some pamphlet he had brought home, and looking mighty serious.

"Any great problem been presented to you at Sunday-school that you are unable to solve?" said Uncle Ike, as he walked by the boy and tried to stroke the corrugated lines out of his forehead, and patted him on the head. "For if there is anything you are in doubt about, all you got to do is to let your Uncle Ike be umpire, and he will straighten it out for you."

"Thank you, awfully," said the boy, as he dropped his book, walked up to the old man, and looked him squarely in the face. "You are the man I have been looking for. Uncle Ike, suppose a man should haul off, without provocation, and smash you on the side of the face, a regular stinger, that would jar your head until you could see stars, what would you do?"

"Oh, say, that is an easy one," said the old man, as he filled the pipe and lighted it, and threw the match in the grate. "Do you know what I would do? I would give him one on the nose with my left hand, and when he was off his guard I would paste him one under the ear, or on the point of the jaw, and then I would stand over him and count ten, and if he came to, I would give him some more, and when he had got enough, I would say to him: 'Now, when you feel that way again, and want to enjoy yourself, you come right to me, for I don't have any too much exercise, anyway.' But why do you ask? You knew all the

time what I would do if a man hit me," and the old man walked around the room as though he would like to see someone hit him.

"That's what I feared," said the boy, as the twinkles played around his eyes. "You see, among the verses in the Sunday-school lesson was this one, 'If they smite you on one cheek, turn the other cheek, also,' and I thought I would like to get the opinion of an expert as to how to go about it, to turn the other cheek the right way."

"Say, here, you don't take advantage of an old man that way," said Uncle Ike, as the boy began laughing. "When you ask questions like that you want to read the verse first, and give a man a chance. 'Course, if they smite you on one cheek, you want to do just what the Bible says. Some of you kids make me tired," and the old man wished dinner was ready, so they could change the subject.

"I told my teacher I didn't see how a fellow could turn the other cheek, also, and maintain his standing in society, but she said it was the way to do, and then the Sunday-school superintendent came along, and she asked him about it. He belongs to the athletic club of the Y. M. C. A., and I have seen him box with soft gloves, and he said it was right to turn the other cheek, but I noticed he smiled, and then the minister visited our class, and the teacher asked him to impress on us boys the idea of turning the other cheek. He looked pious, and said you must turn the other



“ I would give him one on the nose with my left hand.”

cheek when smote, as it showed a meek and forgiving disposition, but I know the minister is a boxer, also, and I heard that he almost jarred the head off a tramp last summer for sassing him, so I am worried as to what it is best to do, in a case of smoting. The teacher, you know her, the pretty girl that let you hold her hand so long at the picnic, when you was introduced to her, and you told her you used to know her mother when she was a girl, and used to go with her, and all that rot, she told me I better talk it over with you, Uncle Ike, and see what you thought about it. So you honestly think it is best for a boy to grow up letting people get in the habit of smiting, so to see him turn his other cheek, and get another bat on that cheek, eh? Don't you think a boy that takes that kind of medicine, without making up a face, ought to say, 'Thank you, ever so much,' and always wear pinafores, and stay in the kindergarten, and if he ever grows up and goes into business he better become a he-milliner, or a manicure, say? It's up to you, now, Uncle Ike, and I am ready to listen, and to follow your advice, and be a boy or a girl, just as you say, but I don't know any girl in my set that would let anybody smite her much, without pulling hair a little, at least."

Uncle Ike had been thinking pretty hard, as the boy talked, had let his pipe go out, and his face had taken on a serious look, a look also of pride as he listened to the boy, but he was trying to think how to

steer him right on that turning the other cheek also business. He fumbled for the tobacco bag, and as he emptied some tobacco into the pipe, his hand was unsteady, and he spilled a good deal on the floor, and he had to scratch two or three matches on his pants before he could get one that wouldn't break off, or go out. Finally he got the pipe lighted, and he puffed a long time, and looked at himself in the big mirror over the mantel, to see if he was looking his best, and finally he said :

“I'll tell you, my boy, I don't think they are turning the other cheek also when smote, as much as they used to. The theory is all right, and if everybody would do so, there would not be any trouble, and all would be peace. I suppose that verse in the Bible was written when the Jews were trying to get along without having scraps all the time. There were people there, Jew-baiters, I suppose, who just laid for them, and knowing them to be opposed to a fight, they would smash them, and on the advice of leaders they would turn the other cheek, and go home with a black eye. I don't suppose I could write a Bible half as good as the old one, but I think if that verse had been changed a little, so the Jews would have stood up for their rights, and everlastingly lambasted anybody that came around jarring them on the cheeks, and been brought up to fight their way through, from Jerusalem to France, things would have been different. But, as I say, things have changed a good deal

since Bible times. I think, now, if I was a boy, growing up to take my place in the business world, I might try to forget that verse, or think of it as we do of the Golden Rule, or the 'love one another' verse. You may try as hard as you like and you can't love your neighbor as yourself, unless he, or she, as the case may be, is a lovable person, and loves back. There can be no arbitrary rules that will bind you against what you think is right. Suppose your neighbor is a horsethief, or a liar, who belongs to another political party, and backbites, and steals your wood, and kicks your dog, and puts up jobs on you, how you going to love that neighbor as yourself? Two or three thousand years ago maybe these things would have been all right, when they didn't have any newspapers, and trolley cars, and there was no business except selling fish, and no money but coppers. I'll tell you how I shall bring up my boys, when I have any, and that is to keep their cheeks away from the smoter who smotes. Be on your guard, and if a boy tries to smite you on one cheek, you duck, and side-step, and smile at him, and keep your hands up so if he makes a feint to smite you on one cheek, just stand him off, and maybe he will think that you are onto his smiting on the cheek business yourself, and are no chicken, that is going to keep cheeks for other people to smite, and he may quit, and you can laugh over it, and consider the incident closed. But if he gets gay, and it seems to be his day to smite cheeks, and he acts as though he

had picked you out for a soft mark, and rushes in to do you up, if I ever hear of your running, or putting your hands down, and letting him biff you, one, two, on both cheeks, and you come home here crying, with the nosebleed, and your eye blacked, and you haven't done a thing to that cheek smiter, I will warm your jacket so you will think there is a hornets' nest in it, hear me?" and the old man looked cross and sassy. "No, sir ; you just let him search for your cheeks, and if he won't quit, you finally give him your left in the neck, and side-step, and keep out of his way, and if he wants more, find a place where there is an opening, and jab him until he quits looking for cheeks to smite, and other cheeks to turn also. I don't know as it is right, but turning the other cheek also has gone out of style, and nobody is doing it that has got any gravel in their crop. Don't let me ever catch you fighting, that is, bringing on a fight, but don't you ever let anybody use you to practice that verse on, because your minister or your Sunday-school superintendent wouldn't allow anybody to smite them without getting hurt."

"Well, I like that," said the boy, getting up and starting for the dining room. "I will do just as you say, Uncle Ike, and try to avoid trouble. But what shall I tell that blue-eyed teacher you advised me—the one, you know, that you was so sweet on at the picnic?"

"Oh, tell her I told you to try and grow up to be

a regular thoroughbred, like your Uncle Ike, and only turn the other cheek to girls, see! And tell her I never squeezed anybody's hand at a picnic, unless they commenced it, by gosh!" and the old man took the red-headed boy in his arms and carried him bodily into the dining room, and there was a smile on his good old face that was good to look upon.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Uncle Ike had met with a misfortune that troubled him, and he was smoking and trying to think of some way to explain the affair. All his life he had been an all-around sport, and duck shooting had been his hobby. He had prided himself that he could ride any boat that an Indian could, and bragged that he had never got his feet wet in his forty years as a duck shooter; but this morning he had gone out in a boat, before anybody was up about the house, and when he was not looking, a wave tipped the boat up on one side, filled it with water, and had gone down with him before he could say Jack Robinson, and he had floundered around in mud and water up to his armpits, singing "A life on the ocean wave," and yelling for somebody to come and tie him loose. A neighbor had come with a boat, and dragged him ashore, and he had taken off his wet clothes, hung them on the fence to dry, put on some dry clothes, and he was smoking his pipe and wringing the water out of his wet pants, when the red-headed boy came out to inquire into the marine disaster.

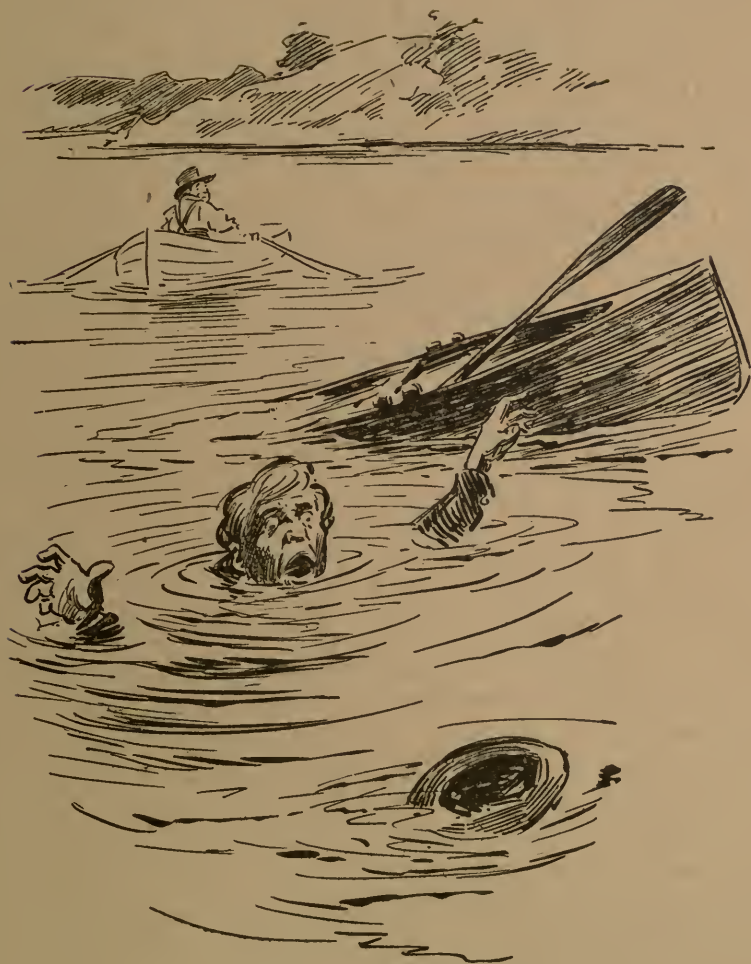
"Getting your washing out pretty early in the morning, Uncle Ike," said the boy, as he lifted a wet sweater off the fence, and took some wet cartridges out of the pockets. "Is it healthy to go in swimming with so many clothes on? How did this thing happen, anyway?"

“Now, don't get gay,” said Uncle Ike, “and I will tell you. It was blowing a hurricane, and the wind took the boat up in the air about ten feet, and it dove down head first, and what could I do but get out? A cramp took me in the leg, and I stood on t'other leg, but I wasn't afraid. I didn't yell, but just said to a man who was about half a mile away, says I, 'Kindly assist me to land,' and he took me by the shirt collar and escorted me to the shore.”

“I see,” said the boy; “you whispered to him, when he was half a mile away, but did not yell for help. Oh, you're a mark, trying to make believe you are young enough to enjoy sport. Say, you ought to have a shawl strap on you, so your rescuer can have something to take hold of; and if I were in your place, I would get the dimensions of Noah's ark, and have one made to fit me. You better buy your ducks, and stay on land. But now that the Prodigal Uncle has got back, I am going out to kill a fatted calf, and we will have a calf banquet. Say, Uncle Ike, did you ever read about the Prodigal Son? We had it in our Sunday-school lesson last Sunday. They didn't do a thing to him, did they?”

“Yes, I have read about the Prodigal Son, and I give it to you straight—he was the greatest chump mentioned in the Bible, and sometimes I think you are a dead ringer for him!” and the old man laughed at the boy.

“Oh, I don't know,” said the boy, as he poured some water out of Uncle Ike's rubber boots, that



"A life on the ocean wave."

hung on the fence; "you and Noah size up about right. If you had been running that ark, you would have spilled the whole outfit, and nobody ever would have got ashore. But that Prodigal Son makes me tired. He was a regular jay. He run away from home, and got in with a terrible crowd, and they pulled his leg for all the money he had. They steered him up against barrel houses, and filled him with liquor that would burn a hole in a copper kettle, got him mixed up with queer women, and he painted the towns red; and when his money was all gone, they kicked him out with a case of indigestion and a head on him that hurt so he could not wink without thinking there was an earthquake. Say, Uncle Ike, do you know that fellow had some sense after all? When he found that all his new-found friends wanted was his money, and to help him spend it, and that they shook him when it was gone, he had a right to be disgusted with the world; and if he had been like some of our present day prodigals, he would have turned tramp, or held up a train, or stolen a horse and been lynched; but he just tumbled to himself and took the first job that came along, herding hogs, but he didn't live high. He worked for his board and furnished his own husks. Do you know, I can't help thinking the man that hired Prod. to drive hogs was in a trust, and made all the money there was in the deal. But he was repaid for all his suffering. When he thought of the old folks at home, and drew his wages and started back, without clothes enough on

him to wad a gun, thinking maybe they would stick up their noses and say he smelled bad, and quarantine him, and make him take a bath, but, instead of doing so, they just fell on his neck and wept, and set up a calf lunch for him, he must have thought the world was worth living in. Uncle Ike, were you ever a prodigal son?" and the boy turned over the wet clothes so the sun would dry the other side.

"Yes, sir, I have been a prodigal son, and every boy who goes away from home to make his own living is a prodigal son, in a way," and he and the boy sat down under a tree, the one to talk and the other to listen. "When a boy decides to leave the old roof tree at home to go out into the world, it is most always against the wishes of his parents; but he argues with them, and finally prevails on them to let him go. It is what he amounts to after he gets away that makes him either a prodigal or a thoroughbred. If a boy goes into bad company, and thinks the world is made to spend unearned money in, instead of to earn money in and save it, it is only a matter of time when he comes back home a prodigal son, either alive and needing a doctor and a mother's care, or he comes in a box to be buried, his father to pay the express charges. On the other hand, if he gets a job, doing something, anything, masters the business, and becomes a valuable citizen, maybe in time at the head of his profession or business, some day he comes home to the old folks, and there are smiles instead of tears, a brass band instead of the singing by the funeral

choir, and he pays the mortgage on the old homestead, instead of having his father pay express charges on the remains. That is the difference. All boys can be prodigals if they have the prodigal bacillus in their systems when they go out into the world; but if they have the get-there-Eli microbe concealed in their pajamas when they go away, they can laugh at the traps and nets that are thrown out to catch them, stand off the alleged friends who try to induce them to go into the red paint business, use the red liquor to rub on bruises and strained muscles on the outside, instead of taking it internally to build fires that never quench. Which kind of a prodigal nephew you want to be—one who comes home with a suit of clothes and a bank account, the glow of health on your cheek, and a love of life and all that goes with it; or a prodigal with a blanket, a haversack full of husks that the hogs won't eat, all the diseases that are going in the set you have moved in, and a desire to die on the doorstep of the old home before they can cook the calf? Which you want to be, boy?"

"I'll tell you, Uncle Ike," said the boy, laying his head in the old man's lap, as they sat under the tree; "I am going to be the kind of a prodigal who comes home with the good health, and the money, and the appetite for calf; and when you are old, Uncle Ike, you sha'n't get wet any more, for I will buy you a duck boat that can't be tipped over with jackscrews, that you can't break with an ax, and that has air chambers in both ends, so it couldn't be sunk if

loaded with railroad iron ; and I will buy you a pump gun that will shoot ducks without your aiming it, and you shall have a picnic as long as you live. That is the kind of prodigal nephew I am going to be"; and the old man stroked the red hair on the head that lay in his lap, and the tears stole down his cheeks as he thought what a difference there was in prodigals. He thought of his own prodigal days, when he went out from the home roof tree to make his way in the world ; how he worked on a farm from long before daylight in the morning, till all the rest had gone to bed, and his back ached so he could not sleep ; how he jumped the farm when he found his wages decreased as the work became harder and the weather colder, and he went into the city and worked at many different trades, and finally became a printer, and grew up to be an editor, made money and went back home a grown man, with a moustache that actually had to be combed ; and how the girls that would not speak to him when he was a dirty, freckled boy, wanted to give parties in his honor, and how he shook them ; and now he regretted, old bachelor that he was, that he had not allowed them to entertain him, so he might have picked out the best one of them for his wife ; and he sighed, and got up and wrung some more water out of his wet clothes hanging on the fence, and wondered how in the world he could have allowed himself to be tipped over in a boat, and if he actually did make a fool of himself when he was there in the water, wishing he hadn't gone hunting at all.

SUNBEAMS

BY THE AUTHOR OF

Peck's Bad Boy—

HUMOR, SARCASM AND SENSE

BY

Geo. W. Peck

Author of "Peck's Bad Boy and His Pa," "Peck's Uncle Ike
and The Red Headed Boy," etc., etc.

WITH FIFTY ILLUSTRATIONS BY IKE MORGAN

1900

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SUNBEAMS

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THE DUDE AND HIS PAJAMAS.

As much as people talk about the dude, and laugh at him, and make fun of him, all must admit that we adopt fashions that he introduces, after it has been demonstrated that they are a good thing. He is the pioneer in new fashions, and he stands the brunt of the battle of getting them before the public, and takes his medicine without a wry face, contented, apparently, at being the one who has been on the advance firing line. He successfully pioneered the tan shoe to popularity, the golf stockings and short trousers, until many who laughed at him have adopted them, and swear that they are all right. He has had more trouble in introducing pajamas than anything he has ever undertaken, but he is gradually getting there on pajamas, and to the observing man it is evident that the old-fashioned night shirt has about reached its end. Pajamas consist of a light pair of loose trousers and a loose jacket that may be put on like a coat, instead of being put on over the head like a dress skirt, thus humiliating a man terribly. If the pajama had been introduced by the President of the United States, it would soon have become popular, but the President cannot be depended upon to introduce new fashions. The dude was first to wear pajamas, and

he was made the butt of jokes, until one night there was a railroad accident, and all the passengers in a Pullman car had to turn out in a field in their night-clothes. Every last man with an old-fashioned night shirt wished that he were dead, when he tumbled out of the car, the tail of his night shirt dragging on the ground, and catching on the rail fence he had to climb over, and he was a sight, while the dude in his pajamas stepped down to the ground almost dressed for a party, lit a cigarette and offered to help the ladies, as unconcerned as possible, while the night-shirt gentlemen were hiding against haystacks and fence corners, for fear the ladies would see them. That was the first object lesson of the benefits of pajamas, and since that time there have been many others, until the pajama has friends in all walks of life, and men are wearing them who formerly scoffed at them. Who it was that invented the long night shirt for men, will probably never be known, but if he is ever identified, it will go hard with him. Cases are frequent where a man is placed at great disadvantage in a night shirt, but where he would be perfectly at home in pajamas, and able to assert himself. When burglars get in a house, the man in the night shirt, though he have a revolver in his hand, is handicapped, because burglars will laugh at him, and knowing that he cuts a sorry figure, he loses his nerve, and gets behind something to hide his night dress. Men have been known to prowl around the house with a night shirt and a revolver, when burglars were due, and frighten the women of the household into fits, besides amusing the burglars, whereas if they

had pajamas on they could go anywhere in the house and be respected, and have nerve enough to drive the burglars away, and become heroes in the eyes of those of the family he had saved from robbery, and



The dude in his pajamas stepped to the ground and lit a cigarette.

perhaps worse. Another place where the man in the night shirt does not look his best is when a fire breaks out, and he has to crawl out a window and go down a ladder with the firemen, or slide down a post of the veranda. He would almost prefer to burn to death

and done with it, than to face a crowd that is always present at a fire, and try to climb down anything in a night shirt, knowing that it is dead sure to catch onto something, and display his limbs to a scared crowd, and make himself the laughing stock of the populace. There comes a time in the life of every man of the house when he has to get up in the night and go down to the kitchen and let the cat, that has been howling as though in agonies, out the kitchen door, to meet an engagement and fill a date with neighboring cats that have sounded the alarm on the back fence. A man loses respect even for himself when he walks down the back stairs in his bare feet and night shirt, sends the dustpan rolling downstairs ahead of him, steps on a lump of chestnut coal on the floor, and hops on one foot to the door, and kicks the cat out into the night. He feels that the cat, standing there in the kitchen, with her back up, is frightened at his bare legs, with long hair sticking out coldly from the goose pimples, and his night shirt blowing out behind when the door opens, and he feels that with pajamas he would present a better appearance, even to a feline walking delegate. The pajama will save a man from dishonor in case of fire, save his self-respect, and keep the firemen from laughing when he comes down the ladder in a garment never intended to appear in public, or on the rostrum, or the fire ladder. No man of a sensitive nature ought longer to cling to that delusion, the old-fashioned night shirt, which will never stay buttoned in a crisis, or stay down when it ought to by all the laws of nature. So The Sun hails the dude and the pajama,

and thanks him in behalf of men who know a good thing when they see it.

THE BOERS AND THE FILIPINOS.

When the British run up against the Boers, in the Transvaal, it will not be much such a war as that we are having in the Philippines. We are fighting a lot of negroes who do not know any more about firing a gun than a woman does about throwing a stone. They see our troops moving, and they have one gun to about three or four negroes, and first one takes the gun, points it toward where the Yankees are, shuts his eyes and pulls, there is an earthquake, the bullet goes off somewhere in the country, the man behind the gun is kicked end over end, and knocked senseless, and after pouring water on him, the others shake the dice to see which one has the next shot, and the one who throws double sixes loads up the gun and has his inning, and gets his kick, and rolls over in the grass, while the bullet goes off towards Australia, and the Yankees keep on coming. Then the third fellow tries his hand, perhaps resting the gun across the bodies of his companions, he pulls and has his jaw kicked around back of his neck, and there they are. They act like boys going out with a gun plugging woodpeckers, and quarreling as to whose turn it is to shoot, until the woodpecker gets disgusted and goes in his hole to raise a family of young

woodpeckers. The first fellow that was knocked silly finally comes to, and he shoots the gun, holding the butt against his stomach, to save his jaw, and shoulder, and his stomach is knocked so flat that it will not hold a kernel of rice, unless it is soaked in bilge water, but his bullet accidentally hits a soldier and that raises a row. The Yankees have got near enough



Holding the butt against his stomach to save his jaw.

to fight, and they kill a lot of these amateur soldiers, and finally give a yell and charge them, when one fellow takes the gun and runs for tall timber, another carries the dice box, and a third carries the cartridges, and the chances are the Yankees will pot the whole lot of them, and capture the gun. But the British have got a different proposition when they go against

Kruger. It will be like fighting a German schuetzenfest, where every man can hit a bulls-eye, or he has to explain why he missed it. Boys 10 years old are good shots, and if any Boer can shoot better than another, they all get mad at themselves and practice at a mark until they can tie the champion, if not beat him. Almost every man has whiskers like a

brush fence, to hide behind, and they can shoot as well lying down, and resting the gun between their toes, as any old way. They don't bunch up, so the enemy can take a pot shot at them, with a Gatling gun, but they scatter, and hide behind something, and don't hurry about shooting, but wait until they have drawn a bead on the white forehead of the enemy, and then hold on, and smoke smokeless tobacco, until the wind gauge shows that all signs are right, when they pull, and there is a sure enough funeral over on the other side. Every man has his cartridges counted out to him, and if he does not show a corpse for every empty shell, he has to have an argument with Kruger, and explain to the old man why he can't learn to shoot straight, and maybe he is arrested for treason. It is almost treason for a Boer to miss when he shoots at anything. The crowd would ostracize a man quicker for missing a man in battle than for stealing a cow, and the only cases of suicide are caused by a man failing continually to hit what he shoots at. A 200-pound Boer, with whiskers like a bale of hay, can lay down behind a wooden shoe and hide himself so completely that an enemy will not see him, and all the time he will be sending soft-nosed bullets where they will do the most harm. They can carry a piece of dried beef or summer sausage in their vest pocket, to feed them a week, and can climb up the side of a mountain like a goat, and as for sleeping, they drop right down anywhere and snore at a mark, and never take cold, and never have a doctor. They don't need any wagon to carry food or camp equipage, and can fight on the run, or any old way.

The Boers do not size up with other soldiers on drill, and couldn't form a line for dress parade without having a chalk mark on the ground, and they have never learned any of the intricate movements, and officers do not shout commands in stentorian voices. When they get into camp, an officer says, "Now, boys, go and eat yourselves," when it is time to turn in no bugle sounds taps, but somebody begins to pull off his boots, and that is the signal to retire. In the mōrning daylight wakes them up, and when the boots are on they are ready. When they are placed in position to fight, there are no orders to charge, but an officer says, "Now, you can choot, of you see a head alreddy," and the slaughter begins. O, the Boers are no Filipinos, but a regular schuetzenfest.

THE SOLDIER WITH IRON SPOON AND BRANDING IRON.

There is liable to be some litigation after the Filipino war is over, in which the United States will be sued for damages, and international complications may arise that will cost our government a good deal of money. It is all on account of the company cook of a Colorado regiment, a man named Smith. His company was on the firing line, and it was the cook's duty to take dinner out to the boys. He got a couple of camp kettles of baked beans, red-hot off the fire, and went wading out to the front, and finally arrived

on dry ground, behind the soldiers, who were engaged in firing on the negroes. The cook didn't want his beans to get cold, while waiting for the skirmish to be over, so he found a fire that was being used to heat a branding iron to brand some mules, and he put his kettles over the fire, and watched the



Branding Filipinos.

skirmish. He was unarmed, and was not expected to fight, but when he saw the little negroes making so much trouble for his company, he was mad, and tried to borrow a gun, but could not get one. An officer said they were going to charge the trenches pretty soon, and then, after driving the negroes away

they would come back to dinner. The idea of a charge was too much for the cook, an old regular army man, and he was nervous. Finally the Colorado boys who had been lying down and firing, raised up and gave a yell and started for the trenches. This was too much for the cook. He seized the iron spoon out of the red-hot beans, in one hand, and the red-hot branding iron out of the fire, in the other, and away he went towards the trenches. Being a good runner he passed the soldiers, and before he knew it he was right in the midst of the scared, running, barelegged negroes, and when they saw him they were paralyzed with fear and superstition. He would rush up behind a Filipino, hit him on the back of the head with the iron spoon, covered with beans, and when he went down the cook would take the branding iron and brand an unmistakable "U. S." on the broadest part of the person of the black man, and rush for another. When one was branded he would think it was all over with him, and he would lay there on the ground and say his "Now I lay me" in Spanish, or yell bloody murder, and place his hand back of him where the branding iron had wounded him, or else he would run faster, and get into the jungle. Five of them were captured with the "U. S." branded on them so it will never disappear, and it is said at least a dozen got away with the same marks on them. When the charge was over the cook went back to his kettles of beans, as though nothing unusual had happened, pounded the spoon on a tin pan, and the boys returned, winded from their long run, but hungry and happy, and as the cook dished out the

beans on tin plates, the boys laughed at the iron spoon episode. Several of the prisoners were brought up to take dinner with the boys, but it was noticed some of them would not sit down in the mud and be sociable, and investigation showed that all those who would not sit down were branded, and by all rules of civilized warfare belonged to the United States. They were told the brand on them was a badge of honor, that only brave men were entitled to, and that all brave American soldiers were so branded. When told this the little Filipinos, who had tried to cover up the brands with their breech clouts, were so proud of the marks that they showed them to everybody. Now, when they come to find out the true state of things they will no doubt begin action in the courts against the government for damages, and charge that such warfare is uncivilized. Some day when we get Filipino congressmen at Washington, the Turkish bath or the swimming tank may reveal the fact that our statesmen from the far East are wearing evidences of belonging to the United States, sure enough. It is possible that our soldiers will be armed with branding irons in the future. The Colorado company cook is proud of his work, and he says he will go into a charge at the drop of the hat, if he has nothing but an umbrella to fight with.

"ADMIRAL, IS MY HAT ON STRAIGHT?"

Admiral Dewey, in relinquishing the command of the Asiatic squadron, and in fact the whole navy of his country, and taking command of a smack, or letting a smack take command of him, to speak more truthfully, comes down from the hero to the common, everyday man. From this out he cannot shout orders through a megaphone, and see those orders executed by bustling, hustling crews, but he has got to say, "Will you please do so-and-so?" No more can he have a list of things prepared, and tell a quartermaster to go and buy them, and pay for them out of the war chest. He has got to go and see the woman buy them, and he has got to draw his weasel-skin like any other man, and watch that he gets the right change back. A week ago he was 'owned by the nation, body and soul, and any man would have laid down his life for the hero. To-day he is owned and controlled, and receives his orders from a sweet little woman, not bigger than a pint of cider, and he likes it better. Three weeks ago, in New York, he rode through the streets and all the world looked on with admiration, and looked upon him with awe. Yesterday he went shopping with the dear little woman, carried bundles of things he couldn't tell the names of, and while his owner was looking at things that he was not allowed to see until she wore them at her wedding, in the department of the store that men are not allowed to enter unless blindfolded, he sat upon a revolving stool with sweet, laughing girls behind the counters all around him, commenting on what the lit-

tle old man with the twinkling eyes was waiting for. He walked up and down the store like a floor walker, instead of like an admiral walking the quarter-deck of



"Let me carry it, dear."

the victorious Olympia, and when the little woman came out of the sanctum of fluffy underwear with a union suit of ribbed silk under her arm, he said, "Let

me carry it, dear," and when it was handed him he took hold of it by the ankle with his thumb and finger, just like a man, and the legs and body spread out all over the floor, everybody blushed, and she said, "O, how awkward all you men are," something even the German Admiral Diedrich would not have dared to say to him without danger of being blown out of the water. The change has come to the admiral, and now he will cease to study the geography of the Philippine archipelago, and will begin the study of names of articles of woman's wearing apparel. He can no longer touch a button and cause a ship to go to the right or to the left, to port or to starboard, but he will have to get acquainted with the location of hooks and eyes, and he will find that the dressmakers put them on in the most unexpected places. When he was on earth before, hooks and eyes came in flocks, either up and down in front, or down and up the back, but now they are away over on the shoulder, or underneath the arms, and it will take a range finder to locate them, and get them hooked up right, or unhooked, as the case may be. Instead of looking into the distance to see if the black smoke comes from a friendly ship or an enemy, he must look only for the little craft that smiles, and shows the beautiful teeth, and asks if her hat is on straight, and he has got to decide that hat question at a glance, and not stop to survey the surroundings, and figure it out with a slate and pencil. Dewey will find that responsibilities of housekeeping will multiply, and before he has discharged a kicking cook or an inebriated coachman, many times, he will wish he was back on his ship.

When the wedding comes, he will have more trouble than he ever dreamed of, for he is sure to step on the train and tear the lace, with his old sea legs unaccustomed to the land, and he will leave the ring in his other vest, and when they begin to throw rice and old shoes he will use language, poor fellow. How mad he will be when he gets to Boston, or wherever he goes on his wedding trip, to find that the sailors and ushers and best men have painted his trunk white, and put ribbons all over it, and he thought nobody would know he was on his wedding trip. And when all is over, and he brings the bride back to the new home, and that Japanese dog barks a welcome to him, and growls at the woman he has brought back to share his love with the dog, he must not be surprised if a No. 2 shoe, with a patent leather toe, kicks that dog on the crouper bone and telescopes the animal up short, for women do not like dogs any too well, with fleas on them. But our hero has got to get used to these things that he has been a stranger to so long, and he must act brave when burglars get into the house, though he may be scared out of his boots. All Dewey has got to do is to be patient, and let nature take its course. He must not be admiral too much at first, but be contented just to be first mate, and if he behaves well, and learns his lessons of matrimony early, this Ohio girl will surely promote him to the lofty and sublime position of “good husband,” which is a title in civil life equal to that of admiral in the navy, though the salary and perquisites are not so large, and he can’t sail around alone so much, without a consort.

GAVE THE PRISONER ROPE.

Some years ago a newspaper man was appointed chief of police of an inland city. He didn't know anything about the police business, but felt that he could arrest a small man who was very drunk, if occasion should demand, and as the salary was pretty good, he accepted the office. The first evening, as he sat in the little police office, talking with one of his assistants, a drunken prisoner was brought in, struggling and kicking, and threatening to kill the whole police force, and when he was put in a cell he said he would commit suicide before morning. The other policemen told the new chief that the prisoner would have to be watched all night or he would kill himself. They said he was a regular customer, being drunk every week or so, and that several times he had torn up the bedclothes and fixed for hanging himself, and once or twice had to be cut down after he had become almost insensible, and they had to give him whisky to bring him to. They said some thought he played his suicide act on them just to get sympathy and whisky, but that it had been the custom to have a man sit up and watch the prisoner to save his life, and to save the bedclothes. The new chief knew the drunken fellow as a loafer, and didn't believe he had sand enough to kill himself, and for a little while he thought of some plan that might cure the fellow of drinking, and of the especially bad habit of trying to kill himself. The chief went to a store and bought about eight feet of rope and a staple. He went down into the cell

room, and asked the man if he was going to kill himself that night, and he said he was. Then the chief went in the cell, drove the staple in the beam above, made a slipnoose in the rope, and fastened the other end to the staple.

"What are you doing, chief?" said the prisoner, as he sat on his bunk and watched the preparations.

"I'll tell you what I am doing," said the editor - chief "Y o u have destroyed sheets and blankets enough in this jail trying to commit suicide, and it must be trying on your nerves to fail so often. Sheets and blankets do not make a very good rope, anyway. Now, under this police department we are going to study to please our customers, and I am



"If you want a minister, say so."

told you are one of our regulars. I shall remove the sheets and blankets, and provide you with a rope, with a noose in it that I will warrant will choke the daylight out of you in a holy minute. All you have got to do is to get on the chair, put your head in the noose, kick the chair out from under you, and there you are, ready to croak. See? Now, if one of these policemen disturbs you, or cuts you down, and spoils

that rope, I will discharge him. I will now put out the lights, and leave you here. If you want a minister, say so. This cell will not be opened till tomorrow morning, and nobody will come within hearing distance of you, but tomorrow morning, I will have a twelve-shilling coffin here and a man to plant you. Who do you want to have your valuables? Now, good night, and may you have a pleasant evening," and the chief went out of the cell, leaving a very sober drunkard sitting on his bunk thinking, and looking at the noose.

The next morning the chief went downstairs and yelled back to "bring that coffin down in front of cell three," when a voice came from the cell saying:

"Chief, I ain't dead. Never mind the coffin."

The chief looked into the cell, which was beginning to be light a little, saw a white face at the grated door, and the noose still unused.

"Why didn't you hang yourself, as you promised? You could be arrested for that."

"Oh, you were too dumb'd kind," said the prisoner. "The only thing I was afraid of was that if I went to sleep that blamed noose would get over my head without any help. Chief, I didn't sleep a wink all night, and I have made a fool of myself for ten years, and I will never drink another drop as long as I live."

The man quit drinking, and is a successful business man today. So give 'em rope.

THE TRUST AND THE DRUMMER.

The organization of trusts has thrown thousands of traveling men out of employment. When a trust is formed it calls in the traveling men and discharges them, and notifies the trade that goods are being sold at such a price, and if they want any they better get in the order mighty quick, and send the cash. Traveling men who have spent the greater part of their business lives building up trade for a concern, and who a few years ago were looking forward to being partners in the business, go to their old employers and ask to be retained, and the old employer is sorry, but his hands are tied, as the business is now owned by Eastern or European capital, with headquarters in New Jersey, and he is mighty lucky if they let him stay, to say nothing of his old boys that were so jolly and happy for years when they were building up the business. There is more grief today among the old traveling men that the people used to love to see strike a town, than anywhere outside a tornado-stricken city. They are paralyzed to think that by a stroke of a pen in the hand of a man in the East that their livelihood and their whole future can be taken from them. The men who are left on the road are not happy at all, and do not act natural, as they fear the next letter they get from the house will contain an order to come home. The hotels all over the country that for a quarter of a century have lived by the aid of the old travelers, who hardly had any other home than hotels, are failing, and look empty and forlorn.

And for what is all this misery? It is that a few men with money to burn shall control every business in the country, and make more money. It is that promoters of trusts shall get rich, and that foreign capital shall own the ground walked on, the machine that works



Grief among the drummers.

in the factory, the transportation that moves the product, and the soul of the man who used to sell it, and the consumer who consumes it at a mighty high price. There is a danger in this trust business that few appreciate. It will simply ruin the country if persisted in, and make paupers of nine men that the tenth man, whom nobody knows, may be too rich to live in this country and pay taxes.

When a trust magnate

becomes so rich that he is found out by the assessor he begins to kick at his taxes, and finally seeks some place where the assessor is a weakling or a knave, and spends the balance of his life blowing in money for his own pleasure, pulling wool over the eyes of half-witted assessors and letting people who are too honorable to dodge taxes look at him in his pride

and glory, and pay the taxes themselves. There will come a time when the trust magnate who pauperizes his neighbors and the rich tax dodger who shirks his duty will find no place on the earth except Monte Carlo where he will be welcome, and there he will have to gamble away the money he has taken from the poor in order to be recognized by the society that will congregate there. But if the trusts are wiped out in a few years and legitimate competition established, happiness will again be a condition and not a theory, and the smile of the traveling man will be seen again, and his hearty laugh heard throughout the land.

WHEN DAD WAS SCARED.

A lady friend in the East, who is writing stories for a Philadelphia paper, having heard that once when the editor of *The Sun* was governor of the state he showed great coolness in a case where a crazy man entered the executive office and demanded money, writes to get the particulars of the story, but for fear the impression will get out that the governor was actually cool under the trying circumstances, it is considered best to publish his reply to her in full, which is as follows:

Milwaukee, June 20, 1899.—My Dear M.: You ask me if I can recall the circumstance of the crazy man entering the executive office and demanding money of

me, and the cool manner in which I stood him off. If I live to be as old as the late Mr. Methuselah, who, I am told, was an old resident of Philadelphia, and lived on Market street, I shall never forget that morning that the crazy man came in on his collecting expedition. Five years have passed since that morning,



“I want five thousand dollars.”

and yet I can hardly go to sleep at night without seeing his cold, glittering eyes looking into mine, and I can feel the hair push up through my nightcap, and as I finally go to sleep the hairs curl down outside the nightcap, so it has to be taken off like a porous plaster in the morning. But I was not cool. Don't ever let any one make you believe I was cool until he had

gone away. It was the day after Carter Harrison had been murdered by a crazy man, and the papers were full of stories about the seeming desire of the demented people to do injury to those who held prominent positions, and governors and things were a little nervous. About 11 o'clock a wild-looking man came into my room where I was alone, the door always being open, the secretary and messenger having desks in an adjoining room. The man came up to the end of the table, with his hands on his hip pockets, leaned over so his face was within six inches of mine, and his eyes glittered like those of a rattlesnake about to strike, and he said, "I want five thousand dollars out of the First National bank, right away, or I'll kill you," and he stood there as if frozen stiff and rigid, and never turned his eyes away from mine. In a second the situation dawned on me, and I could almost hear the water dripping from my body to the carpet below my chair, from the perspiration, I suppose. I had played poker some before I went into politics, years ago, in the army, and thought I had schooled myself so that my opponent could not tell whether I had a bob-tail flush or four aces, by looking at my face, and I looked the crazy man right in the eye, and before I knew it I said, "All right, boss; sit right down. Make it six thousand." He backed up to a chair and sat down, without removing his eyes from mine. There was a revolver in a drawer at my right, a drawer that I had had the carpenter put in that morning, and I thought I could reach it and kill the man before he could kill me, but I had never killed many people, and I thought

if I killed him just for asking for a little money it would be brought up against me at the next election. I remember how a thousand things of that kind passed through my mind in a second, how I thought maybe he was striking me for a campaign assessment, and how I thought it was mighty high, and then I thought of poor Carter Harrison, and whether I could get away to attend his funeral, or whether my funeral might not be held the day after. All these thoughts did not take ten seconds, and I was looking at him and he at me. I turned my eyes to look at my hand on the table, to see if it trembled, and I wondered if a man could go on transacting important business if his heart stopped beating, and I tried to breathe naturally, as though I was only standing off a man who came in with an ordinary bill. Then the man said "hurry up," and I said, "I will send a man over to the bank with you," and he said "all right." I put my right hand out on the table to ring the electric bell for the messenger, and I noticed the hand was very white, but I left it there on the electric button, because it was within four inches of the revolver in the drawer, and I thought if he made a jump at me I would put a 38-caliber long right through his heart, and I remembered putting five bullets inside an envelope on a tree up at the Horicon clubhouse a few days before, and I remember of wondering if that long pale forefinger of mine on the button had strength enough to pull that self-cocking Smith & Wesson that Chief Janssen gave me. Oh, I was cool! I was dying right there! Then Schubert, the Lutheran music teacher, whom I had appointed messen-

ger, came in, and he looked to me awfully small for a fight with a crazy man, but I remember that I thought maybe he is one of these German Turners, who can walk all over a man like a cat, and wondered why I had not thought to find out before if he was an athlete. When Schubert came in the man rose up, and I quit thinking, and I said, "Mr. Schubert, I want you to go with this gentleman over to the First National bank and identify him, and tell Mr. Ramsey to give him six thousand dollars." A smile came to Schubert's face and I feared the crazy man would see it and all would be over, but I now had my hand on the pearl handle of the revolver, and I never had anything feel so good. I have handled lots of things in my time, gold doubloons, silver certificates, a million dollars in bonds, and plenty of things valuable. I have handled hot-boiled eggs and gold nuggets, held in my hand the soft white hand of the dearest girl that ever came down the pike, when I was younger, and once a jeweler let me handle a thirty-carat blue diamond as big as a bantam's egg, but nothing that I ever held in that right hand ever felt so smooth, and beautiful, and satisfactory, as did the pearl handle of that self-cocking revolver, and I could not help putting my finger on the trigger and pressing a little to see if I had strength to shoot, and when I felt the plunger beginning to come back to where it has to come before it shoots, and it seemed easy enough, I let it down again, my heart began to beat regular, and I said to myself, "I wouldn't do a thing but make a porous plaster of his left shirt bosom." Schubert got a look at the man, and at my

face, and he took it all in and said, "All right, come on," and the two went out of the door, and I put the revolver in my pistol pocket, and went out in the other room and told my secretary to run to the police office and get an officer and head off Schubert and the crazy man. Then I went out in the hall and called Schubert back and said, "The man is crazy. Kill time going through the park so Clark can get the police," and the crazy man stood still while I whispered to Schubert. I picked out a black marble tiling where I would drop him if he pulled a gun. Schubert turned pale and went out in the park with the man. Then I went to the window and watched the play. Poor Clark was lame in one foot, but he got over the ground like a race horse, and Schubert walked slow, and went crooked across the lawn, and I stood at the window and perspired. I was weak, and wanted a drink of whisky worse than ever in my life: Pretty soon I saw Clark coming with a big policeman, saw the officer take the crazy man by the arm and lead him off, Clark and Schubert came back fanning themselves and looking as though they had done a day's work in the harvest field. I said, "I hope you fellows were not frightened," and they said they knew I was not by the way I looked, and then we had a great laugh over it, though I had to tickle myself in the ribs with my thumb in order to laugh. You know how it is when you know it is your turn to laugh, but you had rather cry. I felt like a man I saw once at a maple sugar party, who tipped a soup-plate full of hot maple syrup into his lap, and when all the rest laughed he stood up and tried to back away from

his warm trousers, that were sticking to his person, and he tried to laugh, too. When we got him undressed and were putting oil and cotton batting on his body where he was blistered, I said, "What in thunder were you laughing at when that syrup went in your lap?" He said, as he groaned with pain, "Egad, I had to. It was my turn." Well, I had to laugh when the crazy man episode was over because it was my turn, but it was not that hearty, hilarious laugh you might hear at a picnic or on a steamboat excursion, when surrounded by those whom you love and enjoy being with. Do you know that even today I can't think of that affair without having creeps up my back. Well, the next day they sent the man to the insane asylum, from whence he had escaped, and he is there yet for all I know, and that is all there is to the story of my coolness. Your friend.

THE YELLOW SHOE PERIOD.

It is said Dewey was the first man in Washington, years ago, when yellow shoes were invented, to put on a pair of them. The officials in his office laughed at him and guyed him, and though the shoes hurt his feet till he almost fainted, he would not take them off for fear it would look as though the boys had driven him to do so by

their chaffing. Now that yellow shoes have become legal tender, we can all laugh, but it was a serious matter when a man first decided to wear them. First he talked about yellow shoes at home, until the family had consented that they were a good thing, but when a pair was delivered at his house everybody said, "I hope you are not going to wear those things," and he was sad. He would let them stand in his room for a day or two, till he got so he would not shy at them himself, and some morning he would put them on. If he was a middle-aged, or elderly man, it was even worse, for when he came stubbing his toes downstairs and showed up before the family, his wife or someone would scream, or pretend to faint away, and he would try to look as though he had always worn yellow shoes, and perhaps go into the kitchen and spring them on the servant girls, who would hide their faces, and snicker when he went out, and then he would take them off and wear his old black shoes downtown. It usually took the average man about a week of wearing the yellow shoes around the house, mornings and evenings, before he dared to wear them downtown, but some men wore them downtown nights, at first, and imagined no one noticed them, though when the wearer got near an arc light he almost had heart disease. Finally the middle-aged man got courage, and he started out for the street car on a bright morning with the yellow shoes on, and tried to look as though he didn't know they were yellow, but he couldn't help looking down at them, as he stood waiting for a car, and it did seem to him as though he

never saw anything so yellow in his life. Then the car would come along, and he wished there were not three or four passengers on the front platform, smoking for he could feel that they were commenting on his shoes, and he would swear he could see the motor-man laugh at some remark the passengers made, but in an age or two the front of the car would get by, and he would get on the rear platform hurriedly, thinking no one there would notice his shoes, but he would stub his toe on the top step, and go on to the platform on a hop, skip and jump, and plant one of the yellow boys on the foot of a passenger, who would get mad and say something about a man's bringing sole-leather portmanteaus onto the cars, and all the passengers on the hind platform would look at the yellow shoes in pity, and when he got in the car he could hear them laughing out there, and swearing, and he would have given a five-dollar note if he had



Everyone looked at the yellow shoes.

never bought the shoes, and he would take them back now, only the soles were soiled. He would sit down in a seat with a strange woman, and think the shoes were out of sight, and then she would lean over in front and look down on them, and he could see a man across the aisle hunch another man with his elbow, and see them both look across at his feet. There might be a dozen other men on the car with yellow shoes on, but nobody paid any attention to them. A man in front of him would look around and sniff as though he smelled something, and he knew it was his new yellow shoes the man smelled and the perspiration would start out on his neck and face. The ordeal came when he had to get off the car. He would be away up in front, and wish he could go out the front door, but he knew what he would get from those smokers in front, so he would boldly walk back through the car, and every last passenger would look at his new shoes, and ladies whose skirts were out in the aisle would pull them in, and when he got through the gang of pirates on the rear platform, and was on the ground he would swear to get even with all of them before he died. Then he would walk down the sidewalk to his place of business, and it would seem as though he met the whole population, and that every man looked down at the yellow shoes, and frequently he would be sure he saw a smile on a man's face that he could not remember of ever seeing smile before, and he would stub one toe against the heel of his other shoe, and try to act as though that was the way he always walked, and he didn't care a continental what anybody thought. But he would finally get to his office,

see the clerks stare at him, and was never so happy in his life, as when he got those yellow shoes under his desk out of sight. He would think the novelty would wear off before noon, but his spirit would be broken, for about 11 o'clock he would send a boy to the house after his old black shoes, and he would put them on and go out to luncheon happy for the first time that day, and when he came back, he would offer to sell the yellow shoes to the office boy for half price, but he couldn't fool the office boy, and finally when the yellow shoes had begun to go out of style, late in the fall, he would put them on and wear them every day. Dewey is not the only man that has had troubles of his own with yellow shoes.

UNUSUAL HUNTING EXPERIENCE.

One of the sporting papers devoted to the interests of those who shoot and fish has asked its readers to write accounts of the most unusual and interesting things that have occurred in their experiences in hunting and fishing, and some of the stories told are very interesting. The editor of Peck's Sun had a hunting experience once that probably no other man on earth ever had. In 1865 he was a lieutenant of cavalry, stationed at Laredo, Tex., on the Rio Grande. With fifteen men he made a scout about forty miles up the river looking for Mexican cattle thieves who were

stealing Texas cattle and running them across the river into Mexico. One evening the party camped in a bottom covered with trees on the Rio Grande, and about dusk the lieutenant decided to go in swimming. The writer of this undressed, laid his loaded carbine on the bank and jumped in the river. Sud-



Shooting in undress uniform.

denly a flock of wild turkeys flew upon a tree hanging over the river, and the writer swam out of the water, took the carbine and walked through the musquite bushes in "undress" uniform and shot five wild turkeys, the bodies dropping into the river and floating rapidly down stream toward the gulf. A quarter of

a mile below was a naked soldier swimming his horse in the river, and the naked officer yelled at him to retrieve the turkeys. The soldier swam his horse out into the Rio Grande, took the turkeys by the neck and turned his horse ashore, and landed the turkeys, which were cooked that night, and all the scouting party had a feast. Probably no other man ever shot wild turkeys under the same circumstances and had them retrieved by a naked man on horseback. If there had been kodaks in those days and a picture had been taken of the scene, it is more than likely some illustrated paper would, before this, have published to the world a picture of the editor of Peck's Sun in a new role, shooting as the daylight was fading, with not clothes enough on him to wad the gun he was shooting.

THE WOMAN AND THE COCKTAIL.

New York society is all torn up on the question as to whether women ought to drink cocktails or not. Of course, society ladies are expected to drink something, but heretofore light wines have been considered heavy enough for them, with champagne occasionally. A woman with too much champagne is about the most uncertain thing imaginable. You don't know whether she is going to kick the chandeliers, give a college yell, or lop down on some one's shoulder and be sea-

sick. When a woman is full of champagne, it is peculiar what an effect it has on her. First she begins to look cross-eyed, then one eye closes up and she can't open it without closing the other one. Then she gets tongue tied, and her underlip gets caught in her teeth, and she talks out of one side of her mouth, and laughs at what she says as though it was a joke, which it seldom is. Then her hair begins to get loose, and falls down over her eyes, and back of her ears, and when she tries to put it up it never stays where she puts it, and the hairpins begin to fall out, and she looks as though she was coming all to pieces, and wanted someone to hold her together. When someone else is telling a story, the woman with a champagne skate laughs before it is time, and when the others look at her in astonishment, she gets mad and pouts, and when the nub of the story is reached, and the rest laugh, she looks as if she would cry. When the woman with the champagne sufficiency attempts to spear a blue point oyster, she misses it, and catches a piece of lemon, and eats it with the queerest expression, as though she thought oysters were pretty sour, and she winks, and tries to laugh, until she knocks an oyster shell off the plate, into her lap, and then she looks at the man across the table, with one eye at a time, as though he was to blame for it. She tries to politely sip the soup out of the side of the spoon, but her mouth seems to have gone away somewhere on a visit, and she passes on soup, and eats large quantities of salted almonds, because they are dead easy. When the champagne bubbles go to her nose, and tickle her, she chokes up and acts as though she

had paralysis of the optic nerve, and she lays it to an innocent man at her left who has kindly removed the oyster shell from her lap, and she gives him one look with the eye that has come open, that makes him lose his appetite. It is a sight to see the woman with the champagne jag try to cut a gash in a quail, by holding



She thought oysters were pretty sour.

her knife between her thumb and forefinger, and three or four marquise rings trying to help. She rolls the quail about on the plate, trying to get the dissecting knife into a vital part, and pries around to break off a piece of the breast, and just as she is about to tie it loose the knife slips and the quail lands on the

trousers of the man on her right, and she laughs, and he says dam in a falsetto voice, and apologizes to her, and then she looks offended and does not speak to him any more, but eats stuffed olives because they do not have to be carved, and she drinks another glass of wine and wishes the dinner was over, so she could dance and be gay.

But the cocktail is the corker. It does not make a woman sick, nor stupid, but just puts the very deuce into the light of her eye. With the first swallow of the cocktail the woman's eyes begin to sparkle and twinkle, and she looks positively dangerous. The lips become scarlet, the skin takes on that hue that makes a man forget that his wife is away down at the other end of the table, busy with another man, and he looks into the eyes of his cocktail friend with the eyes, and when she gets down to the bottom of the glass, and takes the cherry between her thumb and finger, and places it between lips redder than the cherry, and looks at that man once more, the best thing he can do is to get up from the table and go and get his wife and go home, for if he lingers there is liable to be trouble. The cocktail does not make the woman drunk and sick, like the champagne, nor muss her hair, and make her cross-eyed, but it makes every drop of blood tingle like your foot was asleep, and touches the button so you can hear the bell ring at the central office, the fire department turns out, and there is a conflagration, with no insurance. But it is better to drink soda water.

THE DAKOTA DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

"I have just been reading in the morning paper," said a man who clerks in a commission house, as the crowd was playing cinch in the smoking car, "that a district attorney out in a Dakota county, has given a written opinion that one of the amendments to the constitution of the United States is unconstitutional. Wouldn't that kill you?"

"What reason did he give?" asked the man whose turn it was to deal, as he shuffled the cards, and offered the pack to be cut. "Was the district attorney a lawyer of eminence, whose opinion was equal to a Supreme court decision, or just a common dub?"

"Just a common dub," said the man who had started the trouble. "Two years ago I was out there shooting chickens, and that fellow drove one of our teams, and lifted the dogs in the wagon, and watered them. He was studying law then, but he didn't look like a man that was going to destroy the constitution. He helped on a threshing machine after the shooting season was over, and got quite well acquainted in the farming community, and when he was admitted to the bar by the local judge, who used to sell lightning rods, the people took him up and elected him district attorney. Just seems to me as though a fellow ought to be restrained by law from delivering opinions that may bring on revolutions."

"Well, that reminds me," said the Old Kicker, who had held all the trumps, and made all there was to be made, "that I heard some lawyers in Chicago

talking about opinions of district attorneys, and I can recall how they winked at each other when they talked. I never could reconcile myself to understand how the opinion of a cheap lawyer, after he is elected, carries



The Constitution of the United States is unconstitutional.

so much weight, when as a lawyer, before he is elected, his opinion is not worth 10 cents. The best lawyers do not get elected to these positions because they do not pay enough, and some dub, who has got a few friends in a convention, is

mentioned, and he is nominated, and then he is elected. Previous to this he was afraid of the cars, and if he had a case in court he would go and ask a lawyer, on the sly, what to do, and he would choke up when addressing a justice of the peace, and blush, and his voice would sound hollow, but after election he begins to look wise, and when a case is talked about, the papers say nothing will be done until the district attorney has rendered an opinion, and lawyers act as though it would be treason to the state to make a move until his nibs has rendered an opinion, and he goes around with his brow corrugated, and his eyes fastened on the hereafter, looking wise, and great men who may have to combat that opinion, when rendered, walk as though they had felt slippers on, for fear of disturbing him, and his office is sacred, and no one passes the door without hushing up all loud conversation, reporters sit out in the hall on cushioned seats, for fear of making a noise, and listen for the sound of the scratching of a pen, and look at each other, and say, "the opinion is about to be rendered," and all nature takes on an appearance of humidity in the atmosphere, and you can hear the worms eating the leaves of the trees, and the moths at their silent work in your clothes. Then the opinion is rendered, the opinion of a man who, before election, couldn't tell what was trumps in a game of whist without looking at the last card, or asking some one, and he has his opinion published to the world, to the effect that unless all signs fail, such and such is the case, and the Dakota attorney goes and takes a vacation, while the attorneys who had been

walking quietly, and keeping still, for fear of disturbing the opinionated official, take the case into court and drive a load of hay through it, and toss the opinion up and kick it when it comes down, and knock the tar out of the opinion of his highness, and when the court decides that the opinion does not amount to a pinch of salt, and a verdict is rendered against the wise man, with costs, he looks at himself in the mirror furnished by the Dakota county, and says, 'Well, I'll be ——,' and he goes about among his friends explaining how the court is prejudiced, and that the judge don't know enough to pound sand, and to wait until the next judicial election and they won't do a thing to that judge."

"Milwaukee, all off here," shouts the brakeman, and the crowd begins to hustle to the door, so all can get off first.

BI-MEATALLIC SAUSAGE.

The Sun is pained to be informed, on good authority, that parties in this city are making sausage out of horsemeat. It is claimed that the horse sausage is shipped abroad, to the East, and to Europe, but the average citizen would not be convinced of such shipment without seeing the bills of lading. It is not possible that the managers of respectable markets will sell the horse sausage, so everybody will not get a

taste of horse, but somebody is going to eat it, and all are anxious to know what effect it has on a man. Does the man with a horse sausage jag on show his condition by any outward sign? How are people who buy sausage to tell whether the basis of the same is horse or ox? It is a question that interests all, and perhaps it would be well to have new offices created, with good salaries, to investigate the sausage of commerce. If horse sausage is good, such official could certify to it, and tag the accused sausage with a picture of a horse. If the Sun can buy horse sausage it will detail one of its staff to eat some of it and report. It is hoped that this sausage question will not become a national or



Bi-meatalllc Sausage.

an international one, like the money question, or the tariff. If it becomes a question of tariff, our people ought to insist that horse sausage shall be for revenue only, and not for protection. If it becomes like the money question, there should be a double standard, or bimetallic condition,

consisting of beef and pork, sixteen of beef to one of pork, a fixed ratio, without the consent of any other sausage manufacturer. It looks to The Sun as though some arrogant and unscrupulous political party was at the bottom of this horse meat sausage, and was trying to establish a single horse meat standard, and force it down the throats of the people who were content with the old sausage of our fathers, the Jeffersonian sausage that was good enough, until this crime of 1899 was committed, and the good old sausage of a hundred years' service to man, with never a kick from anybody, is being demonetized, and in its place is to be established this horse meat single standard. If such is the case it will be bad for the people, for it will be found that the instigators of this sausage crime have got a corner on all the horse meat in the country, so that only the mints controlled by the wicked political party can coin these yellow horse sausages. The Sun may be an alarmist, but it desires to have the people watch out, and see that the sausage they consume is composed of the old stuff that made us a contented and happy people, and that they do not get into their systems, under any disguise, this monopolistic stuff, coined of defunct dray horse, that will cause those who eat it to kick up, and run away, and break the whiffletrees.

RED-HEADED BOY ANGEL.

A 15-year-old boy, living in an interior town in this state, who has heard that The Sun was going to make a specialty of advising and chaperoning boys that are growing up, that come in The Sun's jurisdiction, is responsible for this correspondence. He writes a letter from his home, as follows :

"My Dear Governor: I want to get up a list of our citizens who will take your paper, and deliver it to them every Saturday, but my stepfather, who is intermittently pious, praying one day and swearing the next, says he don't want any red-headed newsboy around him, and if he catches me selling papers he will warm my jacket. My mother, who is a meek little woman, who never would have married my stepfather if I had been as old as I am now, I can tell you, while she wants me to earn something towards buying a jacket for my stepfather to warm, as I have done for over six years, thinks I had better give up selling papers rather than have any trouble with him. It makes me sick to be treated so. I am not very large, my hair is red as a circus poster, and my skin is freckled, and my mother's husband makes fun of my looks, and wants me to study for the ministry, though sometimes I feel as though I would make a better pirate or train robber, if I stay here much longer. My stepfather whipped me last summer with a belt that had a big nickel buckel on it, till I fainted, because I went in swimming without his consent, though my mother told me I could go in swimming. Then he

made me go without my supper, and insisted that I sing "I Want to Be An Angel," until bedtime. I wish you would advise me what to do, and whether to run away or stay here and protect my mother. He kicked mother the other day because the strawberry short-cake was not light enough, and he was to blame, because he bought some cheap baking powder at auction that ma said wouldn't raise a blister. In your bad boy experience you must have had something like me.

Is there anything that you know of that will make red hair turn black, and that will take freckles off a fellow's face? There are some freckles on me as big as a 3-cent piece, and they are yellow and bilious looking. I have always looked forward to having a nice black mustache, but the hairs are beginning to come in sight on my top lip and they are as red as a fox's tail. Is there any cure for a red mustache?

Please write me. Yours truly,

"Just a Red-Headed Boy."

ANSWER.

My Dear Kid: It is not my intention to set up an office to regulate the family affairs of all who read The Sun, but your letter interests me deeply and I can see that in your present state of indignation you may do something you will be sorry for, so I will write you a few verses. The Bible says: "Honor thy father and thy mother." If there is anything in the Good Book that advises a boy to honor a stepfather who trounces him without cause, with a strap with an

iron buckle on it, a man who is apparently a heartless hypocrite, I have not found the chapter and verse, though I will retain the pastor of my church to look up the law on the subject. You had better advise with your mother, and some good men that you know, as to whether you should become a newsboy, and if they all think you can make a few dollars honestly by selling papers on Saturday, and not interfere with your studies at school, you just do it, and if that old hypocrite attempts to molest you, wire me, and I will come out there on the first train and scare the daylight out of him. I will have him arrested for treason, my boy, for suppressing a newspaper, and depriving the people and the press of liberty! O, the boys won't do a thing to that old wretch.

Now, my boy, don't you worry about being red-headed. No boy is red-headed from choice, and it is very discouraging to be the only red-headed, freckled boy in a school. The girls giggle at him, and are afraid to get near him for fear of spontaneous combustion, and at a party the red-headed boy often can't get a partner, while the black-haired boys have partners to burn. But don't worry, my boy. You will feel as though the whole world is against you, and you will at times want to go off somewhere and die. Don't do it. When the rest are having fun and neglecting studies, you pitch right in and learn all there is in the books. By and by the other boys will be asking you to help them in their studies, to keep them from failing to get there. Help them cheerfully, and after a while the boys will swear by you, and say you have got more in that old red head, and under those

freckles, than all of them. Why, some of those pretty boys will be trying to catch freckles of you, and some day a lock of that red hair will be as precious to some good girl as it is now to your mother. You will make money, while the smart Alecks are spending all they can get, and they will want to borrow of you. Lend them a little, but insist that they pay it when due. If you are the banker of the boys in school, you may be the banker of the town when you grow up. Keep



Gave him one under the ear.

your red hair and your freckles, for some day you will be proud of them. Learn to be an all-round boy. Don't be a preacher now, but when you get old enough to know what you are best fitted for, be a preacher if that is in your line, and be a good one. If you have learned to play football and all the games, and to box so you are not afraid to put up your hands with anybody of your weight, it won't be in your way if you become a preacher. Last summer I saw a little preacher on a bicycle run into by a bruiser, who laughed at the little preacher and asked him what he was going to do about it. The little preacher took off his sweater and rolled up his shirt sleeves and when the bruiser came for him and attempted to land on the

point of his jaw, the little preacher ducked and gave the bruiser one under the ear that laid him cold, and then he fanned the bruiser till he came to his senses, and asked him if he would like to have another round. The bruiser felt of the place where he thought his ear came off, and when he found it was still on the side of his head, he said, "No, thank you; I don't want to fight bantams. I am a heavyweight," and he apologized and went away, and I thought the minister uttered a silent prayer, though he was laughing all the time. The prettiest prayer I have heard in a year was by a young minister, chaplain of a regiment, who two years ago I saw taken off the football field at Madison, senseless, from getting jumped on in the mud by fifteen players.

So, my boy, you go on studying, and some day a general may be looking up and down the line for a man to lead a dangerous expedition, and he may pick out a red-headed fellow about your build, and if you do as well as that red-headed Kansas colonel, the world will be talking about you the next day, and that confounded stepfather of yours will take up all the room at the depot when you come home, and tell everybody, "That's my boy!" Then I want you to take off your army belt with the big brass buckle, take your stepfather across your knee, and give it to him good and plenty, and we will elect you United States senator.

So long, you red-headed kid.

INTERRUPTED WEDDING TRIP.

Some people have an idea that after men get along in years, and assume grave responsibilities, that they forget the days when they were boys, and never play any more jokes on their friends, but it is a great mistake. No man gets so high up in the business or professional world, or so engrossed in the affairs of life, if he has ever been a boy with a boy's ideas of fun, that he forgets to look for chances to play jokes on his friends. This idea was beautifully illustrated a year or so ago, when a prominent hotel man of Chicago got married. He had more friends than anybody in Chicago, and when it was noised around that he had been captured by a pair of bright eyes, he who was considered immune against any fever that love brings, was the subject of many congratulations, but there were consultations among his friends as to how to make life a burden to him on his wedding trip. The friends did not resort to the old custom of trimming his trunk with white ribbons, and advertising the fact to the world that he was married. They had a deeper scheme. Mr. Charles, the bridegroom, who was a friend of Mr. Pinkerton, the detective, was offered a squad of private detectives to go with him on his bridal tour, and the captain of a local military company proffered his company as an escort to Denver, while the leader of a band tendered the services of his entire aggregation, including a drum major, free of charge. Mr. Charles declined all these

kindly offers with politeness, but there was an offer that he accepted, to his great sorrow. A friend who was general manager of a railroad west of Omaha tendered his private car to the bridegroom, to be at his disposal from Omaha to Denver, up into the mountains and return. That was too good a thing for a bridegroom to decline, and Mr. Charles bit like a bass. The marriage took place, and the bridal party got to Omaha by the ordinary cars, and after shaking the rice out of their clothing all across the states of Illinois and Iowa, the happy couple arrived at Omaha. They put in the day looking at the sights, and occasionally dropping more rice on the streets, which seemed never to entirely leave them. While on the principal street of Omaha a shower came up, and Mr. Charles opened the new umbrella, and about a quart of rice which had been hidden there fell upon the new bonnet of the bride, and all over the sidewalk. Mr. Charles was not a profane man, but when such things kept occurring after he was five hundred miles away from his friends, he felt that the rice planting was being overdone. Telling of it afterward, he said he got to be afraid to put his hands in his pockets for he always found rice there. A small hole in his overcoat pocket allowed a stream of rice to pour on the ground wherever he traveled, and in a street car where he sat the floor became covered to the depth of an inch.

But at evening the bride and groom entered the car so kindly donated by the general manager, met the porter, who was also the cook, and who exhibited his teeth in smiles, retired in the stateroom of the car,

and prepared to sleep. Mr. Charles says, now that it is over, that he wouldn't go through another such a night for a million dollars. First the car was taken out to the stockyards, and placed between stock trains, where pigs squealed for hours, and cattle bellowed, until the bridegroom was frantic, but finally the car was hitched onto a train and started west. Every engineer seemed to have orders to blow the whistle whenever passing the special car, and there was scarcely a minute that the engine hauling the train on which was the private car, did not sound for a crossing or something. It is perhaps better to let Mr. Charles tell the balance of the story himself. He returned to Chicago after an absence of ten days, a little pale, and with a nervous look, which is said to always be the case with a returned bridegroom. He did not say much about his trip till he met his late bosom friend, Mr. Pinkerton. After a few words to break the ice Mr. Pinkerton said:

"Charles, how did you enjoy the special car that the old man furnished you? Great way to travel, isn't it?"

"Don't ever mention special car to me," said Mr. Charles, as he got up and walked the floor. "And I will bet you that general manager will never cross my path again. I shall kill him on sight," and Mr. Charles took a revolver from a drawer in his desk, and began to turn the cylinder.

"What was wrong?" asked Mr. Pinkerton, with a laugh that spread all over his face.

"Now, don't you ever breathe a word of this," said Mr. Charles, "but I have got plenty. We hadn't more

than got into the car at Omaha before a switch engine jerked it out to the packing houses, and of all the noises and smells I ever heard and smelled, that beat all. Ten thousand squealing hogs and bellowing cattle, and men punching cattle with sharp sticks and swearing, and a perfect hell upon earth."

"O, you must have dreamed it," said the friend. "You were nervous from overwork before you left home, and the reaction and the peace and quiet of a wedding trip were too much for you."

"O, go on," said the bridegroom, "I believe you helped put up the job yourself. But it was quiet enough later. After we got out into Nebraska more than seven pounds of rice came down through the ventilator on my bed. The bells in the car had been arranged with some kind of clockwork, and they rang every seven minutes, and the porter would come to the door and ask what he could do for me. I never slept a wink till after daylight, and when I woke up the car was still, and I dressed and looked out the window, and we were on the prairie, with not a house in sight. I tried to call the porter but he wouldn't port worth a cent. I went out on the platform in my pajamas and found the car was on a sidetrack, no train in sight, and the wind blowing my pajamas four ways for Sunday. I wondered what we had been sidetracked for, and started to go in and find the porter, but the door locked itself with me out on the platform. Nice position for a bridegroom, wasn't it, on a chilly morning? I pounded on the door, but no porter, and finally a still, small voice asked who was there, and on giving the grand hailing sign of distress, and the

quarterly password, I was permitted to enter. Well, I dressed and went out, and it was the bleakest looking country for a honeymoon that I ever saw. I had hunted the car through for the porter, and concluded that my private car had got a hot box in the night, and the train had left it sidetracked and took the porter



The wind blowing four ways for Sunday.

on to Denver. O, I was a happy bridegroom! Finally I saw a black spot on the prairie, and I watched it, and finally it came nearer, and I found it was the porter. He said he had been chasing a jack rabbit. I told him never mind rabbits, but hustle around and get breakfast. He said that was what he was chasing the jack rabbit for, for breakfast. He said there was no food in

the car. I told him the car was to have been stocked with provisions by the manager. He said all there was to eat was rice, about a bushel, but no fire and no coal, and we would have to eat the rice dry. Say, just imagine a bridal party, that has seen nothing but rice for two days, until the rattle of rice on the pavement makes them sick, trying to make a breakfast of dry rice. I asked the porter

if there was nothing else to eat on the car, and he said some hunters had the car a week before, and they left some crackers, and I told him to fetch them out. What do you think he brought out for us? Some of these dog biscuit! Well, I came near dying right there. A wedding breakfast of dog biscuit and dry rice. I asked him if there was no wine or water on board. He said there was no wine, but there was a bottle of Hunyadi water. Ye gods! Hunyadi water on an empty stomach. Finally I asked the porter how we came to be sidetracked, and he said the conductor told him he had orders from the train dispatcher to sidetrack the car at the quietest place in Nebraska, as the occupants wanted to enjoy a quiet life, far away from the maddening throng. Well, I could see it was a put-up job, and I was going to stand the raise all night, so I ordered the porter to set the table with the rice, the dog biscuit and the Hunyadi water, and I was going to eat it if it killed me, as my wife had a little flask of brandy for sickness, when we heard a whistle blow, and presently a train stopped and coupled on to our car, and whirled us away toward Denver, and they brought us a fine breakfast from the dining car and my wife never knew the worry and anxiety I had enjoyed talking with that porter. We got to Denver all right and shook that car, and I am now going to devote the balance of my life getting even with that general manager," and Mr. Charles felt for his revolver.

"How did you explain to your wife about being on the sidetrack on the prairie so long?" asked Mr. Pinkerton.

“O, I just lied,” said Mr. Charles. “I said the rest of the train had gone through a bridge, and our car was the only one that was saved, and I thought we were in big luck to be alive. But you just wait,” and Mr. Charles took down a large duck gun, and began to try some buckshot cartridges in it, and he had a wicked look in his mild blue eye.

CLOCK WATCHER AND WHISTLE JUMPER.

A boy who has been employed in a store for two years, but who is looking for a job, he having been discharged recently, has almost got a place several times, but when the man who was going to employ him went to his former employer to ask about him, he got the reply to his inquiries about as follows: “O, he is honest, and all that, but he is a clock watcher and a whistle jumper.” To many people that reply would be unintelligible, but to employers of men and boys, and girls, for that matter, it means much. It means that half an hour before quitting time, the boy begins to watch the clock, and wonder what has got into it to make it go so slow. Every minute he glances at the clock, and ten minutes before it is time to quit he begins to get ready, neglects the business in hand, and when the whistle finally blows as a signal for quitting, he starts for the door, and you couldn't catch him with a hound dog. He may not want to

go anywhere in particular, and may loaf on a corner after he gets out, or he may go to a billiard room, or he may do anything he likes, but the fact remains that he wanted to get out of the place where he worked, and get out quick, and the chances are that his employer or some trusted, patient assistant finished up the business that the boy left unfinished, and had his opinion of the boy.

But he got out when the whistle blew, and that is all he cared, and the chances are he will not give the business of his employer a thought until the whistle blows the next morning, and he will not hurry half as much to get to work as he did to get away. And all the time the fool boy does not know that the employer is sizing him up, and knows that he does not take any interest in the business, except at quitting time and pay day. Some day when business is a little slack the whistle jumper is called into the office and told that he needn't watch the clock any more, and that he is free to go away out of hearing of the whistle, and that the house will get along with one less worker, and he is indignant. He wonders why the other boy is not discharged, the boy who, when there was work to do, always remained until it was done, and who got around a little before the time in the morning, and got his books out, and his desk dusted before the whistle blew, but that boy remains, and becomes a part of the business.

The average employer wants boys and men who imagine if they are away the business loses something, boys who can find things to do without being told. If The Sun was going into the business of giving advice

to a boy at work in a place of business, it would be not to look at the clock unless to find out if it was time to take medicine, and when the whistle blows to act as though it was a great surprise, and to work a little longer, and not hurry to get away, but to hurry in the morning to get to work. The employer will notice it, and he will be pleased. You can't fool the employer much. He knows all that is going on, and when a boy gets wearied with work, and tears the doors off the hinges to get out, some day he does not come back.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE GUN.

It is necessary to take out a license in Maine, the same as in Wisconsin, to shoot game, and any person who expects even to shoot cats on a back fence, fortifies himself with a license, for fear he will be arrested, for cats are always in season, everywhere, and Wisconsin cat hunters had better see that they have a license. The other day a woman in Maine took out a license as a hunter, and consternation seized the male hunters, and they will not go to the woods until she has shot herself. In fact the state game warden telegraphed the news to all parts of the state that a woman had taken out a license, and requested the hunters to keep out of the woods until she had got through shooting. There are women who can shoot

fairly well, at the trap, but when they show up at the bird shooting tournaments the men instinctively get behind something while the woman is on deck with a gun. They know there is no particular danger, except in front of the gun, but a woman with a shotgun is always turning around at a critical time, with her gun cocked, to ask somebody if her hat is on straight, so men who are not heavily insured, had rather get behind something when Hanner toes the mark. A young lawyer who is a great sport with the shotgun was telling two or three years ago about teaching his young wife to shoot, so she could go with him on his hunting trips, and a man who used to hear him talk about the fun he would have when she got so she could shoot, met him the other day, taking his gun into a gun store, to have it got ready for the opening day of the season, and said to him:

"Hello, going hunting, are you? I suppose your wife is going along. I remember you told me a couple of years ago you had bought her a sixteen gauge shotgun. I suppose she can shoot all around you, eh?"

"Yes, she has shot all around me, and hit me a couple of times," said the young lawyer, "but she is not going with me. I shall sneak off alone, on the pretense of having a case in court at St. Paul."

"What's the matter? Don't she like hunting? I thought she was carried away with the sport."

"Say, old man," said the young lawyer, looking solemn, "now this must be in strict confidence, mind you. My wife would be dangerous with a gun, if she was out in the middle of a forty-acre field, alone.

She has no more idea of the danger of a shotgun than she would of a broom. The first thing I taught her was to always point the gun away from herself. She was the dearest thing in the world to me, and I didn't want her to shoot herself, but by Jinks, she points it at me, and everybody that is in sight, and laughs about it, and never seems to think there is any dan-



She stepped on the trigger.

ger. The first time we went out shooting chickens she fired into the flock and killed one, or scared it to death, and she dropped the gun and run after the bird, stepped on the trigger and the other barrel went off, shot the heel off my shoe, and filled one of the horses with birdshot, and the team ran away.

It cost me sixty dollars for the wagon. Then she claimed every bird I shot, for a week. She has no idea of distance, and will shoot at a bird as far as she can see it. I left her one day in the field, and started off to have a quiet life, and I scared up a bird, and she plugged at it, with me between her and the bird, and

she filled my canvas coat-tail with No. 8 shot, and when I yelled to her she fired the other barrel and I had to lay down behind a log or she would have been firing yet. I tried to scold her, when I dared get near her, about being careless, and she laughed, and looked so sweet that I just looked at her and admired her, until I found her gun was loaded and at full cock, and pointed at my head, with her dear little finger on the trigger. I had to quit hunting with her or she would have been a widow before this. I do not want to hurt her feelings by telling her I am afraid of her, but I suffer from nervous prostration when she has the gun in her hand, and so I tell her the shooting is no good, or it is too hot, or too cold, and I leave my gun at the gun store, and when I want to go hunting I sneak off, and she thinks I am attending to business. O, yes, she will find it out, some day, and be heartbroken at my deceiving her, but I figure it is better for me to have a heartbroken wife than for her to have a headless husband."

AN EXPERIMENTAL TURKISH BATH.

Some of the great inventions of the age have been discovered by the merest accident. This has been the case from earliest times, ever since Mr. Franklin discovered the attraction of gravitation by the fall of an apple from a tree. All must have noticed the new in-

dia-rubber bathing arrangements, by which a person can get inside a rubber affair, light a lamp and take a Turkish bath at home. It is on the same principle of the old-fashioned "whisky sweat," but its being utilized as a full Turkish bath was an accident. Two years ago, on a cold November day, a party of duck hunters were sitting about a stove at a clubhouse at Lake Koshkonong, thawing out after a morning in the duck blinds, during which nearly all were frost-bitten. One of the gentlemen, Mr. Clemons of Janesville, sat with his cold feet in the oven of the cook stove for a long time, thinking, and finally he said he had thought of a way to keep warm in a boat, and he was going to try it. The boys chaffed him, and said the only way to keep warm in a duck boat on such a day was to bring the boat in by the stove, and line it with fur, but Mr. Clemons said he had a scheme, and after dinner he took a rubber blanket and a kerosene lantern and started for his boat. No man had ever started after ducks before from that clubhouse, in the daytime, with a lantern, and his companions looked at his two hundred and fifty pounds of flesh, and his lantern, and they looked at each other and tapped their foreheads, and sighed. "Poor Fred," they thought, "his mind could not stand the strain, and he has broken down, just in the prime of life." He got into his boat, with the lantern at his feet, rowed out to his blind not far away, and the crowd saw him pull the rubber blanket up around his neck, and they watched him. In a short time steam or smoke was seen to arise from the boat, and the ice that had collected on the blind stakes began to melt and to dis-

appear. For an hour Mr. Clemons never moved a muscle, and ducks began to settle in among his decoys, and they would swim up to the boat and look over the side and look as though this was a new scheme in duck hunting that interested them. When the crowd saw that Mr. Clemons did not move when



Never moved a muscle for an hour.

ducks were all about him, and they saw the steam arising in clouds about the boat, they became alarmed at the condition of their friend, and thought that possibly he had passed away, there in the boat, that his life's work had terminated, and they knew if he had died it had been just as he would have preferred to have the end come, on the good old lake, surrounded

by the rare game that he had pursued for years with so much pleasure. So they prepared to bring his remains to the shore, and all started out in duck boats to go to the blind and tow back to the shore he loved so well all that was mortal of the best fellow that ever shot a ten-pound gun at an eight-ounce duck. There was sadness on every face as the flotilla approached the blind, and no one spoke, as all were thinking of the sad end of one of God's noblemen. As the boats approached, the ducks flew away, having warmed their feet in the warm steam that came out of the boat. As the friends gathered around the steaming boat, which reminded them of a scene in the Yellowstone park, they saw that the face of their friend was covered with frost from the top of his head to the rubber blanket, and then he realized that his friends were there and he said, "Boys, this is great. I have enjoyed the finest Turkish bath a man ever had," and he threw off the rubber blanket and there was not a dry thread on him. In the enjoyment of his improvised Turkish bath he had become oblivious of ducks and everything, and given himself up to pure enjoyment. His friends got him to return to the clubhouse, where he was rubbed down and weighed, and it was found that he had lost twenty-seven pounds. The story was told in Janesville, and an inventor named Withington is said to have applied for a patent on the india-rubber Turkish bath, and it is said he is receiving a royalty of \$500 a week on the patent, while Mr. Clemons, the originator, is not getting a thing, except an occasional bath at reduced rates. Such is life.

SPARE THE CHILD AND SPOIL THE ROD.

It is a sad day for a father who has brought a son up with frequent whippings, to realize that the son has got big enough to handle the father if it were necessary. A father who has been a tyrant over his boy is in hard luck when the time comes that the boy can pay him back if he wants to, in the same treatment. Sometimes a minister is the hardest man on his boys of any father in a community. He has the "spare the rod and spoil the child" business constantly before him, and he often overdoes the thing, trying to be a sort of "bad man" example to other fathers, and it is often the case that a minister's sons are the worst boys in a community, whether on account of the whippings they get or not has never been decided. There is no minister or other father in the land who is in quite as tight a place at this time, on account of a boy growing to manhood with a memory, as the father of Jim Jeffries, the champion prize fighter. It is said the old man never let a chance escape to trounce Jim when he was a boy, and often the boy thought there was no cause for the whipping. Jim often felt that the old minister would get mad at his congregation, or the scraps in the choir, the shortage at the donations, or the difficulties of preaching on an empty stomach, and he would come home and take a fall out of Jim. Up to a couple of years ago Jim was actually afraid of the old man, because he would go at the boy with blood in his

eye and chase him around the room, and break furniture with him, and the Los Angeles boys got so they would help Jim in the windows nights, after the minister had said his prayers and gone to bed. It is pretty tough on a big, growing boy to be trounced, and then be made to get down on his knees and listen to a prayer an hour long, when his knees are skinned from playing marbles, and to whip a boy good and plenty, before breakfast, and then compel him to ask a blessing, or to tell a boy he will be attended to after breakfast, and then make him ask a blessing and thank the Ruler for what is set before him, and say "for what we are about to receive the Lord make us duly thankful." Jim Jeffries remembers what came into his life when he was a boy, and it is not strange now, as he returns to the roof-tree, if he decides what he will do if the old minister attempts to do him up as he used to. It is possible the father has seen the handwriting on Mr. Fitzsimmons' jaw, and that he will not assert himself in the old way if James spills the huckleberry juice on the clean tablecloth, but if he does forget the changed conditions and says, "James, I want to see you in the woodshed after supper," he will be surprised at the alacrity with which James will appear in the aforesaid wood receptacle, and if the ancient minister attempts to take young Jeffries across his knee in the old familiar way, and reach for a barrel stave with which to drive the rich red blood to the brain of his stalwart offspring, the old minister will no doubt be surprised at the forcible manner in which the champion will spread the gospel all around that woodshed, with a blow in

the solar-plexus of the exhorter. Some friend may tell the father that if he feels that it is his duty to chastise James, that he send in a call for the hurry wagon, or get the governor to call out the troops, or perhaps get some cowboys to rope James, and tie him to a sedentary cow-horse, until he is properly branded with the barrel stave. If nobody is friend enough to this opinionated elderly preacher to give him a few pointers as to the position James holds in the world, and how little indignity he is licensed to stand from those who would molest or make him afraid, the old gentleman will try to do something to James that will cause the sleeping lion in the young man to be aroused, and if the big boy ever does start for that old man, and there is no roped arena to keep him inside, there will come a time when this old man that never knew fear will see a human funnel-shaped cloud bearing down on him, and he will suddenly remember of a friendly cyclone cellar down by Santa Monica, or Long Beach, that he has noticed in his travels as a circuit rider, and he will pull out for the coast, and there will be a streak of coat-tail seventeen miles long between Los Angeles and blue water, with young Mr. Jeffries' father leading the streak a few laps. As champion of the world James cannot take any back talk from prince or pauper, from the world, the flesh, or the devil will be to pay. If he should submit to chastisement now by his father, and should challenge Corbett, Corbett would tell James that he must go and fight a woman and get a reputation. So The Sun advises the elder Mr. Jeffries to exercise care, and not let that hasty tem-

per of his get him into the same trouble that the late Mr. Fitzsimmons, the actor, got into when his mouth got loose and went off when he thought it was not loaded.

HAIR CUT CURLY.

A young school boy in an interior town has written to a teacher living here, asking her to go to a drug store and get him a bottle of some kind of stuff that will make his hair grow curly. He says that he is very good looking, with sparkling blue eyes, and he has a pure white complexion, but that his hair, which is a sort of brick color, is straight, and he would give anything if he could put something on it that would make it curl. The teacher who received the letter thinks it must be a joke, as she thinks no boy of the present day could possibly be foolish enough to believe straight hair could be made curly, and she has asked *The Sun* what it thinks of the proposal. Well, it is no joke, she may rely on that. In almost any school there is one boy whose hair is naturally curly, and every last boy in school is usually jealous of the curly-headed boy, for the girls pet him, and make him think he is a little god on wheels, while the other boys with straight hair stand around like stoughton bottles, at recess. The boys usually hate the curly-haired boy as much as the girls like him, particularly

if he is vain and stuck on himself, as many curly-haired boys are. The curly boy can live it down, if he is a good fellow, and mixes with the other boys, and does not set too much store by his hair, but if he is rich, or proud, and exclusive, he makes the other



Little tin god on wheels.

boys wild, and they want to maul him. And yet every boy in the bunch would like to have curly hair, at about a certain age. A man who is now on the Supreme bench of a state not so far away, when a boy with the straightest kind of hair, wanted his hair to

be curly, and he was told, in a joke, that the barbers could cut hair so it would grow out curly, if he asked them to, and for two years, whenever he had his hair cut, he told the barber to be sure and cut it curly, and he watched his hair every time he went near a mirror, to see if it had begun to curl. The barber told him it would take time but it would curl all right if he kept on having it cut curly. But it never curled worth a cent, and the judge is now rather glad his hair didn't curl under the manipulation of the barber, as he has got along pretty well with straight hair. But when he sees a man with curly hair, even though he is on the bench, he smiles out loud at his early troubles with his hair.

A school boy had better not worry much about his hair. He should brush it once in a while, and wash it with dog soap, but don't let its straightness cause worry. The only curly haired boy in school is not liable to be the future President, on account of his curly hair. It is something inside the hair that makes conventions seek a man for President. They often pick out a man, and couldn't tell even the color of his hair, or whether he had any hair or not, until after he is elected and inaugurated, and then the nature of the President's hair is only noticed because some fashion reporter has alluded to it. If a curly-haired boy in school does not stand as well in his classes as the straight-haired boy, and does not get on as well in later life, it cannot exactly be laid to his hair, but the hair has had something to do with it. He has paid too much attention to it, perhaps, or has got the idea that he is blue-blooded, because

his hair curls, and feels that he is the whole thing, in school, and after he gets out. The curly-haired boy is apt to let it grow long, and shake his mane, and try to look brave, and savage, or sweet and dear, and the girls spoil him. A flock of school girls can spoil a boy quick, if they neglect all other boys, and fawn around him. Spoiled in school, and a boy goes out into the world handicapped. He is simply traveling on his hair, and when the people are looking around for brain, he gets in the way, and thinks they can't help seeing that he is "it," but somehow they pass him by, and pick up a duffer whose hair is full of burrs, but whose brain is throbbing and working overtime, and curly wonders about it. So, boy, never mind the hair. Don't put any stuff on it to make it curl. If it curls natural, try to straighten it out with a comb, and keep right on studying algebra, till your straight hair aches.

THE COUNTRY'S BRIDE AND GROOM.

The trouble that Dewey and his beautiful young wife are having in New York, keeping out of sight of people, and preventing themselves being carried on the shoulders of the populace, if they show up at a bargain counter, is awful, but it will soon be over, and they can settle down to light housekeeping. The day will soon come when they, the bride and groom,

will gather around the breakfast table, with their appetites gone, and they will feel like kicking. There are so many things to kick about in housekeeping, that one must have great control over himself to keep from making things blue all around, but the admiral who has lived on condensed milk for so



“Who was that woman you bowed to on the street?”

many years can get along with a smile when the milkman fails to be on time. If the pancakes are not light enough, he must learn to eat them, and not suggest that the cook put a little more baking powder in the batter, as they used to do on the Olympia. That Olympia is liable to be as troublesome, if frequently alluded to, as the things “that mother used

to make," to the ordinary bride. The time will come when it will not be well to mention how smooth things used to run on the Olympia, for in such a moment as ye think not, the worm will be liable to turn, and the great man may be told he better buy a canal boat and live on that. But the admiral will begin to realize that he is nothing but a human being, some day when he is helped on with his overcoat, the lint picked off the collar by the small white hands, and he is told not to wear his hat on one side in that rakish fashion, but to have it on square, and when he is asked who that woman is that he bowed to on the street, and when he says she is a clerk in one of the departments whom he has known for years, and he is told he better walk on the other side of the street when he comes home, he will realize that he is not in supreme command. Then he will be asked to drop in to a store and match a piece of ribbon, and his fate is sealed if he complies with that request. The Sun does not desire to create trouble, but as an admirer of the great sailor it does want to beg of him to decline, as politely as possible, the invitation to go to a store and match anything, for that is the entering wedge of a career of shopping by proxy. Once he matches a piece of ribbon, he is engaged for life, and from that out he will have a list of things to "drop in" and get that will take his valuable time from the government that needs his services so much. He will have to do everything, from ordering the coal, to feeling of the breast-bones of the chickens to see if they are ripe, and half his life will be spent on the revolving stools of the

stores, until he will be seasick from the motion, and unsafe in his peace of mind from the bright eyes of the clerks and shoppers who will know him so well. If he tumbles to the first order to match a ribbon, and winks, and says, "I have been there before, many a time," and declines, he is saved. Or if he takes the order to match a blue ribbon, and brings home a green one, and when scolded puts in a plea of color-blindness, his life will not be altogether a burden afterward. The best way is to never do anything of that kind right, but to make mistakes every time, and afterwards, when someone says, "Why can't George get this on his way downtown?" the bride will say, "O, don't trust anything to George. He couldn't buy anything unless I was with him. If he went out to buy a horse, someone would sell him an automobile," and George will have established a reputation for absent-mindedness that will give him much rest. Some day, after the admiral has had set before him all the delicacies to be found in Washington, terrapin, canvasback duck, oysters that are the best in the world, the bride will notice that his appetite does not improve, and he will sigh, and have a far-away look in his eyes, and the line around his mouth will be pronounced, and the wife will say; as he pushes aside the rich food, "What is it, George, something is troubling you? What is there in the world that I can get that you can relish?" His eyes will brighten, and he will say, "O, if you could get me a can of beef such as Armour used to make, I could die happy," and the rattle of the can-opener will be heard in the land, and the beef that made

Chicago famous will be heard to drop with a dull thud on the bottom of the sailor's stomach, and a smile of peace and contentment will come over the face that has become so dear to the American people. He has got to learn not to blush and look guilty, when a long hair is found on his coat, of a different color from the one that has a right to be there. In a large city, where women's hair is blowing in the breeze all the time, unconfined and fluffy, a stray hair is liable to lodge on the coat of the best man in the world, and only those who are liable to be guilty are the ones who should blush. Let a sentiment be created in the family that stray hairs are the commonest things to be found in the atmosphere, and in time no surprise will be manifest when they are found, but it takes a long time for a wife to get over wondering how in the very dickens that hair should have happened to lodge on her husband when there were so many men that it might have struck, but by patience, and a good draw-poker face, the desired effect may be obtained. . O, George will be all right in time.

CHICAGO IS ADDICTED TO THE GOAT MEAT HABIT.

It has been discovered that a good deal of the mutton that is eaten in Chicago is nothing but goat, and that carloads of goat meat are being shipped there

from Montana every week. That accounts for a good many things. There has been something strange in the conduct of many Chicago citizens which we have never been able to satisfactorily explain, but this goat meat theory comes in just in time. Of course, a man is not to blame if he has eaten goat meat and did not know it, but if he deliberately eats billy goat, knowing it to be such, he can not set up a claim to having lived a blameless life. There is no sure thing but two-thirds of the crime in Chicago is caused by a goat diet. What that town needs, to become as quiet and peaceful as Oshkosh, is less detectives and more meat inspectors. It must be that some of the hotels there serve goat meat, instead of mutton, because cases have been known where good citizens of towns in the West, men who belong to churches, and schools of design, have gone to Chicago to lead a pious life for a time, and rest up from the cares of business, and after they have been in a Chicago hotel a few hours, and eaten strange meat, they have gone "blatting" around, looking for trouble, which has often met them half way, and they have been injured in their reputation and finances, and have finally gone home with guilty consciences, to pray for forgiveness, and to diet on liver, in order to get the goat meat out of their systems. It is time Chicago did something to protect the strangers within her gates, and now is the time to put a stop to this goat meat vaccination, before the crowd goes there in October, to lay the cornerstone of Mr. McKinley's boom for a second term, with Dewey on the side. The mayor should put his trusty henchmen to henching on this

goat question, and run in every goat in the town, dead or alive, and make a public announcement that there is no goat meat epidemic there, or thousands of people who would like to go there, and shout for Dewey, and see McKinley acknowledge the applause by bowing, and baring his head, will stay away. Of course, if people prefer goat meat, it is different, but the people would hate mightily to see the distinguished people that are to be there acquire habits that it would take a lifetime to outgrow. Goat meat, if eaten at all, should be tagged, like oleomargarine, so a guest would know what he was getting, but to allow it to be eaten by the innocent and good, who will never know what has caused them to act that way, is wicked. It is not so bad for the regular resident of Chicago. He may eat dog if he wants to, and one goat more or less will not affect him, but it is the man from out of town that we plead for. He goes to Chicago from force of habit, and does not believe he can be harmed by so doing. He probably could not, unless something was smuggled into him in disguise. But you take the mildest man in all Wisconsin, put him in Chicago and fill him up with the meat of billy goats, even though it is well cooked, so the germs would seem to be destroyed, and you want to watch him. He will say such things, and do such things, that he ought to be sent home with a trained nurse.

NEW WAR EXPLOSIVES.

It is getting so anything that will wound or kill may be used in war, and as that question seems to be settled, inventors will go to work to study out new weapons. Up to a few years ago only the bullet, the bayonet, the sword and the mule were considered proper to be used in civilized warfare, but gradually dynamite and other explosives more dangerous than the mule have come into use. The mule was considered the most deadly explosive, until a method was discovered for shooting dynamite with safety, as the mule would get into a crowd of the enemy, by stampede or otherwise, and keep kicking until all were laid out. The last use of the mule against an enemy was when Gen. White stampeded a mess of mules at Ladysmith towards the enemy. The result in killed and wounded is not known as yet, owing to imperfect communication, but as it is admitted that Joubert has started with his army for the south, the supposition is that the mules are still after his army, and he may surrender to the British the first chance he gets, in order to save the part of his army not yet kicked to death. There is terror in the hundred-pound shell as it comes across the country, loaded for bear, liable to explode any minute and tear up the turf for acres, but the terror is as nothing compared to a stampede of mules. You know that when a shell once explodes, that is the end of it, but when a mule begins to kick and cavort, and bray, that is only the beginning of the

trouble. The dum-dum bullet that goes into a man, making an inch hole where it goes in, then mushrooms and tears his insides all up into cut feed, and finally goes out on the other side, out of a hole as big as a washtub, is considered dangerous to life, but



Keep kicking until all were laid out.

it can't compare with the four iron-shod feet of a mule for making an enemy wish he had been run through a corn-husker instead.

The mule is doing as well as he can, but the time has come when something more deadly is needed, something with longer range than the mule, so lead-

ite, an explosive that makes mincemeat of an army at four miles range, is used, and now anything goes. It is considered legitimate warfare to use anything that will kill, so the cucumber and rough on rats is very likely the next thing that will be used. A gun that will shoot cucumbers into a man, and give him cholera morbus, will bring the inventor a fortune. A man who has a six-inch cucumber shot into his vitals will never live to get to a hospital, and his comrades will surely leave him on the field of battle. Nothing will save him from the deadly pains of cholera morbus, but olive oil, and no soldier can carry a bottle of olive oil into battle.

The shooting of bread or cheese saturated with rat poison will cause inventors much study, but the inventive genius of our country has never failed in anything it has undertaken. Shells can be invented similar to the deadly shrapnel, containing pieces of hardtack broken irregularly, like scrap-iron, saturated with the rat poison, and no enemy can live in range of the gun that fires it, and the contractors who furnish the rat poison for war purposes will guarantee that the wounded shall not die on the premises. Military experts are looking for great results from the firing of shells of rat poison, and it was expected that it would be experimented with on the Filipinos, but it has been found that Aguinaldo heard of the new ammunition being shipped to the far East, and he has taken to the woods and mountains, so it is feared he is liable to be immune from rat poison, owing to distance from the base of supplies. It is too bad it could not have been tried on

the Filipino dog, before going on the road for the regular season in Africa.

There are some officers who, from their position in Cuba, got much valuable information in regard to canned beef as a deadly weapon, who believe the embalmed article, in round cans, fired from a mortar, could be made the most destructive missile yet invented, but their fear of being accused of suggesting uncivilized weapons has kept embalmed beef in the list of foods instead of missiles, but it is liable to be perfected for the next war. Certainly nothing would create greater consternation in the ranks of a civilized enemy than the explosion of cans of embalmed beef in their ranks, for one sniff of it would be worse than the pots that the Chinese use in warfare. Future wars will be conducted largely on the result of experiments being made in new weapons, in the wars that are now being so humanely conducted by the two most civilized nations on the earth.

THE MAN WHO ASKED QUESTIONS.

There is a man who is always asking questions, and who can never talk five minutes without asking so many that the answers would fill a book. He likes to talk with the young lawyers that congregate around the hotels, the courts and the office buildings. These young lawyers, with a few older ones, get to-

gether evenings, and talk over incidents, argue cases and give opinions to themselves, on cases in court, and "hand down decisions," as they call it. They have a good deal of fun with each other, and when one gives an opinion as to how a certain case, in some court, will be decided, the others give great



"Do I have to pay these bills?"

weight to the opinion rendered, and often say, "I guess you are right, old man," until the court decides the other way, when they will say, "Well, I see the judge differed with you, and add, consolingly, "but he probably hadn't studied up the matter as you did." The man who asks questions had bothered these lawyers a long time, and they decided to get even with him, so one evening he tired them out asking ques-

tions about different things that were topics of conversation, and the next morning he received a bill from every last one of them, for from five to twenty-five dollars, for advice, with a request to please remit. He is a man that does not know the first principles of a joke, and when he got the batch of bills from lawyers, he was mad in a minute, and took them to his regular lawyer and spread them out and said:

“Do I have to pay these bills?”

The lawyer looked them over carefully, without a smile, having already been seen by the other lawyers, and told of the joke, and said:

“Why, I suppose so. They seem to be all regular enough. Here is one charging ten dollars in Dreyfus case, and one of fifteen dollars for opinion in Plankinton bank case. Did you ask these lawyers for legal advice in those celebrated cases?” and his lawyer looked at him over his spectacles inquiringly.

“Naw,” said the man who asks questions, “I never asked for any paid advice. We were talking over these cases, and I asked a solemn-looking duck what his opinion was as to the guilt or innocence of Dreyfus, and he hummed, and hawed, and talked about the evidence in the case, and said he had read every word of evidence, and he finally said he thought Dreyfus was guilty. I knew a confounded sight better, and gave my opinion that he was innocent, and showed why, and here he comes in with a bill for ten dollars for an opinion in that case. Then I asked him if he didn’t think Plankinton ought to give back the money he took for his services and board the creditors at the Plankinton House till they had boarded

out their claims, and he said he would look the matter up, and let me know, and the next day he said he had looked it up, and found that if the court sanctioned Mr. Plankinton's bill he couldn't be held to board the creditors to the amount of their claims, and here he salts me twelve dollars for that opinion. I tell you it is an outrage, ain't it?"

"Well, not necessarily," said the lawyer, drumming on the table with his fingers, and pursing up his mouth. "The lawyer no doubt took it that you were interested in those cases, and he no doubt took the testimony and weighed it carefully, and balanced the evidence carefully in his mind, and gave you his opinion, believing it would be valuable to you. What is this charge in this other bill for an opinion on the Rambo water combine? Are you interested in that New York swindle?"

"Not on your life," said the man who asks questions. "We were talking about Tammany, and the prospects of the organization coming out and supporting Bryan. I had no interest in it, but it was the day Croker was interviewed, and I asked a young Irish lawyer if he didn't think the fellows in New York had gone into that Rambo water company with a view of swindling the city out of twenty millions, and after consulting with another dub on the subject he came to me and said he was ready to hand down an opinion that Mr. Platt and Mr. Croker were actuated solely with a desire to better the condition of the people of New York in their water supply, and that they had never thought of the possibility of making a dollar out of it. And here he has charged me twelve

dollars for that advice, and ten dollars for advice as to whether there would or would not be a war between England and the Transvaal. I only asked that question to find out what he thought about the prospect of war."

"Very likely," said the lawyer, as he put his feet up on his desk, and locked his fingers together across his stomach. "But you understand a lawyer, to be ready to give opinions off hand, on all questions, has got to study up all the time. It seems to me these charges, if they are proper, are exceedingly reasonable. But what is this charge in this other bill, ten dollars for advice in regard to pants? I can't see how that can properly come into a bill for legal advice."

"Just like the whole blamed business," said the talking man. "There were a whole lot of us talking about everything, when I felt as though my trousers were too short, at the bottom, and I asked that smooth-faced lawyer with bushy hair, and a wide hat, says I, 'Look at the bottom of my pants and see if you don't think they are too short,' and he put on his glasses and looked, and had me walk by him, and finally he said he wasn't up on the styles, and was not much of a tailor, but he would jump at a conclusion, without looking up the authorities and give me his opinion that the pants ought to be let out a couple of holes on my suspenders, and by mighty he has charged me ten dollars for handing down that opinion. He might as well charge a woman for legal advice when she asks him if her hat is on straight. This beats me, and I never will ask a lawyer the time of day, again. Do I have to pay these bills?"

"Well, I don't see any way out of it, unless you contest the matter in the courts," said the lawyer.

"And how much are you going to charge me for this advice?"

"O, a mere nominal sum," said the lawyer, smiling, and rubbing his hands. "Perhaps twenty-five dollars."

"Well, I'll be dodgasted," said the man, as he went out to buy a gun.

THE HEN IN POLITICS.

No person not an expert at reading character could look in the face of the common barnyard hen and say that she was possessed of great brain, or that she had a mind that grasped great problems. The hen has always been looked upon as the feathered Mormon wife, contented to see her husband go around mashing other hens, and never making any trouble. The husband of the hen has never been called to account for his misdeeds, never has had the charge of conduct unbecoming a rooster, made against him. Knowing him to be untrue to her, she has gone clucking about, laying eggs when they were cheap, and striking when eggs were dear, at the apparent behest of a walking delegate. She has never gone into the courts to secure a separation and alimony, but has borne her burden and smiled in the face of trouble, apparently

not caring whether her rooster flirted with other hens, or went to Congress. On account of the chickens, who were growing up, whose lives would be embittered by the knowledge of scandal in the household, the hen has kept silent, though her gizzard pained her, and she has always been cheerful, digging worms for the lazy rooster to get fat on, and laying eggs for him to cackle over, and make believe he had laid. The hen has never even looked reproachful at her polygamous consort, though he has carried on his flirtations under her very eyes, and in the presence of the chickens, but has turned her back on them, and chased grasshoppers, seeming not to notice what was going on, though a sigh would occasionally escape her. She has seemed to have confidence that when old age came to the rooster, and he had found that there was no pleasure in the chase after strange pullets, he would come back to her, and settle down and let her support him, but it was always her luck to have her rooster, when he got old enough to know better, killed for a boarding house stew, and after a period of mourning she would find another rooster who would promise to be good to her, with the same result, broken promises, scandal and heart-burning. The hen has always been looked upon as a chump.

But within the last four months the hens of this country have done something that great political parties have failed to do, that organized labor has not succeeded in doing, and she has set the pace that will bring to her banner the bone and sinew of the land, and cause a monument to be erected to her memory. She has broken up a trust, and sent the conspirators

to begging for mercy. A year ago, or less, the packers, the Armour, the Swifts, and the others, decided to buy up all the eggs in the country when they were cheap and plenty, put them in cold storage, and when winter came, and the hens refused to lay, they would raise the price of eggs to fifty cents a dozen, and prey



The hen in politics.

upon the wealth of the housewife. The plan was well considered, and all the eggs were stored, and the rich packers went off to the winter resorts, in warm climates, and waited for the rise in eggs. It is said the packers even went so far as to let Rockefeller in the deal, on the ground floor. Along about Thanksgiving and Christmas, to the consternation of the packers, fresh eggs were plenty, and there was no call for the decayed eggs, in cold storage, and it was found

that the hens were doing business at the old stand, laying eggs faster than ever. In January the hens even worked harder, and night and day they filled the nests with eggs, while the packers perspired blood. The hens just winked, and said nothing, but laid eggs. The packers came back from their winter resorts in consternation, to head off the hens. The

only way to save their cold-storage eggs was to stop the hens, so they issued orders to their agents to buy all the poultry in the country, and kill and dress it, and boil it and can it for the market. The farmers sold their poultry at a big price, all except the old hens that were laying eggs, and so the packers were beaten again, and failure stares many a rich man in the face, owing to his being long on cold-storage eggs. The lecture season is nearly over, and the demand for cold eggs is limited, and the hens are still at work. It is said that Rockefeller is indignant at the packers who have sold him this cold storage gold brick, as this is the first speculation he ever went into that failed, and it is believed that he has raised the price of kerosene in order to get even on the egg deal.

The question that bothers scientists and students of political economy is how in the world the supposedly unintelligent hen could have known anything of supply and demand, and known that, by taking no vacation, but laying eggs all through the winter to beat the band, she could break up as soulless a monopoly as ever scuttled a ship, or filled a soldier with embalmed beef. It is evident to all that some power greater than any ever known in the history of hen fruit has had a controlling influence on the hens of this country during the last few months, and has helped her to assist the democrats in downing the trusts. If the hen can only develop a capacity for producing kerosene oil, she may help to make Rockefeller feel like thirty cents, and if she ever does get to laying cigarettes, the tobacco trust will get it in

the neck. Let us erect a monument to the hen, the first to make a trust wish it had subsidized her before it tried to corner eggs.

DREYFUS AND EMBALMED BEEF.

"Well, I tell you," said the Old Kicker, after listening to the talk of the seven-up players on the suburban train, about boycotting France on account of the decision in the Dreyfus case, "you don't want to go off half cocked in this business. These army trials are notorious for making decisions about as the general staff wants them made. Now you take that embalmed beef trial, for instance."

"O, gwan now," said the man who had just made high, low, Jack and was counting the game. "That beef trial was no comparison. The only thing was that if the beef had been condemned, by the trial board, it would have advertised to the world that our packers were on the make, and would sell any old dead thing, if they could get it sealed up in a can before it exploded. Whose deal is it?"

"That's what I say," said the Old Kicker. "That board was organized to acquit, the same as the French board was organized to convict. If the beef was found to have been bad, the general staff was such a general staff would be canned and roasted, and the fellows who sold the beef would have been

sent to Devil's Island, unless they put up lots of money. Now, France, and every other country watched the beef trial, and expected a conviction, and when the verdict came in showing that the stinking meat that nauseated and killed the best soldiers in the world, was as pure as baking powder, the people abroad thought strongly of boycotting America for putting up such a job to save the necks of conspirators against the men behind the guns. Go slow, boys, about boycotting France, on champagne and patte de foi gras."

"O, here, you are all wrong," said the man who only had one trump, and played it the first hand. "Don't you remember they had some of the beef at the trial, and everybody tasted of it, and said it was good?"

"Sure," said the Old Kicker. "They made up a lot on purpose, same as the green goods men have samples of genuine greenbacks to show to the jays who buy sawdust. Officers who were expected to do so, testified that the beef was good enough, but officers who were there to tell the truth said it was vile, embalmed and slimy, and common soldiers said it was worse than grave robbery. Roosevelt said the meat was offal, and yet a can of nice, perfumed beef was sent to Alger, and he put some on a cracker and gave it to the President, and they both said it was so good they ordered some for their private tables, and the trial board took that kind of testimony and acquitted the conspirators. They wanted to save the honor of the army, the same as the court at Rennes did. O, you can't fool me," and the Old Kicker stamped his

feet, and acted as though it was a personal matter with him.

"Yes, but didn't the President get rid of Alger, and send him back to Michigan with a flea in his ear?" said the man whose next deal it was. "Didn't he show that he wouldn't have any man in his cabinet that would allow the soldiers to be fed on such stuff, and didn't they fire Eagan?"

"What for?" said the Old Kicker, as he pounded the palm of his left hand with his right fist. "If the beef was good, as it was demonstrated to be by the verdict of the courtmartial, what did he fire Alger for? The court martial vindicated Alger, and the beef, as it was appointed to do. The Alger end of the beef was all right, wasn't it? Then why did they fire Alger and destroy all the embalmed beef on hand in Cuba and Porto Rico, if it was good, and tell the packers they were vindicated, but they must not do it again? Probably there were extenuating circumstances, same as the French court said there was in Dreyfus' alleged treason. If the verdict of the beef court was right, Alger should be the logical candidate for President, and the beef that was so good, should have been ordered back to this country and fed out to the White House guests at a reception, for an object lesson, and Miles, the wicked man, who did so much damage to the pious pork packers by his beef report, after they had been of so much financial assistance to the campaign, should have been sent to report to the Sultan of Sulu as a prisoner of war. Say, just to try you fellows, I have a can of embalmed roast beef in the baggage car that I have been keep-

ing ever since my nephew brought it back from Cuba, and I am going to open it right here on this board you are playing cards on, with this can opener. Porter, get the tongs and bring in that green tin can in the corner of the baggage car," and the Old Kicker took a can opener out of his pocket, and the porter started for the can.

"You confounded old scavenger," said the man who had defended the army beef, as the porter came in with the can, his nose turned up at an acute angle. "You open up that can in this car and you die. You don't know that the President of the State Board of Health is in the next car. I will call him if you stab that can with your can opener. I am willing to admit anything, and will not boycott France, if you will let up on that can."

"Well, all right," said the Old Kicker. "I just wanted to argue, that is all. There is nothing in the can, anyway. I just carry it to paralyze fellows who say the embalmed beef given the soldiers was all right. I have never found an apologist of that beef that had sand enough to remain quiet while a case of the remains was being opened. They can all smell it four cars ahead," and the Old Kicker prepared to leave the car and get his can checked at the depot, so he could use it when he went out again at night, if they got to arguing on embalmed beef.

THE DEADLY PISTOL POCKET.

A judge in Texas has found it necessary to warn juries to be careful of the claim of "self-defense" so often made in murder cases, the claim that the deceased put his hand behind him, and of course was shot, on the theory that he was going to draw a pistol. There were so many claims of self-defense that the judge feared the habit was growing on people, that of shooting at a man because he reached around behind him. The judge is right in calling attention to this thing, because many people put their hands behind them who never carried a weapon and never thought of having a quarrel with anybody. This is particularly the case with Northern people, who often carry a handkerchief in the pocket known as the pistol pocket, and it is small consolation to a man, after he has been killed and buried, and the man who shot him has been acquitted, to be told that he never ought to have reached around behind him, though he could prove by a thousand people, at home, that he always carried his handkerchief in his pistol pocket, and always drew it, in an altercation, in order to weep properly. Some men in the East, in the temperance districts of Maine, carry small flasks in their pistol pockets, properly covered with an orthodox coat-tail, and these men are far from being fighters. Suppose such a man should visit a locality, on business, where the citizens shoot too recklessly, and on too slight provocation, and should get into a political argument,

or any sort of argument of a heated nature, and should notice that his opponent was becoming excited, and should suddenly remember his flask, and think he could bring the argument to a better understanding by offering the gentleman he was talking with a drink of old New England rum, and should reach for it, he would be taking his life in his hands. Before he had got the flap of his orthodox coat-tail raised up sufficient to get his hand hold of the flask, the soft-nosed bullets of the gentleman he had fluid designs upon might begin to enter his bosom, and when he fell and was breathing his last, the hand might produce the flask. The shooter, when he saw the flask, would realize that he had made the mistake of his life, and that the dead man was only trying to produce an argument that all could agree was sound, but it would be everlastingly too late, and he would have to go into court and make the claim of self-defense, while the remains would be shipped home C. O. D. The pockets in the basement of trousers have caused trouble enough. Those pockets were never needed, and were originally put in during a temperance revival, and fostered by the workings of the Maine liquor law, as being a sort of cold storage for illegal beverages, far away from the maddening throng, where nobody would think of looking for the illicit stuff. For many years only a few hip pockets were made, and those who had them in their trousers were exempt from the suspicion that they were walking bars, however much their breath might give them away. The first discovery of the new hip pockets by others than the wearers, was by a St. Albans woman who was

searching her husband's trousers for money, while he slept, and when she found a flask full of budge, she screamed and fainted away, and the husband was caught and punished. The hip pocket must go, if we are to mingle much in the East and West. Out on the frontier the prejudice against men who reach



She screamed and fainted away.

localities where quick gun action is the rule. Even boys know better than to carry their marbles in hip pockets, but the tenderfoot is not posted, and he dies in his tracks. The hip pocket must be abolished, or our people must learn to explain beforehand to those around them that there is no occasion for rashness, as they are only about to reach around under their coat-tails to get a note book, or a handkerchief. There might be a custom established of ringing a bell, to give warning, when one is about to reach behind, or a man might sing a peace song before doing so, which would give the Western fighting man notice that nothing sanguinary was about to happen, when the fatal movement was about to be made. It is a

question whether the national government or the states should establish a code of signals that will protect the citizen who is not reaching for a gun, when he lifts his coat-tail, but one or the other should take action. Some day an eminent political speaker will make the mistake of drawing some document from his pistol pocket, to read to an assembled multitude, and he will have the concentrated fire of a large audience turned upon him, and then the country will awake to the dangers of the hip pocket. Until that time the killing will go on, and self-defense will be the excuse.

THE GUEST ON A COAL CARRIER.

The Old Kicker was on the street car once more, having come in from the country and got the children in school, and he was prepared again to settle grave questions by argument on the street cars, morning and evening, as he rode to and from business. This was his first trip downtown since he returned from his summer home, and he looked about the car when he came in to see who of his old friends were yet alive, and whom he should sit down with and try to talk to death, as was his custom when in town. Most of the passengers knew that he was back, and dreaded him, and they buried their faces in the morning papers or looked steadily out of the windows, so he would

pass them by, or sat wide, taking up all the seat, so he could not crowd himself in. But he found one slim man who left a place big enough for him to sit down, but the man had a studious, careworn look, and the Old Kicker sat down and said:

"Guess you haven't had any outing this summer; you look pale as a ghost, and as though you were about down with nervous prostration."

"No, the only outing I have taken this summer was to wear a negligee shirt, a yellow belt and tan shoes, but I have gained ten pounds from not being talked to death by these confounded old cranks that have given us a rest by going into the country," and the studious man continued reading his paper.

"Is that so?" said the Old Kicker, looking at the man's face sideways to see if he meant anything personal. "But every man ought to get out of town for a week or two in the summer. Lake looks beautiful this morning."

"Yes, the lake is always beautiful," said the studious man. "And that reminds me that I have an invitation to go down to Buffalo and take a trip up the lakes on a coal carrier, and I think I shall go. Did you ever ride on a coal boat?"

"Once," said the Old Kicker. "Couldn't get me on one again with a derrick. Say, take my advice, and walk. I know what you think. You think it will be a cheap and enjoyable trip, as you get your transportation and meals free, and that you will be a new man when you get back, and it won't cost you a cent. Well, you'll get fooled. Ever play draw poker?"

“Well, I have played it a little, for gun wads, at home, with my wife and some of the neighbors,” said the studious man.

“You have, eh? Then you think you know all about it,” said the Old Kicker, as he sneezed a couple of times on account of an armful of golden-rod a girl in the seat in front was taking to the office where she was a stenographer. “That dum golden-rod ought to be thrown out the window. I went on such a trip once, and thought I was the smartest fellow alive. I had a stateroom in the captain’s cabin, and the first day I trod the deck and got tanned, and smelled of the three thousand barrels of kerosene, and was happy. The first night the captain got me into a poker game with the mate and another passenger, and I won over thirty dollars, and I figured that in eight days I could have all the money in the party, and maybe own the boat and cargo. The next day I didn’t care so much about the scenery, and so we remained in the cabin and played poker all day, and away into the night. I won again, and couldn’t sleep from counting what I expected to win. We run into Milwaukee to unload the coal, and I never went ashore, but played poker all the time. Then we started for Duluth with the oil, and I began to lose. The smell of the oil and the Menomonee river had made me sick, and I couldn’t play as well, and before we got to the “Soo” I had lost four hundred dollars and my watch, and they wouldn’t let me in the game any more, for I owed a hundred dollars to the others. Then I walked the deck and listened to the clicking of the chips in the cabin, a storm came up and I just heaved up all the

cheap board I had accumulated as a guest of the captain, and when we got to Duluth I had lost twenty pounds, my clothes were filled with coal dust and covered with bad-smelling oil, and I went ashore and found a commission man I used to know here in Milwaukee, and he loaned me a shirt and twelve dollars and I came home by rail, and my wife made me sleep in the woodshed for a week, with the kerosene can. Say, don't you take a trip on a coal boat," and the Old Kicker got up and motioned the conductor to stop at the next corner.

"But I shall sail with a captain who is a church member, and there will be no danger," said the studious man.

"The worst kind," said the Old Kicker. "This captain I was with was a vestryman in a Buffalo church, and he could deal the almightiest hands I ever saw, when there was a jackpot. Well, I get off here," and the Old Kicker jumped off the car before it had crossed the street, strained his back, and shook his fist at the conductor.

CALLING AN AUDIENCE WITH A FIRE ALARM.

A friend sends a clipping from a New York paper, pretending to give an account of a speech made by the editor of The Sun when he occupied the position

of Governor of Wisconsin, at Hurley, and turning in a fire alarm to get an audience to speak to. The article is so untruthful that maybe it is best to tell it right from the fountain-head, inasmuch as it has never been in print, and never ought to have been, and never would have been, if the New York paper had not got it all mixed up.

Along in 1892 or 1893, when all the mines at Hurley and in that vicinity were closed down, and the men had no work, and no money, things looked pretty blue, and there was a pretty good chance that a whole lot of people would starve to death. The people tried to bond the county to raise money to feed the destitute through the winter, but non-resident taxpayers got an injunction, or something legal, and put a stop to that method of raising money, and as a last resort the authorities appealed to the Governor for aid. They hated to call for help, but there was nothing else to do. The miners, when they made money fast, had spent it pretty recklessly, and when trouble came they hadn't enough money to buy a plug of tobacco. The Governor listened, and asked how long they could exist on the supply of food in the town, and the committee said the following Monday they would be entirely out of food, and the Governor promised to have stuff there to burn the next Monday morning. He came to Milwaukee, issued a notice to the people of the state that starving was going on up North, and for them to get a hustle on, or words to that effect.

Well, gentle reader, reader living outside of Wisconsin, probably you don't know anything about a

Wisconsin case of hustle, when anybody is suffering. The next day in Milwaukee the Governor and members of his staff couldn't go ten steps without being offered money and cut feed for those Hurley miners. In two days there were several thousand dollars in money and a warehouse full of food ready to ship, and Saturday night a special train, with the "old man" and a lot of his young kid staff, were on the way to Hurley, and Sunday morning the train pulled into the hungry town, and the mayor and the business men were all there, and the ladies of relief societies, laughing and crying because the people of old Wisconsin had remembered them so generously. There was four feet of snow on the ground that winter morning, and soon all the sleighs in town were hauling the flour and the pork and beef, and everything up to the city building, and storing it away in the basement, and beside the fire engine. For a couple of hours the sleighs were loaded and unloaded regularly, but about 10 o'clock the sleighs came slow from the train, and got stuck on the hill, and the work had practically stopped. The Governor asked what was the matter, and was told that the men who were working to load and unload the stuff wanted to know who was going to pay them for their work! They were practically on a strike for pay for handling the provisions that were to be given them freely by the people, to live on during the winter. The idea was so preposterous that the Governor couldn't believe it, but one of his staff came up from the depot and said it was true, they were grumbling about being paid for their work.

The mayor and the business men were ashamed of their people, and blushed, and then the Governor and his staff and the business men took hold of a sleigh load of barrels of corned beef and lifted it up the hill, while some of the laboring men stood and looked on, and laughed. On the way home, the next day, some of the staff said they had never seen the "old man" mad before, and they didn't want to see him mad any more, because it spoiled his looks. After the sleigh of beef was landed at the top of the hill the Governor brushed the snow and rock salt off his overcoat, took off his hat and wiped the perspiration off the bald spot on his head, and, turning to the mayor, said:

"Will you kindly turn in the fire alarm for me?"

"Certainly, Governor," said the mayor, as he started to go into the engine house. "I'll turn in anything you want," and he disappeared inside the building.

Soon the bell began to ring as though the whole town of Hurley was in flames, and the whole population came running up the hill, men with leather hats and slickers, and monkey wrenches, laboring men and business men, women and children, all excited and covered with snow. Some were going to pull out the hose cart and the fire apparatus, and all wondering where the fire was. The crowd gathered around an overturned sleigh, which had been loaded with flour, and the mayor said: "The Governor wants to talk to you, friends." The Governor got up on top of a snowdrift, one leg going down through and filling his trousers leg with snow, and when all was quiet he said:

“Fellow citizens, the people of Wisconsin have heard of your condition, that you are liable to be on the verge of starvation tomorrow, because you have



The governor got up on top of a snowdrift.

been long deprived of work. In their generosity they have sent you good cheer, and bid you not to be discouraged, as no one is to be allowed to suffer for food and clothing in this state. They have sent you a

trainload of food, free, and wish you to use it, and be happy all this cold winter. I find that some of you object to unloading this food from the cars and bringing it here, unless you are paid for your work. Shame on you! Now, I'll tell you what will happen. There are five carloads at the depot, and unless you go down there and hustle it out and up here, within two hours, I will take it back to Milwaukee, and all of this that has been delivered at this building will go back on the same train. The people of this state are not going to hire you to eat the food they give you. Now go and get those stalled sleighs up here, and load them again, and hurry about. That is all."

That was about the substance of the old man's speech, though some one said afterwards that he used one profane word. Anyway, the crowd started for the depot, and within an hour all the stuff was at the city building, and the local committee worked all night to get ready to issue it to the people the next morning and all that long cold winter nobody in Hurley suffered. That is all there was to the story of the Governor turning in a fire alarm to get an audience to talk to, but the speech carried the day.

AMERICAN JEW BAITER DEAD.

Judge Hilton, the man who appointed himself to inherit A. T. Stewart's millions, died at Saratoga a few days ago. He was a man who made a miscue, and never had a happy moment after he got Stewart's money. He got the bighead too quick, and looked about for something smart to do, to show that he was strictly in it. He was the owner of one of the Stewart hotels at Saratoga, at which many rich Jews were guests, and because he didn't like the way some particular Jew acted at the table, either eating with his knife, or something equally as foolish, he issued an order that Jews were not to be admitted to the hotel, thus becoming a sort of Czar before he had worn Mr. Stewart's millions long enough to get used to them. At first the Jews were indignant, then they felt hurt, and then they got so mad they boiled over, and up to this time they have made it warm for Hilton every chance they had. They didn't do a thing, as the boys say, to the A. T. Stewart store, on Broadway. They crippled its business, then bought it, and for years the remains of A. T. Stewart, if they could be found, would have seen the name of a firm of Jews over the door of the great store. They have followed Hilton right along, as they had a right to do, for he insulted a whole race, because one man of that race did not please him. If ever a lesson was given to Jew baiters, it was in this case, and it should be a lesson to be long remembered by men who think they are unusually

smart. There are many people who do not like some individual Jews, but few there are who are foolish enough to proscribe a whole race, because some one of that race is objectionable. The people who believe in fair play will not stand for the proscription of any race, and when a smart Aleck undertakes to do it, the people join in trying to do him up. It is un-American, and devilish. No man has money enough to make a success of turning down the Jews. They are a patient people, and can wait as long as anybody before running the knife into an enemy. If the Vanderbilts, with all their money, should publish a notice that no Jews were welcome to patronize their railroads, it would be only a matter of time when the vast wealth of that family would be exhausted in trying to buck against the fate that would surely overtake them, and the Jews would not be the only ones that would sit up nights to get even. They certainly would withdraw their patronage from the Vanderbilts, but the people would take pleasure in helping them, and thousands of Irish, Germans, Americans and others, who might not love the Jews so greatly, would get in line to do up the railroad that had the meanness to ostracize a religion. If Rockefeller, with his billion dollars, should announce that he did not desire the patronage of the Jews, the race would try to get along without the goods Rockefeller handled, and millions of people would be in such sympathy with the Jews that they would sit up nights in the dark rather than burn kerosene oil, just to help pay a man for being too mean to be an American, and before he died Rockefeller would be around borrowing money

of the Jews, and he would see his wealth disappear, and the Jews would be justified in smiling. Few Jews will send flowers to the funeral of Judge Hilton. They will not get up a demonstration over his departure from a life that was meant to have little pleasure in it for them, but they would be justified in drinking to the health of Seligman, the first Jew that was ordered to pack up and get out of the Saratoga hotel. Hilton used to say, "If the Jews don't like it at Saratoga, let them go back to Jerusalem," but no rich Jew cared very much about going to Jerusalem to reside, when they could have such good times in this country, with only an occasional enemy. In fact, America is the only country, unless it be England, in which Jews are not made to feel that their room is better than their company, but here they size right up beside any class of people, are as enterprising as the old original American himself, are generous and charitable, whatever may be said of their peculiarity for making and saving money. They don't spend money so recklessly as some, and they are better for it, but when they see that by spending money they can do good for the community in which they reside, or help its business or its general good, they blow in as well as anybody. The business Jew is an object lesson of careful looking out for number one, that may well be used by educators of young business boys as illustrations of what a good business man may be, a lesson to follow. Cities and states would be better off financially if more Jews should be called to political positions where money is to be saved and handled carefully, than they are when men want to hold finan-

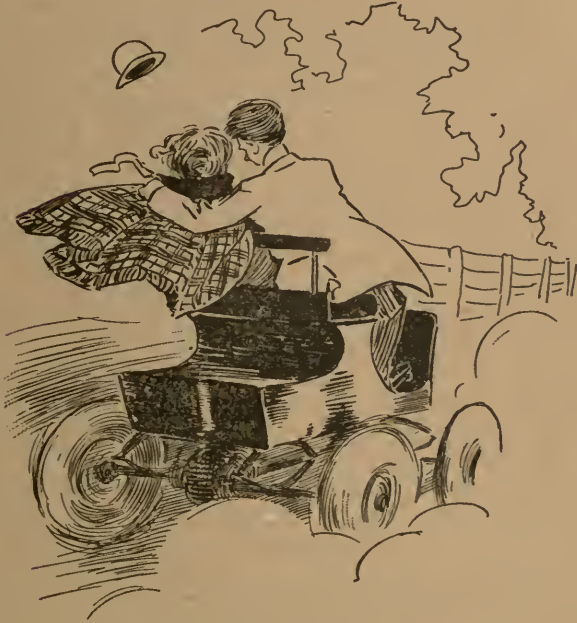
cial positions who are only qualified to spend money, and not to save it. A corporation that has a good solid Jew as its treasurer, never fails, but always has money ahead. Some day a Jew will be treasurer of the United States, and then the government will not make a big bluff at richness on borrowed money, but will earn it before spending it. The only thing The Sun has against the Jews is that they don't buy a couple of million repeating rifles and go to France and raise merry hades with the Jew baiters, and drive them into the ocean.

THE HORSELESS CARRIAGE.

The day of the automobile has come, and the queer old people who try to stand in the way of its progress are going to be run over by its large tires and have the ancient wind squeezed out of them. The Chicago park commissioners, composed of a few old "Father Times," who may be interested in the livery business or the fertilizer industry, adopted a resolution against the automobile carriage in the parks, but a judge who was born since this country was settled, and who expected to live a few years in that city, declared that the park commissioners had no right to shut out the motor carriage, and the old fossils who tried to keep the noiseless, horseless vehicle out of society have been embalmed and placed in hermet-

ically-sealed cases in the anthropological building with the mummies. The horseless carriage has come to stay, as did the safety bicycle. When the safety first appeared, with its noiseless wind tires, horses were scared, and there were old back numbers who said these vehicles must only travel on back streets, but these old people have died, and the safety is so plenty that a horse that used to begin to snort and paw and shy at a wheel half a mile ahead, would be kept pretty busy shying at the wheels that surround him on all sides. The only argument against the horseless carriage is that it might frighten horses. Anything may frighten a horse, even a baby wagon, but shall we cease to raise children because a fool horse may be frightened at a baby? That would have been the next order of the Chicago park commissioners, that children cease to be, in the interest of the narrow-headed horse that sees in a lady's parasol an object frightful to behold. The day of the horse is numbered. He has lorded it over the people too long. The horse never was reliable. The family horse that had the lives of a dozen good people in his hands, or feet, rather, would be lauded to the skies for years, and then would shy at a flying piece of paper that he ought to know, if he had an ounce of brain, was harmless, and he would run away and scatter the family all over the street. The horse has been overrated, as not one in a thousand was reliable. The young man who took his girl out riding with a horse guaranteed to be so safe you could lay the lines down on the dashboard, has found when the critical time came that the horse needed both hands and a windlass

to hold him, and that he had shied at a flower by the roadside, when he ought to be going along straight, driving himself. Many a young couple have been pitched headlong into a barbed-wire fence at a mo-



He can attend strictly to the girl.

ment when the young man was ready to propose, by a fool horse, that could not tell what he was scared at if put on his oath in a court of justice. With the motor carriage the young couple will have joy where formerly all was fear and trembling. They are seated

in the motor carriage, and when he has fixed the wrap around her shoulders, and the lap robe about her feet, and looked into her eyes to see if they are there, or thereabouts, he touches a button and the motor begins to stutter, the carriage moves, and there you are. He does not have to look ahead for things the motor may get scared at, and he can attend strictly to the girl. He can steer it with his feet, so both hands are free as the air they breathe, and can move about from place to place, where they can be of the most service. The motor is not bothered with flies, and does not switch its tail over the lines, compelling the lover to leave his beloved in the seat while he leans over the dashboard on his white vest and takes the tail in one hand and the lines in the other, and removes the pressure, and maybe gets kicked through the dashboard. The motor does not start up suddenly when a carriage comes up behind, and jerk till their backs ache. The motor can be left beside the road while the young man and woman go into the woods to pick flowers, and when they come back they will not find that it has unharnessed itself, is walking on the headstall, and chewing leaves off a tree like a giraffe, while the young people have to repair the harness and hire a farmer to show them how to put it on the brute that has collected all the flies for miles around, and has been lying down and rolling over. The motor will not take a young couple off into the country and then get the stomachache and have to be unhitched and led around, and given medicine out of a bottle, and led behind the buggy by the girl, while the young man hauls the buggy to

town. The motor will not squeal and whinny when it passes a farm horse cultivating corn, and prance and kick up, and scare a boy and a girl out of their wits for fear it is going to run away. It is on the Fourth of July that the motor carriage will be worth its weight in gold. The motor will not snort at the smell of powder, and pull on the bit, and jump over a house when the small boy throws the big firecracker under the carriage. The motor will not become frightened at the pin-wheel and run upon the sidewalk and tip the young people out on the lawn, all mixed up, so they have to have water poured on them, and it will not be so frightened at the rocket that it will squat down while the rocket is going up, and jump into the air when the rocket explodes. The motor will be color-blind, and when the red fire is lit it will not turn around on one wheel and kick the whiffle-trees, and run into a lamp post. The motor will not have to be curried off and rubbed with a brush, under the stomach, which makes a horse kick and bite. The motor will not need a veterinary surgeon to cure it of scratches and splints. It can be traded without everybody connected with the trade lying about its age and its soundness. You will know by the maker's mark on the back how old it is, and will not have to open its mouth, look at its teeth, and then look wise, and say, "It will never be ten years old again." You cannot file off the teeth of a twenty-year-old motor and sell it to a tenderfoot for a seven-year-old. You will not have to say it is perfectly gentle, a woman can drive it, and there is not a pimple on it. The motor carriage is going to be the greatest thing that ever

happened, and The Sun advises everybody to acquire a taste for horse meat. The horse that is eaten cannot run away and smash things.

BURNING A TAR BARREL.

Many people who read of the Dewey celebrations in Vermont are unable to understand the meaning of the "burning of tar barrels," at all the places where the hero was entertained. With electric lights, search lights, and other methods of lighting up the gloom, these people do not see where the fun comes in in burning dirty and stick tar barrels. Oh, the ignorance of some people! It is probable that nothing in all the celebrations in his honor in this country touched Dewey in so tender a spot as the burning of tar barrels. It is a custom as old as the country to burn tar barrels on great occasions, in country towns. The empty tar barrel is sacred for great celebrations. When the tar has all been drawn out of a barrel, the barrel is not destroyed at once, or burned to get rid of it, and a man who would deliberately burn a tar barrel when nothing had happened would be lynched. The tar barrel is hidden away until it is its time to come on the scene. The tar barrel is never burned during a political campaign, but after election it is doomed, and must come out. If a Republican owns the tar barrel, and there is a Democratic victory, he

tries to keep the secret that he has a tar barrel hidden, and tries to save it from celebrating a victory for the other side, and vice versa. But there is always



“You didn’t do a thing to us, did you?”

someone who knows where the tar barrel is, and before the returns are fairly counted, but the result is known, excited men and boys roll the tar barrel to

the center of the street, touch a match to it, and then there is a fire for your money. As the flames and fumes of burning tar fill the air, people will come from everywhere, half-dressed, as though just out of bed, and they surround the smoking pile and all enmities cease in the light of the tar barrel. Men who have fought each other in politics for months, ready to kill, will shake hands and say, "Well, boys, you Republicans did everlastingly warm us, but we kept you guessing," and if the result is the other way a good-natured Republican will say, as he puts his arms around a neighboring Democrat he has called a horsethief all the fall, "Well, you condum old copperhead, you didn't do a thing to us, did you?" and they will turn their backs to the fire, spread their coat-tails and ask, "how are all the folks to hum," a thing they have forgotten to do all through the campaign, and one will say, "Now, Abner, you must come over some night and bring Sary, and play cinch, and we won't talk politics for two years." When the tar barrel burns the people all come together. There is nothing like the tar barrel in the country town, burning away into the small hours of the morning, with boys yelling and playing, to heal up the old sores of strife, and often the women folks cannot withstand the temptation to go down town, smell tar, and see the boys that have been fighting the political battles of their country, lock arms and bury the hatchet.

And so Dewey, at Montpelier, after witnessing sights such as no man had ever seen before, the destruction of the Spanish fleet, the home coming, the grand demonstration at New York and Washington,

where night was turned into day by electricity and kindred new illuminations, stood on the balcony of his hotel and saw the boys touch off the tar barrels, and he laughed like a boy and choked up, and felt that he was indeed at home again, and as the odor of pine tar filled the air, and the bright light colored the old elm trees that he played under when he was a boy, and the imps played around the burning barrels as he did when he had no shoes to his feet, and the people he had known when he was not a hero except to his mother, it is not strange that tears came to his eyes, and rolled down his cheeks, and he turned to his big, rough-bearded brother and said, "Brother, this beats all the celebrations in all the world. I'd like to go down and touch off a tar barrel myself."

SALT WATER BATHS FOR HIVES.

An outspoken elderly lady, and a lady much younger, were sitting together in a street car, and a man was sitting behind them, trying to read a paper. The conversation between the ladies was something about bathing, and he could hear their opinions of hot and cold baths, sponge baths, sun baths, and all that, when the younger woman said she found that putting a little sea salt into the water was very refreshing.

"Well, I don't," said the elderly lady, "and I want

to live long enough to get even with the druggist who sold me a bag of sea salt, and said it would dissolve in a few minutes. It cut me just like broken glass when I got in the bathtub and sat down in the water—”

“Hush,” said the younger woman, as the elderly lady talked quite loud, “that man behind will hear you.”



“Did you ever have hives?”

“I don't care if he does,” said the elderly lady. “He won't know what we are talking about. You see, I couldn't go to the seashore, and I wanted salt sea baths, and I thought if I could get all the benefit of salt water baths for a few cents' worth of salt, I could save money. I was particular to ask that man if those great lumps of salt would dissolve, and he said they would melt right down, and mingle with the

water, the liar. He knew better. Well, I put about a pint of that rock salt in the bathtub, and let it soak while I was doing up my hair in a towel, and, O, did you ever have hives?"

"Sh-sh-sh! Don't talk so loud," said the younger woman. "No, I never had hives. What has hives got to do with it? Talk low."

"Well, if you ever have hives don't rub any salt water on your legs—"

"Sh-sh! For heaven's sake, don't talk so loud, or I'll get right out of the car," said the younger woman. "Now whisper about the sea salt."

"Well, I don't care, it nearly killed me," said the elderly woman. "I thought the salt was all dissolved, and I got in, and stepped on the soap and slipped down kerplunk. I don't believe a single grain of that salt was dissolved, and every grain of it was three-cornered, and as sharp as tacks, and goodness sakes, I was being crucified. I did not dare to yell, for you know how nervous my husband is, and he would have turned in the fire alarm and brought the whole fire department as quick as anything. So I just laid there and squashed salt, and pretty soon the water began to get salty, and got into the breaking out on me, and I thought I should scream. I jumped out of the bathtub and let the salt water out, and scraped the salt out, and actually there was more salt when I took it out than when I put it in, and suffering as I was from the salt in my wounds, I had to wait almost a week it seemed to me before that salt water run out of the bathtub, and then the fresh water I wanted to rinse off the salt run so slow I like to died

before there was enough to get the salt off. O, but I could kill that druggist. Hark, what is that snickering behind us? I believe it is the druggist that told me the salt would dissolve. Don't look around. Are you going to put up any peaches this season?"

"No, and I am not going to take any salt water baths," said the younger woman, and she got up to leave, and both of them looked mighty sharp at the man in the seat behind them, who was making a bluff at reading the paper.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN WISCONSIN.

It is wonderful how sudden a change of public sentiment can be brought about. That is illustrated in the case of Dreyfus in Paris. Two years ago the people were so bitter against him that they felt as if his punishment of imprisonment for life was not sufficient. Now the chances are they will want to carry him on their shoulders when he returns. The public sentiment of two gentlemen at Neillsville changed last week so quick that it almost made their heads swim. There was a small circus in town, and as it passed through the streets the people who had seen greater shows commented on the little runt of an elephant that was in the procession. Two of the first citizens who had traveled some sat on the porch of the hotel, with the city marshal, and talked about big

game hunting. Mr. Ring said he had shot all the different kinds of game in this part of the country, deer, bear, wolves, etc., and he was thinking that if everything turned out right with him the next year or two, on his farm, and he could sell a lot of merino bucks and shire horses at good prosperity prices, he would take a trip to India or Africa and shoot some lions, tigers and elephants, but he said if he shot any elephants he wanted big ones, as he wouldn't fool away time on these little fellows. He said such an elephant as that one that just passed wouldn't be good powder for a revolver, and he would bet he could take a lariat rope and lead it anywhere. Mr. McBride said he had heard, when he was consul to Glasgow, Scotland, from a man who had hunted elephants, that they were great cowards, and if a man took a club and walked right up to them and spoke to them in a commanding voice, that they would get down on their knees and beg for mercy. He said maybe if Ring went to Africa in a year or two he would go along and hunt elephants, as he had always felt as though he wanted to scare big game. The two gentlemen talked for some time about what little chance there was for excitement in a small town, and how they would like to get where they could chase big game, and the marshal walked away, leaving them there worrying because there was not enough going on to keep a man's blood circulating. Suddenly there was great excitement up the street, people rushing wildly about, parents throwing children into open doorways and running away in excitement, and presently the cry went forth that the elephant had got

loose and was destroying part of the town. Mr. Ring was at once filled with excitement, and was for climbing up the post of the porch, but Mr. McBride said if the elephant came along he would pull down the porch, and he suggested that they take a closed hack and go out to Mr. Ring's farm and see if the man had got the sheep sheared. Just then the marshal re-



Mr. Ring was for climbing the porch.

turned and reassured the gentlemen. He said the elephant had escaped sure enough and had taken to a piece of woods on the edge of town, and he wanted Mr. Ring and Mr. McBride to go with him and help catch the animal and return it to the circus, and he handed a coil of rope to Mr. Ring and an ax-helve to Mr. McBride. He said

Mr. McBride could club the elephant and Mr. Ring could rope him, and it would give them experience that might be valuable to them when they went hunting elephants. The elephant business was becoming serious. Mr. Ring said he would like to go and help get the elephant all right

enough, but he didn't have his elephant shoes on, and that was not his elephant day, anyway. Mr. McBride said he was a lawyer and not an elephant hunter, and he could not do anything so unprofessional as to volunteer in any case, but if the proprietor of the circus wanted to come to him and retain him, in the regular way, he would apply to Judge O'Neil, who was present, for an injunction to restrain the elephant from devastating the sugar bushes and pine forests of Clark county, but he would be blessed if he would go chasing elephants on a contingency. Mr. Ring agreed with Mr. McBride. He said he was attorney of the North-Western road and he couldn't take the circus man's side of the case until he had wired Chicago and found whether his clients were interested one way or another. They argued the case awhile, and both showed good reasons why they should not be expected to mix in the fracas, and the marshal rounded up a hostler with a pitchfork and a river driver with a pike pole, and they started out towards the woods, but they soon met a barefooted boy with a twine string tied around the trunk, and he was leading the elephant back to the circus, where he was given a ticket to the evening performance, and the incident was closed, while Mr. Ring and Mr. McBride sat for an hour and talked about the recent rains, and how much good they would do the lumbermen who had logs hung up in Black river.

THE OUTING AND THE MOSQUITO.

Within a few years the summer resort that advertises "No mosquitoes," will be deserted by summer guests, and the resort that can show the greatest aggregation of fierce and musical insects of that nature will have to turn people away. This seems a wild statement, but it is liable to come to pass. The editor of *The Sun* has investigated the mosquito question thoroughly, and has come to the conclusion that this particular insect was placed on the earth with good intent, and for a purpose but little dreamed of at this time. The man who goes on an outing where there are plenty of mosquitoes, the man who is overworked, and worrying about business affairs, is not allowed to think of business. When he tries to think, the insects gather about him, and keep him busy driving them away, and swearing at them. A man who is mad, and slapping himself constantly to kill the pests, cannot get his mind on the affairs of home, that worry him. That is one thing mosquitoes are made for, to cause the man with nervous prostration, with his brain paining him, and his stomach in the wrong place, to get a move on himself, and go home cured. If a man goes to a resort with all these diseases, and more, too, and gets in a hammock, under a mosquito netting, his think-tank is constantly at work on the old problems he tried to leave at home, and when he comes out from under the netting his head aches, and the old worry is on him, and

he is not benefited. But let him go out in the woods and meet the mosquitoes on their own ground, and we defy him to remember what his name is, or what business he is in. He gets everything off his mind



Let him meet the mosquitoes on their own ground.

except mosquitoes, and that is the first requisite of a complete cure. Let such an overworked man or woman fight mosquitoes for two or three weeks, except at night, when he ought to sleep under a mosquito bar, and he will go home a new man, and will have to be introduced to the troubles he left when he went on his outing. Let two men similarly af-

flicted, go to the same resort, and let one take all the mosquito degrees, and let them bite him all the time, and let the other live under a mosquito bar, and the one who has fought the insects will go home fat and hearty, a new man, while the other will go back languid, sick and with no benefit derived from his outing.

The mosquito is an instrument in the hands of Providence to cure the sick. It is said by some that Jenner was the first to discover the benefit of vaccination, but the mosquito discovered it before Jenner was born. The bite or sting of the mosquito is vaccination against malaria. Let two men go into the swamps together, one without any guard against the bites of the insects, and the other covered with netting so a mosquito couldn't get a bite out of him under any circumstances, and the man who is well bitten comes out of the swamps a healthy man, while the man who is not thus vaccinated will have chills and fever, and will be laid up with malarial fever for months, and he will lay his sickness to the water he drank. He has simply prevented nature from applying the remedy, through the mosquito. The mosquito has never been thoroughly understood, except by the Indians. They let the insects work on them, and never drive them off, and no one ever heard of an Indian being sick of malaria until civilization brought whisky and mosquito bars to the reservation. The Filipinos never cease to wonder at our soldiers arming themselves with mosquito bars, and if peace ever comes to us, they will tell us that it was not our short-range guns against their long-range guns that caused us to fall and to die, so much as the disease we courted by not allowing the mosquito to do the fair thing by us, in puncturing our tires for malaria and fever. When the mosquito is better known we shall propagate them instead of killing them, and we will seek the places where they are most plenty.

WHY THEY DID NOT ENLIST.

Two young men who had half way agreed that they would enlist to fight in the Philippines, and had agreed to meet and talk it over before going to the recruiting officer, met at the appointed time, and neither of them looked enthusiastic over the prospect of becoming a soldier in a far-off country. They looked at each other and laughed a half-hearted laugh, and finally:

"It's all off with me," said John.

"I throw up my hands, and stay home," said Jim.

"What soured you on war?" asked John.

"Well, I'll tell you," said Jim, as he sat down in a chair in front of a hotel, in sight of the recruiting office. "I have been reading what the boys say who have come back from the Philippines, about the climate, the people, and the service. If some country should make war on the United States nobody could keep me out, but this sawed-off war does not seem to appeal to me, and I would only go as an adventure, same as a boy goes on a tramp when he runs away from home. I have lived in Wisconsin all my life, and enjoy the climate and the people. They all seem to be my kind. The people here are good, square stuff, and they would not stab a man in the back. I don't think you can find a man in Wisconsin who would use a flag of truce to decoy soldiers in range of guns, and then shoot them down. Our people are great big fellows, with souls in them, who, if they

fight, fight fair, and honor a foe if the foe fights square. Those Filipinos are tricky little things, brave enough when in a bunch, but when their lines are broken they run like rabbits, and shooting them is a good deal like pot hunting, the boys say. It almost seems as though they should be protected in the breeding season, the way we protect game. I am not mad enough at them to deliberately go eight thousand miles to flush them in the bushes like quails, and shoot them in the back as they cackle and try to get away to cover, like prairie chickens. I would feel as ashamed to kill them as I would to fire bird shot into a flock of little children, dressed up as brownies, and playing on the lawn. I have got accustomed to breathe pure air at all seasons here, and a look at the fields and the woods fills me with joy. I know there is health in every breath and happiness in every home. The mothers here are not black and soiled, and full of the devil, ready to poison you if you accept their hospitalities, as they are in the far-off country we are fighting. The girls here are white, and good and glorious, each one a queen, while out there the girls are like dirty bronze, smoking tobacco that is too vile to sell, with eyes that seem filled with love one moment, and weapons of hate and treachery the next. Here you can sleep in a bed, and sleep. There you lie in the mud and don't sleep. Here you couldn't find a flea or a snake with a search warrant, and the mosquitoes are decent, and let you know by their song when they are due to bite. There the mosquitoes do not sing, but sneak on you and bite and hold on like bulldogs, and poison you for pure, unadulter-

ated meanness when they do not want your blood in their business, while fleas form marching clubs and go up and down you just to keep you awake, and snakes lay for you, centipedes get into your blankets, scorpions crawl into your ears, and tarantulas get into your wet and mildewed shoes, and poison you when you put them on. The food here is pure and makes you strong and manly, and able to work. The food there is largely fruit that makes you sick, and pale and bloodless, and the meat you get would cause a dog to have rabies. The diseases there are numerous and fatal, and a soldier looks like a corpse that has been buried long enough to become mildewed and grow two-inch long whiskers, and then come to life and try to make people believe it was a mistake about his being dead. The sun is so hot that it makes the brain boil and bubble like the paint pots in the Yellowstone Park, and the rain gets to falling and forgets to stop, and you may go six months without dry clothes. One cannot feel that he is a man under such circumstances, and he gets so he wants to kill off the whole population and come home and do nothing but breathe for a month, and get the bad air and malaria out of his system. These are the things I have thought over, and they are my reasons for fighting shy of the present war. What was the reason you flunked on going to the Philippines, John?"

"Jerusalem, Jim, but you have repeated exactly what I have thought over for a week, and which got me to decide that I would shoot rabbits here at home this season, instead of Filipinos on the gallop," said John, "but what soured me the worst was something

I read in a paper yesterday. Here it is," and John read the following:

"Assistant Secretary Meiklejohn now has under consideration several devices for identifying soldiers who have been killed in battle. The most practicable scheme yet submitted is to furnish all regiments with medallions about the size of a half-dollar, made of a combination of metals of which a large part is aluminum. The regimental and company designation will be on one side and the medals will be numbered consecutively and each man's number placed opposite his name on the muster rolls.

"These tags will be suspended about the neck with a ribbon or a strong piece of twine. The object in tagging the soldiers will be to afford easy means of identifying those wounded, killed in action, or who die in the hospitals.

"The inscription on the tag can be scratched upon a rude headboard when a soldier is buried on a field of battle and the device buried with him, making identification almost certain.

"The large number of unidentified dead in the Spanish war has caused the department some concern, and it is to prevent a recurrence of this in the Philippines with the new volunteer regiments that the subject is now taken up."

"There," said John, as he folded up the paper and put it in his vest pocket, "that was the crusher that knocked all the patriotism out of me. I had never thought of being killed, and having to be identified by a tag. My idea had been to kill up a lot of Filipinos, just enough for a mess, but when I came to

realize the trouble our great and good government was having to identify the boys who got it in the neck, and the chances of being buried as the wrong fellow, and I read about this dog license tag business, and thought how the chances were that if I was killed the little monkey who killed me would steal my tag and give it to his girl for a souvenir bangle to wear on her bare ankles, I just thought the government could worry along without me. My, but isn't that a cold-blooded proposition, that tag business. If a soldier had one on, worn around his neck, he wouldn't be able to think of anything else, and war would have terrors that are new. The soldier would feel as though he was wearing his coffin-plate all the time, and it would take the tuck out of him. The unknown grave business is too much for John."

THE SULTAN DROWNS WIVES.

A dispatch from Constantinople says the Sultan drowned four of his wives, one day last week, in the Bosphorus, for intriguing with a young Turk party. We don't know exactly what intriguing with a young Turk party is, but probably it is a good deal like flirting here in the states. When an old man's wife, here in this country, gets to intriguing with some young American party, the old man does not have any such snap as the Sultan does. He has to grin

and bear it, and scold, and eventually get a gun and go gunning for the young American party, and as often as not the young party gets the drop on the old man, kills him, gets off on the ground of self-defense, and goes on intriguing as though nothing



He has her stand aside.

had happened. But the Sultan does not have to worry about these little matters. He rounds up a few hundred wives, and looks at them, and if one of them has her lips chapped, as though she had been intriguing, he gives her a look that cuts a hole in her, and if she blushes, he has her stand aside, and when he gets enough for a fair-sized boatload, he

orders a trusty eunuch to load them in a skiff, coil some leadpipe around them, run the boat out of his private chapel into the stream, and throw them overboard, and all that there is to show for it is some bubbles on the water, which soon disappear, and then the eunuchs dive for the leadpipe, and sell it for junk. Most people will complain and make sarcastic remarks about a Sultan that has the power and takes pleasure in drowning his wives, but they should remember that he has to maintain discipline in his domestic army, or he would not be the commander. How many men, living in other states than Wisconsin, have seen the time they would like to drown one wife, because she intrigued, but it being unlawful to do so, he has had to live with her until some epidemic came. The Sultan is probably a bad man. Nobody seems to doubt that. But who wouldn't be, with a thousand or fifteen hundred wives, with different dispositions, and a thousand young Turks around the house making eyes at them, and taking them out boat-riding, and playing lawn tennis. No husband can watch fifteen hundred wives the way they ought to be watched. No husband can have more than a calling acquaintance with so many wives, and when he is engaged in the affairs of state, it is not strange that these young devils get to flirting with them. Probably the only way to keep peace in the family is to drown a few wives every day, and it seems as though more charity should be shown to the Sultan. He certainly has troubles of his own, and if drowning is the method of relieving him it shows an advancement in the civilization of Turkey, as in former years

they used to kill them with a scimeter, and get blood on the carpet. There is nothing much better than water, if used in moderation.

HOW UNCLE CHARLEY MADE AN APPLE PIE.

A year or two ago, at a shooting club in this state, there were half a dozen of the best fellows in the world putting in a week with the ducks, doing their own cooking, and having more fun with each other than ever was enjoyed by a party anywhere else on earth. There was the Professor, who is authority on everything that grows or swims or flies, the Landlord who knows how everything ought to be cooked, but couldn't boil water alone without scorching it, the Veteran who has a wooden leg that he can kick with or walk a match with, and keep up with the boys in any sport there is going; the Editor who will praise anybody's cooking as long as he does not have to do anything but wipe the dishes, and who will sit up till after midnight drinking strong coffee and eating sinkers, and then tells in the morning about being broke of his rest by ducks quacking out in the lake all night; the Doctor, who takes along no medicine, except a pious example and a package of seidlitz powders, and the two uncles, Uncle John, who can make a johnnycake with his eyes shut that will make

the consumer glad he is alive; and Uncle Charley, who has traveled the world over, and can tell about it, when the boys get him started. The crowd were sitting around on the lawn one afternoon in early autumn, watching the apples fall off the trees in the orchard, and speculating on who should cook supper, and what it should be, when Uncle Charley came along with a pan of apples and said:

“Boys, I am going to make an apple-pie for supper.”

If lightning had struck the smokehouse the consternation and astonishment could not have been greater. They had eaten everything that had been furnished them by the amateur cooks and had not kicked, but this seemed to be too much. Of course they wanted pie, but whether Uncle Charley was equal to making an apple-pie was unknown, but they knew that if he started out to make a pie he would make one, and they would have to eat it, as he was a sensitive man, who would not like to see his pie untouched. The Professor was appointed to go in the kitchen and see if Uncle Charley was really bent on committing apple-pie, with instructions to reason with him and try to dissuade him from so hellish an act. The Professor soon returned with the sad news that Uncle Charley had got an apron on and was already butchering the apples, and could not be reasoned with. Some thought they had arrived at a point in the history of the club where an amateur apple-pie would shake the organization to its foundation, and it was decided that all should go in the kitchen and watch the proceedings, and give Uncle

Charley the benefit of any advice they might think of, and render him a helping hand. They found him with a pan of flour, and a lot of butter, lard, baking powder, eggs, milk and a rolling-pin and a board to roll out the crust on. Flour was scattered all over the table, he had dropped an egg on the floor and tried to sweep it out of doors with a broom, and he had baking powder in his hair. The watchers sat around the room as solemn as though they were bearers at a funeral, and one suggested that Uncle Charley wash his hands before he went any further, which he finally consented to do, in the interest of harmony. Then he mixed the dough in the pan, and began to try to roll it out, but it seemed to bound like a rubber ball, and he had difficulty in flattening it out. The Doctor said if Uncle Charley would sit on it a little while it would take the wind out of it, and the Landlord suggested that it be run through a clothes-wringer. The dough stuck to the rolling-pin, and curled up like a sled-runner, and Uncle John told him to grease the rolling-pin, and he said maybe that would be a good idea, and he greased it. The Professor said he liked a pie with a nice flaky crust, and the Veteran said he would probably get it, if Uncle Charley ever got that wind-pudding scraped off the rolling-pin, and suggested pulling it off with a corkscrew. The boys finally all got up and stood around the table, and gave advice. The Veteran said he would grab hold of one end of the dough and stretch it out, and when it come off the rolling-pin all could take hold of an edge of it and stretch it out, and then Uncle Charley could take a flat-iron and

maul it down flat, and they could get it into the bottom of the pie-plate and hold it till the instigator of the pie got the apples on, and then it could not get away, and he could take his time shingling the roof



The boys stood around and gave advice.

of it with another crust. Uncle Charley finally got the dough rolled out so it wasn't more than a couple of inches thick, and he said it beat all how contrary that dough was. He said he never exactly made a pie himself, but he had seen it done so many times he

knew he could make one, but he was sure the flour was bad. The Doctor suggested that he bake the crust separate, and let each one put in the apples to his taste when it came on the table, but Uncle Charley said that would be a shortcake and not a pie, and when he started in to make pie he didn't make shortcake. The Doctor suggested that he put some quinine pills in the apples or something that would be a preventive against any epidemic, but Uncle Charley kept on rolling, and said if anybody didn't like his pie they could let it alone. Finally he got the crust down to an inch thick and put it in the pie tin and ironed it down with a flat-iron and put the apples in, and after a while he got an upper crust that looked like a section of bed-quilt lined with cotton, and plastered it on top of the apples, and it was ready for the oven. Uncle John wanted to know if he was not going to scallop the edge of the crust, but Uncle Charley said this was only an everyday pie and he should not scallop the edges, but if they were having company, he would put on a little style with his pie. The fire had gone out, but the pie was got into the oven, and a roaring fire was built, and a sigh of relief was noticed when the pie was out of sight. Uncle Charley had an air of a conqueror, as he began to clean up the room, and he said: "You fellows that cook meat and potatoes and eggs are just common dubs and don't class with a pastry-cook." The Landlord got the boys out on the lawn and told them that was going to be the condemnedest pie that ever was, and he would have to be excused from eating any of it, for his stomach was not as strong as it used to be,

besides he had seen the ashes off Uncle Charley's pipe sift into the apples. The other boys said the Landlord would have to eat his share of the pie, or leave camp, that when men were out together each should stand his share of the suffering and hardships. It was then decided that all should drink a strong whisky toddy, to brace them up for the ordeal, and so they filled their glasses and drank to the toast, "Here's to Uncle Charley's pie, and may the Lord have mercy on us." The Editor got on his wheel and said he was going for a ride, but the boys could see that he had a scheme for being absent when the critical time came, and he was arrested, and his wheel locked up until the ordeal was over. Each of the boys opened the oven occasionally to see how the pie was coming on, and one moment it would be swelled up to fill half the oven, and seemed to be boiling and steaming, and then again it would seem to be sinking down into the bottom of the tin. The dinner was cooked and all sat down to the table, Uncle Charley keeping watch of his pie, and when the proper time came he took it out of the oven with the tongs, and dropped it on the table with a dull thud, and the boys looked at it. The pie had simmered down about even with the plate and the top crust looked like building paper, with great warts on. The Professor said if Uncle Charley would run a lawn mower over the top and cut off the warts it would help the looks of the pie, but he said: "You never mind the warts." It was decided that the Doctor should perform the operation of cutting the pie, but he said he had no instruments with him, but the Landlord handed him a

butcher knife and he attempted to carve the crust, but the knife would make no impression on the roof of the pie. "What's the matter with a hatchet," said the Editor, as he pounded on the crust with the head of a hatchet, which bounded off, and then he suggested that the pie would be a good backstop for a baseball field. The Doctor, who had performed many an operation, said this was the toughest proposition he had ever gone up against, and he handed the pie to the man who made it, and said he gave it up. Uncle Charley took it over to his place on the table and said it was easy enough to cut a pie if you knew how, and he slipped a caseknife under the upper crust and pried off a little piece, which broke with a snap, flew across the table and struck the Veteran under the eye, and he said, "What you throwing pieces of slate at me for? You will put a man's eyes out if you are not careful." The Editor said he had a suggestion to make, though he did not care to mix in anybody else's pie. He suggested that they turn over the pie on its face, and take a can-opener and cut through the plate and bottom crust and fish out some of the apples with a cleaning-rod with a wormer on. Uncle Charley said he knew what was the matter; it was because the pie was too hot. He said you take that pie and let it get cold, and you can do anything with it. But he said you would have to work it from the top and sink a shaft down the center, as he now remembered that he had not greased the plate, and it would never come off the pie-tin. So they set the pie away in the pantry. And it got cold and seemed harder each day, and the boys would go into the pantry occasionally,

all the fall, and take off their hats and pay their respects to Uncle Charley's pie. Occasionally they would bring it out when unexpected company arrived, and ask them if they would try a piece of the apple-pie, and when a guest tried to cut out a piece the boys would all look out of the window and after the guest had dulled his knife and said he guessed he didn't care for any pie, some one would hand him a whetstone, but no one ever got a mouthful of the pie. It was left out where the dog could get it, but it was safe. As the snow began to fall and the season was closing, one night the boys solemnly took the pie out on the Indian mound near the clubhouse and buried it with the pie-tin for a hermetically sealed coffin, and placed a board at the head of the grave on which was the inscription: "Here lies buried Uncle Charley's apple-pie. We shall never see its like again." And now, when somebody at the club suggests that they have a pie for dinner, all hold up their hands in horror, and say, "Nevermore! Nevermore!"

THE CHAPLAIN AND THE BULL.

An item in an Eau Claire paper speaks of the Rev. Joseph Moran, a preacher of that city, being out on a trout fishing expedition, and the few words therein bring a train of thought in regard to the reverend gentleman that causes a smile to come, and a tear

to chase away the smile. Some years ago the writer was at Camp Douglas officially, at the time the First Wisconsin regiment was in camp, and among the frequent visitors to headquarters was the chaplain, this Rev. Moran, a great big fellow like John L. Sullivan, with a heart in him as tender as that of Helen Gould. On duty as chaplain he was a meek and humble follower of the lowly Savior, preaching words that carried conviction to the hearts of the soldier boys, and made them love him like a brother. Off duty he was a great, good-natured boy, with a laugh that would echo from rock to rock like a note from a bugle horn. He would play any game with the boys, and when there was no preaching or playing to be done he would go off fishing the brooks that run through the meadows and woods for trout. He went out one day to fish, and remained to pray, and never got back to camp until it was too dark for anybody to see the condition his clothes were in. The chaplain was quietly fishing in a field when suddenly he heard a noise that caused his hair to raise up his hat about eight inches, and being a farmer's boy he would not mistake the voice of an infuriated bull that was coming towards him at a double-quick. Moran took in the situation without difficulty, and started for a tree. He would have preferred a nice, smooth birch tree, but the only tree near was a shag-bark hickory, the roughest tree to climb, either up or down, that has ever been made. He got to the tree ahead of the bull, but not enough ahead to brag about, and he never did brag about it. The tree was small, and when he had got up above the bull the tree would

bend over, a mere sapling, in fact. The bull was angered at the escape of the chaplain, and pawed the turf and bellowed, but the bull was not as mad as the chaplain was. The whole front of the chaplain's clothes were torn from the loose bark of the tree, but he did not complain as long as the back part had not been torn by the bull.

It was a trying situation for three hours. The bull would look up at him and bellow, and Moran would look down at the bull and talk Latin. The bull would rub against the tree, and it would seem as though it would go over, and then he would suddenly get away from it and the tree would fly back and almost throw the pious rider off. The bull even laid down under the tree to chew



The bull would look up at him and bellow.

his cud, and when he got asleep the chaplain would try to get down and make a run for it, but the noise the tearing clothes would make on the hickory bark would wake the bull, and he would snort, and get up, and paw the ground. It was after sun-down when the bull started off looking for the farmhouse, and after Moran had seen the animal disappear through the jack pines he got down with what

clothes he could save, and the way he pulled out for camp no bull on earth could have caught him, and he arrived safely among his boys in time for a late supper. The next morning he borrowed a Springfield musket and disappeared in the woods to the north of camp, and those who saw him wondered what was the trouble. An hour later, when all was still, a shot was heard away off in the distance, a mile away, and a few who knew of the chaplain's terrible experience looked at each other and said, "It is all over." An hour later the chaplain returned with his gun and hung it up on the tent pole, and no one who knew him would ask what had happened to the bull. But the next morning a farmer with a wide hat, whiskers like a bale of hay, and trousers that were uncreased, came to the colonel and complained that "one of them dumber recruits had shot one of his cows." A purse was quietly made up and the farmer was paid, and to this day it is probable the chaplain thinks he killed that bull that held sweet converse with him all that hot afternoon that he was in the hickory tree.

ABOLISHING THE SCHOOL RECESS.

Sometimes it looks as though the school officials were overdoing the thing in trying to make the schools of the present day as different as possible from the old schools, where the fathers and the grand-

fathers got their education. The last "improvement" that is suggested by school boards in some places is to do away with the recess in the middle of the forenoon and the middle of the afternoon, thus compelling the scholars to stay in the heated schoolroom from 9 o'clock in the morning until noon, and all the afternoon, without a minute of rest. If the abolition of the recess does not raise up a race of people with nervous headaches it will be a miracle. The old recess! Good gracious, it was the recess that kept the boys and the girls from dying in their tracks. Did you ever set in a country school, and see the scholars studying, and mumbling, and reciting, with their foreheads wrinkled, their eyes strained, the perspiration in large drops on their foreheads, and an air of depression all over the room. Presently the eyes turn to the old clock on the wall back of the teacher, and there is a faint smile on every face as it is noticed that in five minutes it will be half past ten, but each face looks as though it would be a week at least before that minute hand would get around to the mark, and as it moved along like a snail it would be seen that all were holding their breath, and watching the teacher. Would she see the clock, or would she be so busy she would forget the important event? It is half past ten, and she makes no move, and seems to be deaf and dumb, or immersed in some problem in the book before her. It is a minute after the time, and all eyes are on the clock, study has ceased entirely, and each scholar acts as though he or she would live just one minute more, and if the bell did not ring, they would scream. The teacher seems dead to the world, until

some boy, who will have cramps if this thing keeps up, jumps up and says, "Please, teacher, may I go out?" The teacher comes to life and says, "Can't you wait till recess?" and the boy says he didn't know as they were going to have any recess today, and then



The happiest boy in school.

the teacher looks at the clock, says, "Excuse me," rings the bell, and there is a rush for the door, and two minutes of the most valuable time has been wasted. There is no class of people on earth that can do more different kinds of things in fifteen minutes than scholars can during a recess. The first thing to do is to whoop and yell, to clear the lungs,

and then some wrestle, others play marbles, climb trees, and walk in the shade or run in the sun, and get over the ground as though a new world had got to be made in that short fifteen minutes, and while they are playing, the teacher, who has stolen two minutes of the children's time, will come out and watch them, and be sure to let the recess last the full time,

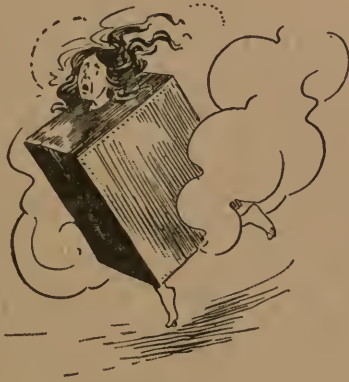
and when it is over each scholar wants to be the last to come in, as he wanted to be the first to go out. Ah, how many friendships that last through life are made at the school recess. The pretty girl is surrounded by her admirers, as she will be in society years later, and the boy who can be her acknowledged lover is the happiest boy in school, while the girls who are not so pretty get as jealous of the favorite as they will when they grow up, and are rivals for the hands of the grown-up boys. The bullies of the school will get together behind the school house and talk fight, and plan campaigns of slaughter that are never carried out, and when they go back to the study room, it is easy to study, where it was so hard before the recess. What can be the matter of these school officials that would cut off the recess? Have they been disappointed in love, or were they never boys themselves? The recess in school is like the sherbet served in the middle of a banquet, it aids the digestion like the blanched almonds and the celery and the olives. If the banqueter sat and ate of the solids all an evening, and never had the rest that comes with the *et ceteras*, he would die of apoplexy before the speaking began. If the scholar studies all the time, until his head whirls, his brain will become clogged and some day he will have one long recess at a lunatic asylum, where he will yell for all time, and the smart Aleck who has cut off the recess will be to blame for the whole business. Don't try to put on any frills to the old school-house system of education. As well try to run a steam engine without any safety valve, as to run a school without a recess, and have an explosion that will blow

fool school commissioners and overworked children higher than a kite. When you stop the recess you might as well seal up the brain, and put it in a bottle of alcohol. The boy and the girl have got to have a time to cut the string that holds the cork down, and let the wolf howl.

THE TURKISH BATH AT HOME.

The Sun desires, at all times, to do all in its power to foster and encourage new enterprises, but it can see many instances where a new invention, or a new style, or a new business, is overdone, and in many new inventions it can see how people are taking too many chances before the new invention has been properly tested, and its dangers understood. The Sun is brought to these solemn reflections by noticing so many advertisements of these new rubber Turkish bath cabinets, in the magazines, which is utilizing the old-fashioned whisky sweat, by which people were supposed to be cured of colds by putting whisky in a suitable vessel under a cane-seat chair, compelling the patient to sit on the chair with a blanket over him and touching a match to the whisky. One of the most eminent men of our state almost became a burnt offering a quarter of a century ago, by the conflagration of half a pint of whisky, and it is said he has not entirely recovered his presence of mind yet.

These pictures of the new rubber baths represent women in all stages of nakedness, sitting in the bath cabinets, perspiring beautifully, and an expression on their faces of a burning desire to get well. The Sun is no alarmist, but it can see that a tragedy is liable to be enacted some day, that will be a burning disgrace, and some good woman is going to discover that burning alcohol under a cane-seat chair is unreliable and far-reaching in its intensity of heat. These baths are being introduced into many families, and they may be all right, if they do not go off half-cocked when the sitter in the chair does not know they are loaded.



Looking for an ice wagon.

“Fire is a good servant, but a bad master,” as is well known, and some day we expect to hear a still small voice coming out of a second-story window, yelling murder and fire, and the policeman who answers the call, or the firemen who rush in with a Babcock extinguisher, and an axe, are going to be shocked, and may be driven downstairs with a broom after the fire has been extinguished. No one need be astonished any day to see a frightened woman, with few clothes, rushing down the street, covered with

one of these rubber bath cabinets, yelling all kinds of murder, and looking for an ice wagon, her white, bare feet sticking out of the bottom of the black envelope about nine inches, including an ankle or two, and her face and neck sticking out of the top, the face looking like one of these agonized pictures of "before taking," and a prolonged yell splitting the air, caused by the burning sensation that a newly-launched vessel feels, when, as the poet says, "She lives, she moves, she seems to feel, the thrill of life along her keel." Artists who have spent a lifetime painting pictures of women without wearing apparel, for galleries in which the visitor has to look through smoked glass at the pictures to keep from having nervous prostration, assert that woman is never so beautiful as when coming from her bath, with the flush upon her cheek, the mild light in her eye, and the elastic step of youth, but if she emerges from her bathroom with one of these rubber baths attached to her person, and a blue flame coming from the cabinet, and an odor of burning rubber and curled hair, trying to gallop fast, she is not going to appear beautiful. Ordinarily a dog respects and loves a woman, but if a dog met her in that fix, he would be justified in barking, chasing her, and grabbing the rubber bath in his teeth, and then there would be more trouble. Woman is a trusting creature. She often believes what a man tells her, in love affairs, and it would not be strange if she had believed what the man who sold her a rubber bath cabinet had said, when she asked him if there was any danger of the lamp under the chair blazing up like a skyrocket at a critical time, but when men have

anything to sell they are often optimistic. A woman can have no redress, if she goes down to a store where she has bought a bath cabinet, limping and sad. If she tells the man the thing blazed up and injured her reputation, he will tell her that there must be some mistake, and that he does not believe her. In that case, how is she going to demonstrate that she is the injured party? The only redress is to have a husband or brother to commit assault and battery on the man who sold the hot proposition to his wife or sister, and then he may have to pay a fine that will cost more than the original investment. However, all The Sun desires to do is to prepare the people for the inevitable, that they may not be scared if called to a neighbor's house at any time to put out a fire that will try all their nerve, and to show men that if such an apparition as described earlier in this article appears to them on the street, with a warm woman in it, they should not jump over a fence and run away, but throw their overcoat over her and the cabinet, sit down on both, put them out, and signal an ice wagon or a sprinkling cart. Women have troubles enough without deliberately dwelling over a lighted alcohol lamp, with no fire insurance.

FREE POSTAL DELIVERY TO FARMERS.

The free rural delivery of mail, by the government, by which a letter carrier in gray uniform, perhaps mounted on a wheel, visits all farm houses in his district and delivers circulars issued by business houses, the religious papers that all truly good farmers subscribe for, or "sign for," and occasionally a letter to the girl of the household, or a letter from an old acquaintance back at the old home, containing a recipe to make currant jelly so it would "jell," is going to take away from the farmer of the extreme rural districts half the fun of life. The best excuse a farmer ever had to go to town, will be gone, and the farmer's boy and girl, who have gone to the postoffice after the mail ever since they were big enough, will have to stay at home and work, and wait for the mail carrier. It is not probable that the farmers ever asked for this expensive service at the hands of a just government, but it is more probable that some congressman thought he could work the farmer vote by seeming to be looking out for the interest of the tiller of the soil. In one locality where the free rural delivery was tried, the curiosity was so great that when the carrier arrived at a house the farmer left his work in the field and went to the house to see what the carrier "fetched," the hired man left his team hitched to a fence, and went to the house, while the boys who were haying, turned the horses loose and went to see about it; and a girl who was teaching school half a mile

away dismissed her school and got to the house in time to meet the carrier coming up the lane. While the hired man held the dog that wanted to make a Thanksgiving dinner off the gray uniform, the carrier



The carrier sat down on the porch.

sat down on the porch, wiped the perspiration off his forehead, the old lady came out of the kitchen, the hired girl came around the side of the house, and after impatiently listening to the latest news of the war in the Philippines as the carrier told it, he reached into his sack and drew out a copy of the Christian

Advocate, and a pamphlet giving some harrowing details of the cure of some persons who had liver complaint, and who had at an opportune moment bought some liver pills. The farmer looked at the newspaper a moment, the good wife looked at the pictures of those cured of liver complaint to see if any one she knew had their picture in the pamphlet, the hired girl threw a warm glance at the carrier, picked up an armful of wood and went into the kitchen to resume her rotary motion with the clothes wringer, and all went about their business, as the carrier was rested and ready to move on, while the dog followed him down the road for a distance, barking a warning against future official visits. The farmer, the boy, the hired man and the girl were all disappointed, because each had decided to go to town after supper, after the mail, and now there was no excuse. This rural delivery will be harder on the farmer than on anybody else, because going after the mail has been his outing, his opportunity to meet his friends at the postoffice, and in the grocery, to talk over the affairs of the neighborhood, and settle the affairs that worry the President. It was while getting the mail that the farmer learned of the sickness around about, as he would meet the "Doc" at the postoffice and be told who was going to die, and who ought to pull through. He would learn while after the mail who was talked of for sheriff, and who had said he would run for the Legislature if they wanted him. It was while after the mail that an occasional farmer would sit down to a few games of seven-up, while his horse that had worked all day was standing at a post wondering if the old man

would ever go home, and if he took the smallest glass of beer, or a swallow of bitters, everybody at home knew it when he got out of the old rattling buggy, and went in the house, because the odor of budge would fill the house and fight for mastery with the odor of fried pork in the kitchen. The farmer went to town, before this rural delivery, to learn what was going on, from the other fellows that came from other farms, and all talked with the drummer who sat on the tavern porch, or on a barrel in the grocery, and all were better for the information they got by rubbing up against the little world of the village. Now the carrier must combine all the gossiping qualities of all the people the farmer formerly met, and he must have time on his hands to tell it all at each house he visits, or he can never take the place of the trip to town after the mail. The government may have thought the farmer needed more time to work, and has thus stepped in to keep him on the farm except on election day, but unless some excuse just as good as going after the mail is discovered, the farmer will feel that he is swindled out of half the fun of farming, the hired man will strike, the hired girl will kick unless the letter carrier is susceptible, and everything will go wrong. The farmer could go to the lodge, for an excuse, only in summer, when he wants to go to town, the lodges do not have sessions. The Sun looks for the withdrawal of rural mail carriers before next spring.

THE BAREFOOTED FARMER BOY.

A farmer's boy writes *The Sun* from his home in the interior as follows:

"Is it any disgrace for a fourteen-year-old boy to go barefooted on the farm, or when he rides a plow-horse into town to have a plow point repaired? What makes me ask is that people at the summer resorts near our farm, when they drive along the road and see me barefooted, stop the horses and have fun with me, and seem to enjoy looking at my tracks in the road, and when I go to the village where they spend the summer playing tennis and golf, they surround me on the main street and look at my bare feet and legs as though I was a freak from a sideshow. One young fellow with a girl said that if he was in my place he would paint his legs a nice warm color and have a red dado where my trousers' legs leave off. They make me more tired than hoeing corn."

Well, don't let the chaffing you receive from the people who wear canvas shoes worry you. They don't mean any harm or disrespect. They are out for fun, and can afford to have fun, and to them you are a part of the show. If their fathers were with them the fathers would shut them up mighty quick. Very likely the fathers of every one of those young people, who are so rich now, never wore a shoe in summer before they were 20 years old. Nearly all of the rich men of the cities were brought up on farms, and they would like nothing better than to go to your farm, take off their shoes and go around barefooted,

and help you hoe corn, if they could do so without being caught at it by their society friends. The leading men of this country have large feet that they got by going barefooted. Lincoln's feet were so big that he was always joking about them, and he went bare-



As though I was a freak from a side show-

footed and pawed up the soil of Illinois and Kentucky with his toe-nails. If anybody could find a petrified barefooted track of old Abe, down in Sangamon county, nowadays, the person who found it would become rich, and the people of the whole country would worship that track, and it would be framed in gold and deposited in a safety-deposit vault. Grant didn't have any shoes when he was a boy, and he has worked on a farm and rode a horse to plow corn, and his

trousers worked clear up to his knees, and yet if these boys that make fun of you could own those old trousers Grant wore when a boy, they would not part with them for a fortune. Garfield's barefooted tracks on the tow path of the canal where he led the mules to haul the boats, if they could be found now, would sell for more than the canal. Phil. Armour used to go barefooted to school, and he has got one toe-nail that is a total wreck from the stroke of a hoe when he was digging potatoes barefooted, on the old home farm, and he is as proud of that demoralized toe-nail as he is of a packing house. Marshall Field can today go out on a farm barefooted and beat lots of you boys hoeing corn, and he could ride a horse to plow corn and never let the plow touch a hill, or let the hungry horse bite a blade of the new corn, because he would rest his toes on the tugs of the harness, and keep his heels kicking the old horse all the time, and he would be happier than he is in his big store, and hungrier when the horn blew for dinner than he is now when the lunch hour comes, and he has to eat soup because solid food hurts him. McKinley could leave the white house and go out on a farm in haying time, with a hickory shirt on, and an old straw hat, and he could take a scythe and mow a swath and make any farmer hustle to keep up with him. Bryan would like nothing better than to forget, for a few days, that there is any such thing as money, good, bad or indifferent, and go to a farm where barefooted boys were plenty, take off his boots, throw the lines over his shoulder, and with a span of good horses, plow a ten-acre lot, and every furrow would be as

straight as the life he has led, and every inch of the soil would be plowed to the same depth, honestly, and the chances are more than sixteen to one that if there was a boiled dinner when the boys went to the house, he wouldn't do a thing to it, and he would enjoy it better than he does these banquets at ten dollars a plate, and before he went to dinner he would haul up a bucket of water with the old windlass and tip it up on the well curb and drink half of it, and let the water drip from his face down onto his flannel shirt, open at the collar, down onto his bare feet, and his eyes would sparkle after the drink, and you boys would say he was one of the grandest partners boys ever had on a farm.

Some day, when The Sun gets rich, it will have a farm, just to invite the distinguished men that were farmers' boys, to come out and visit with each other, and take off their boots and put on hickory shirts, and run wild, and have fun with each other, and mingle with the barefooted boys of the present generation, to show them that there is no disgrace in going barefooted on the farm, if an occasional person who ought to know better does have fun with them. So, boys, you go right on barefooted, let the green grass color your legs, and the tickle grass crawl up your trousers legs, follow the woodchuck dog when you have time, never mind the patches, and when these boys who make fun of you are dying from smoking cigarettes, you can go to the cities with strength, nerve, and good health, and take their places in the business world, and wear big shoes, made of yellow leather. Don't you worry.

THE DRUMMER AND THE FARMER.

Occasionally a few old drummers, who have been on the road for a quarter of century and have been laid off, owing to the formation of trusts, or some other epidemic, get together and talk over the happy days when they were kings, and some of the stories they tell are interesting. One good fellow, whose hair has become as white as chalk, was telling another of the good times he had enjoyed in the little towns that he had visited for many years, attending sociables and parties, and escorting the girls around, going riding and fishing, boating in the summer and sleighing in the winter, and he said if he never had another bit of fun in his life there was nothing coming to him, as he had enjoyed all the pleasure any one man ought to have in a lifetime, and he only regretted that it was over. Another told of meeting the girl that afterwards became his wife, away out in Iowa, when she came into a grocery one day with a sunbonnet on, and bought some pancake flour, while he was selling goods to the grocer. He said he bruised his thumb and was trying to wind a rag around it with the other hand, when the girl looked on for a moment, and he was so awkward that she came up and offered to help fix up the thumb. He said she was so nice that he accepted her offer, and then she tore a piece off her apron, and made him go with her to an old tin wash-basin, where she washed the thumb, and then wound the piece of apron around it, and said: "There, I

guess you will do till you get home," and she took her pancake flour and went home. He said on his next trip, which was a long month after, he carried a new apron his sister had bought for him, in his sample case, to give her, and he got the grocer to wash his hands and put on a linen duster and go with him to the house of the country girl, so he might thank her. She was making a strawberry shortcake, and came in with flour on her hands, and strawberry juice on her lips and chin, and he said he died right there, and before a year he had married her and they were living in a suburb, terribly happy, and he never looked at his busted thumb-nail without thanking the Lord for steering him to where he got it hurt. An old fellow, who was smoking a cigar in silence, while listening to the boys, was asked where he had enjoyed himself most in his quarter of a century on the road. He flipped the ashes off the cigar with his little finger and said:

"Boys, I formed a habit about eighteen years ago that has given me more pleasure than anything I can think of. One day the train was going slowly along out in southern Minnesota, and finally came to a stop right in a hay field, where the farmers were leaning on their scythes and rakes, looking us over. I had read all the morning papers and had them in my seat, when an old farmer who stood near the track, with his hat off, wiping his forehead with a red bandana handkerchief, said to me, as I sat by the open window: 'Stranger, what is the news, you know we don't see any papers out here except the Christian Advocate, and the local paper over in town that never has any

news.' I thought at once how much he would value the papers I had read, and was ready to throw away, and I called him up and tossed them out of the window to him. He gave a smile that wrinkled up his good old face, thanked me, and it being lunch time, the dozen hay-makers all gathered around him



Now they look for me.

under a tree and when the train had fixed up its hot box and moved away the men were happy, the old man took a two-gallon jug and threw it on his shoulder to take a drink of water, and said: 'Much obliged, friend, you have done us a great favor,' and away he went. Well, I got to thinking it over, how

much good a traveling man could do by giving the papers he had read to the farmers, and from that day to this I have just planted newspapers over the farms of the far West. I take a paper and tie a string around it, and if the wind is blowing I tie a piece of coal inside, and when I get far away from towns and see a farmer at work in a field, I attract his attention, and throw the paper towards him. At first they used to think it was some advertisement and wouldn't pay much attention, until the train was nearly out of sight, then they would go and get the paper. Now they seem to look for me, and when the window of the car goes up and I stick my head out, whoever is in sight starts for the track with a smile, and a wave of their old hats, and they fairly devour the papers. I figure that I have planted about a million papers out West where they have done good, and I have got lots of other drummers to do the same. In winter I throw them at a road that crosses the track, and in some places they have got to know about what train I am on. Sometimes I take along a lot of picture-books that my children have got through with, and when I see a forlorn-looking little child, away out on the prairie, with a little lunch-basket, I throw a mess of the books towards the child, and it makes my heart jump to see the child clutch them as though they were gold nuggets. All over the West there are thousands of people who have become familiar with my hard old face, and if I should show up anywhere now they would give me the freedom of the towns and farms. I figure that the good I have done that way will give me quite a send-off towards getting to heaven, and

I would advise all the young traveling men to never destroy a paper, but throw it to a farmer, and see him smile."

WANTS TO BE A HERO.

A boy who is a student in a ward school writes *The Sun* that he has read a good deal about heroes lately, and is almost convinced that he will be a hero when he grows up. He says that he is retiring and modest, but with a good head of hair, like Hobson. He is a great joker, like Lincoln, and has the dyspepsia, like Dewey. He rides a wheel and wears a negligee shirt, like Tom Reed, is short in the legs, like Phil. Sheridan, and has a wart on the side of his face, like Grant, and a flow of language and an appetite like Chauncey Depew, and wants to know if *The Sun* could give him any advice as to how to utilize these talents so he may be a world-beater when he grows up. Well, here is a poser. Somebody has been "stringing" you, boy, to make you believe you are cut out for a hero. You seem to be all right on short legs, warts, dyspepsia and appetite, as well as a flow of language, but how are you on brain? You have got to get a mess of brain in that combination, somewhere, or you never can come in under the wire at the head of the bunch. Your funny business will never make an Abe Lincoln

of you, if your brain fits in a thimble, your heart in a wine-glass, and your soul in the cover of a mustard seed. Lincoln's fun was only an incident, though it did much to keep him and those around him from dying of overwork when trouble was on the country. Phil. Sheridan's legs never were much of a factor in his greatness. He was great in spite of his little brownie legs, and being a cavalryman he didn't need legs much, anyway. If he had been in the infantry with those legs, at Bull Run, he would have closed his career right there, while some duffer with legs like Lincoln's would have carried the news to Washington ahead of the bunch and become a hero. It was not Dewey's dyspepsia that kept him awake that night that he sailed into Manila Bay. It was his nerve. You haven't mentioned your nerve, my boy, though you display some of it in writing for plans and specifications for making a hero of yourself. Grant never depended much on that wart to get up on the pedestal on a bronze horse, so you better leave the wart out of your repertoire, and feel on top of your head to see if there is anything inside that sort of palpitates and bumps when you are running a footrace. If there is, it may be brain, and you better nurse it and not let it escape through your ears when you go in swimming. Hobson's retiring disposition and good head of hair never made him a sinker or a raiser of vessels, or a kisser of girls. It was bravery and nerve, concealed about his person, which came to the surface at a critical time and made him a hero. If he had gone into the hero business at your age and studied to be one, and played to the grand stand, as you are

inclined to do early in life, Hobson wouldn't have been selected to sink the ship in the channel. You can't go studying to be a hero and set a date on the calendar at which you are going to arrive at the heroic stage and make it work worth a cent. Heroes are born. You have not said anything about being born. The world is full of boys and men ready to be heroes, and they wonder why they are not realized on by the country. Heroes do not go around admitting that they are such, while people who have not got a heroic hair in their heads try to look like heroes, and they strut about, and wonder why they are not found out. Your true hero has heroism thrust upon him when he is not looking, and when the secret that he has guarded so well is out, and he is acknowledged to be a hero, he blushes and perspires, and he may faint away if you do not throw water in his face. Heroes may be spoiled after they become so, but it is better so than to be spoiled trying to be a hero with none of the requisite qualifications. The Sun's advice to you would be to stop trying to be a hero at your age. Go to studying things that will help you in business, and whether you become a clerk, a merchant, a plumber or a carpenter, if there is anything in you that sizes up with the stuff that heroes are made of, the world will tap your hero tank at the proper time, and you will get there just the same.

ANOTHER DEER MURDER CASE.

There was a meeting of a woman's club recently, to talk over some business matters, and among the members was one athletic young married woman, who had made quite a reputation by taking part in all manly sports. She could row a boat, play golf or tennis, land a kicking black bass without any help, ride a century on a wheel, and had been out chicken shooting with her husband, and killed her birds as well as he could. The club was rather proud of her, and when it was announced, a month ago, that she had taken out a deer license, and had gone up into the woods with her husband and a party of friends, to shoot deer, the club had the news wired to Eastern papers, and when she returned and appeared at the club meeting, some one shouted, "What's the matter with Mrs.———? She's all right!" and they gave her the club yell, and she blushed and started to cry. The president of the club said they were all glad to welcome the return of their distinguished member from her deer shooting expedition, where she no doubt demonstrated to the men that she was their equal in the sports of the field, as well as their superior in the camp, by the campfire. She hoped the distinguished member would favor them with a report of her experiences in the great dark woods, in killing big game.

While the president was talking the distinguished member of the club was acting as little like an athletic

young woman, and an all-around sport, as possible. She kept her handkerchief to her eyes, and when the president was done speaking, the distinguished member, the deer hunter, got up from her chair, and two big tears rolled down her pink cheeks, and she choked up, but finally she found words to express herself. She said:

“Ladies, I thank you for your kindly welcome, but hope you will never mention again, as long as you live, myself or any other woman in connection with deer shooting. When I think of my experience I feel as though I had been to a funeral of a dear friend. I thought it would be a lark to go with my husband, and shoot big game, and I did enjoy the tramping through the woods, and the odor of the pine and the balsam. I enjoyed sleeping on the bed of pine boughs, and the cooking over a fire out of doors, and I was benefited, until this dreadful thing happened, but I came home with my heart broken. My husband and I were hunting together, when we came upon a doe and a fawn about half-grown. My husband shot the doe, and told me to shoot the fawn, but a mist came into my eyes and I could not see. The fawn ran away, and we started on a run to where the deer had fallen. My husband was ahead of me, and cut the throat of the deer before I could get there, but when I came up the blood was spurting all over, and the deer was bleating and dying, and when I saw the blood, and the struggles of the beast, and my husband, bloody to his elbows, standing there like a murderous devil, laughing at the agony of that beautiful creature, all the love I ever had for him seemed to depart, and he

looked to me like one who should be punished by the law, and when the deer breathed its last, I fainted away. I do not know how long I was unconscious, but when I came to my senses my husband, the man



A murderous devil.

I had loved so, turned around from his work with his knife and said, 'O, you are all right. You will soon get over it.' He had hung the deer up by the hind legs on a tree, and was taking the skin off, and chopping the bones with a hatchet. I turned away, sick at heart. Pretty soon I heard a trembling, bleating voice in the woods near us, seeming to say, 'Mamma, where

are you? O, mamma, mamma.' It was the little fawn looking for its dead mother that my husband had murdered, and the voice was so pitiful I cried. My husband heard it, and he stopped from his hideous work, and said, 'Now, Nell, get your gun, and I will bleat like the doe, and when the fawn comes out of the woods looking for its mother, you plug it right through the fore shoulder, see?' O, I could have scolded him. I heard the pitiful bleating, and just had strength enough to look around, when the fawn came out of the bushes, saying, 'Mamma! Mamma! Wherever are you?' and it started to come right to me, and it was the most beautiful thing I ever saw, with eyes like my little girl. My husband spoke cross, and said, 'Why the deuce don't you shoot?' and I cried and said I didn't want to, and then he took up his gun and said, 'Well, say, you are the worst I ever did see,' and he was just taking aim at the fawn when I jumped up and screamed, and shook my skirts, and the fawn started away. He was going to shoot it as it ran, when I grabbed his gun, and looking him in the eye, and seeming to have the strength of a giant, I threw him back, and said, 'George, if you shoot that baby I will never live with you another day,' and then I fainted again, but the fawn got away. O, I cannot say any more about it, but I feel as though I had been mixed up in the most diabolical murder of the century."

When the distinguished athlete had ceased speaking she cried like a baby, and the whole club joined in, and after their noses got over being red they all felt better.

SHOULD WOMAN BE EATEN?

There are several men in Chicago that have been convicted of murdering their wives, and it is proposed to hang them all at once, and make a regular society event of it. The pastime of murdering wives has been considerably overdone in Chicago, and it is time an example was made of some of those husbands who have got in this bad habit, and are letting the habit grow on them. For years it was considered that divorce was the only proper way to get separated from a wife in that city, but of late there seems to be too much expense attached to divorce, and too much publicity, while a man could murder his wife and little would be said about it. Just plain murder did not seem to attract so much attention, and many a man has borrowed a revolver and freed himself from matrimonial complications at little expense except for a couple of cartridges, more or less, but the sausage butchers spoiled the whole business. When Luetgert adopted the plan of murdering his wife and boiling her body and possibly making it into summer sausage, there was a method that seemed to appeal to the man of blood, and several who erect sausages have followed his example, until the consumers of sausage have sworn off, and the sausage industry was struck a body blow equal to the embalmed beef trouble. It has been so the last year or two that a man orders sausage with fear and trembling, as no man likes to mix in the domestic affairs

of his neighbor. No matter how much a citizen may admire another man's wife, and how much he may feel like eating her when she is alive, when she disappears, and it is demonstrated that her husband is a sausage maker, the admirer does not feel like



"To Ella, from Adolph."

eating sausage. It is not pleasant to find a hard substance in a piece of sausage, and on investigation find that it is a small piece of gold, the top of a ring, with the words "To Ella from Adolph," engraved on the surface. Most people like to find gold, almost

anywhere, but one had rather be always poor than to find gold of that kind in sausage. There is no certainty that Luetgert made his wife the basis of a mess of sausage, and if he did probably not a hundred people all told got a piece of it, but there are at least a million people who firmly believe they helped eat that poor woman. They recall that at some period, about the time of the trouble, they noticed something peculiar about the sausage they ate at a picnic, or on a fishing trip, or at a lunch in a saloon. The truth probably is, that if the lady was worked up as many believe she was, the sausage was shipped to the pine-ries, where men lack female society, and only enjoy such society during the long winter months, when it is shipped in as food. But this thing has got to cease, this killing of wives in Chicago, whether for pleasure or in the interest of commerce, for the people of the whole country have become so discouraged over the sausage and beef scandals that it would not be surprising to see them boycott the goods, unless the certificate of a health officer accompanies each skinful of sausage, and each can of the stuff that made Chicago famous. It should not be necessary to have a public roll call of wives every night and every morning in order that they may be accounted for, but such a method will have to be adopted to reassure the sausage-consuming public, if these murders continue. It is best to hang these wife murderers at once, and advertise that such will be the fate of all sausage makers in the future, and maybe the sausage will again take its place as a food to be relied on as pure.

THE CLERK WHO GETS DRUNK.

A young man in a country town writes for a list of stores in Milwaukee, as he says he is going to apply for a situation as clerk. He says he has been discharged from the place he has worked for two years, because he got full one day, and the old crank who employed him got mad, and he says he has got sick of working in a town where they look upon a little drunk as a crime, and he wants to get into Milwaukee, where he has been told they never ask any questions about a man's drinking habits as long as he can do his work. Well, young man, if you come here with any such idea, you will be standing on the corners before long, asking passers-by for the price of a meal, and when you get it you will buy a drink. There is no place where a man can drink if he wants to, and not be interfered with as long as he behaves himself, easier than in Milwaukee, but the merchants are not looking for men who smell like the front door of a wholesale liquor store, and such a man will be fired as quick in Milwaukee as he would in a temperance town that did not have a saloon in it. Some men get an idea that they can drink a dozen times a day, and by chewing cloves, or taking some sort of bromo, nobody will notice it, but the first time that after-the-ball smell is detected on a man in a store, you will see the floor walker look wise, and that man is on the suspected list right away, and if he keeps it up some Saturday night he will get his pay envelope and

be told that business is not very rushing, and he can lay off, or maybe he can find a better place at some other store, and he goes off indignant and gets his skin fuller than ever over Sunday, and on Monday morning he goes into the store with a soiled collar and cuffs on, and has spilled something over his vest, and he looks wilted. He just goes in the store to see



Smiling at the customers.

how they are getting along without him, and he finds the store full of customers, and he goes to the counter where he used to sell goods, and there he finds a bright girl, clean and neat as a pin, cool as ice-cream, with dainty hands and sweet face, with a fetching silk shirt waist with no stale beer on it, buttoned up with gold buttons with a blue stone in them, hair

daintily dressed, and pushed back from the sweetest forehead, that has no whisky blotches on it, and eyes that twinkle with healthy happiness that does not depend on a morning cocktail, and she is smiling at customers that he used to get mad at, when his hair pulled, and he watches her treat diplomatically all the people who are looking for bargains, and they all seem very happy, and the floor walker even has a smile on his face, as he bows to the old clerk who has a bad taste in his mouth, and looks at the new clerk, who looks as though she had a sweet taste in her mouth, because her teeth are like pearls and her lips are red, while the old clerk's teeth look neglected, and he has a cold sore on his lips, and you can't stand very near him, while you couldn't get near enough to the girl who has taken his place. The old clerk takes his expiring jag out of the store, and buys another drink, and goes out to the bank of the lake, and thinks what a fool he is, and wonders whether he couldn't hire one of the tramps that are asleep down by the track to kick him. He walks about the street, and he is astonished to see the number of idle men who look as though they felt just as he does. He has never thought of it before, but he sees men everywhere that he knows used to hold good positions, but who drank too much, and lost their jobs, and they never do seem to catch on again, though they brace up and try to show that they have quit budging. Merchants have little confidence in their promises, after once they have got the big head, and wouldn't allow anybody to tell them they were injuring themselves by drinking too much. If the young

man who has been discharged in the country knows what is good for him he will not come here looking for a job over a tumbler of red liquor, nor go into a store searching employment, smelling like rectified spirits, for even the man who runs a saloon wouldn't hire him. The bartenders who are always being sought by saloonkeepers are the ones who never drink the stuff they sell. Business and a stomach that can be tapped and high wines drawn from it, do not go together, even in a city. A business man who has a clerk that drinks too much has a list in his pocket of a dozen young men and women who can take that clerk's place at a moment's notice, and the business will go right along, jagless and joyous. The girl that takes the place of a man who drinks keeps looking better all the time, and if she entered the store with a pale, thin face, she develops dimples and smiles each day, and customers and clerks alike fall in love with her, while the man who drinks too much keeps getting more frowzy, and musty, and moth-eaten.

THE OLD KICKER KICKS.

"What beats me," said the man with the spectacles with a slit in the center of the glass, made to read through the bottom piece, or look at the scenery through the top, as he looked up from his paper, on a suburban train, and addressed a man with a sun-

burned nose, and hands brown and hairy, "is how those Filipinos can be licked every day, and scattered to the four winds, and then come up smiling the next day to be whipped again. You would naturally think they would know when they are whipped, and would sue for peace," and he looked out of the car window at a farmer leading a bull with a ring in its nose, to water.

"They remind me of a boy I used to sit with in school," said the man with the sunburned nose. "He had to be whipped every day, or he couldn't learn anything. The rest of us were contented with a whipping once in a week or ten days, but this fellow got it every day, and his father whipped him when he got home at night. Some people are built that way. But how these Filipinos have time to collect food enough to fight on, beats me, when they are chased around so, and kept on the jump."

"Well," said the Old Kicker, who was sitting opposite these two citizens, smoking a Manila cigar, that smelled like a burning brush pile, and caused the conductor to turn pale while punching a ride out of the commutation ticket, "let me tell you something about these little people who fight day and night, and laugh when they are dying. They don't need food, as we look at food. Our great big soldiers have to have embalmed beef, and beans, and salt meat, and coffee, and bread, and all that, and they can't carry food enough to last them more than a day or two, but these little Filipinos can live a week on a piece of sugarcane, just chewing the pulp. They can sleep leaning against a fence, and can go through a swamp on all

fours like an alligator, get out and shake themselves like a dog, and are ready for business. I tell you that is an awful enemy to handle. Why, sometimes for three days you don't hear anything about them. That is the time they are drunk on some kind of liquor they make out of rice, and such stuff. It is deadly, and after drinking a few swallows of it they are dead



Let me tell you something.

to the world for two or three days, and they don't eat. Then when they come out of the drunk they can't eat anything for three days, so there is six days' food saved to the commissary. Then they find a rotten banana, and eat it, and brace up, take a stick of sugar-cane and a handful of rice, the jag they have had makes them spoil for a fight, the bugle sounds and

away they go for a fight for your life," and the Old Kicker settled back in his seat and looked out the window at a farmer with a wagon load of milk on the way to a creamery. -

"But don't you think when Otis gets the new regiments that are on the way, that he can wind up the war before Congress meets in December?" asked the man with the split glasses, glancing through the lower part of them at a heading in the morning paper.

"Well, that will depend," said the Old Kicker, as he picked up the lemon drop the news agent had dropped in the seat as a sample. "They can't go to fighting as soon as they get there, no more than you could use green lumber in making furniture. It will take three-fourths of the new soldiers at least one season to get acclimated, and they ought to lay around there breathing the malaria and eating quinine for at least six months. In fact, they ought to have been there last fall. If Otis sends these boys that are being rounded up in the states, these slick, fat, rosy-cheeked fellows, out to the firing line at once when they get there, they will raise the deuce with the Filipinos the first few days, and they will march in the sun, wade swamps, and swim rivers, and bury niggers, and burn towns, and the enemy will scatter and disappear, and the dispatches will say Lawton has whipped them, and this general and that general has wiped them off the face of the earth, and Otis will order a celebration and a peace jubilee, and just as Congress is about to pass resolutions of thanks to the brave generals, the new recruits will be filling hospitals, and the first thing you know Mr. Filipino will show up with

his sugar-cane commissary outfit, and he will say, 'You can't lose me, savvy,' and he will begin to shoot right where he left off, and burn your hospitals, and raise merry hades, but the dispatches will only say, 'The enemy shows some activity,' but the transports that come back will be loaded with cripples on crutches, and there will not be a rosy cheek in all Luzon," and the Old Kicker got up to stretch his legs as the train was getting pretty near to town.

"Cheerful idiot, isn't he?" said the man with the skin peeling off his nose.

"Well, I wouldn't pick him out for a successful recruiting officer," said the man with the split glasses. "But, honestly, don't you think we will conquer those insignificant people before the next election?"

In the dispatches, yes. In Luzon, nixy. You might as well try to exterminate rats. You can catch some rats, but the majority keep on doing business, as they have since Noah got up the animal excursion. Well, here we are," and the passengers got off, to resume the conduct of the war on their trip out in the afternoon.

THE VACATION SEASON.

This is the season when the business man sits in his office and O. K.'s the applications of clerks for vacations, and watches the things they take with them on their trips, and he comments on the changes that

have come since he was a boy. He sees a clerk go out of the door with a smile and a split bamboo rod, a reel of latest device, and a flask that will hold a pint, and he smiles at the outfit. Another goes off with a breech-loading gun, cartridges loaded to the queen's taste, and new hunting clothes of yellow canvas, that would scare a duck off the marsh, shoes of yel-



With a smile and a bamboo rod.

low leather, that lace up so far it will take him half a day to lace them up, and the other half day to unlace them, and he smiles at that outfit. Another clerk has a canvas canoe that he carries in a bag, that can be put together when he gets to the lake he is going to visit, and which will rear up and tip over and dump him in the drink the first time it is wet. Another clerk has a lawn tennis racket, and knee breeches, and another has golf sticks, and plaid stock-

ings, with a Scotch cap that would frighten the natives. A girl clerk bids him goodby with a pale smile under the wide white hat with a feather, and he knows the smile she brings back to him will be sunburned and sweeter. And when they are all gone, he sits at his desk and thinks of his boyhood days, and wonders if the boys will have any more fun on their vacation than he did as a boy when every summer day was a vacation. He wonders if his clerks with the split bamboo rod and the canvas boat, will have as much fun catching muscalonge as he used to have when a boy, sitting on the bank of a sluggish stream, catching bullheads, with a piece of liver for bait, when every bullhead swallowed the bait clear down to his tail and had to be cut open with a butcher knife to get the hook. He can see himself in the dark night, throwing the bullheads over his head into the dusty road, and later stepping on one of them with his bare foot, and getting a horn run into the foot that caused him to walk on his toes for a month. He wonders if the bullheads lay in the dust hours at a time, nowadays, and continue to live, just to get a chance to run a horn in a boy's foot. He hears bullheads have gone out of style, and is sorry he didn't tell the clerk to bring him a nice mess of bullheads, so he could go out into the kitchen of his palatial home and tell the cook how to roll them in cornmeal, and fry them in salt pork fat. He thinks, as he sits there, of the old scow his father made for him, and calked with rags, with tar on the cracks, and put it in the mill-pond, and how he sailed away, barefooted, with one suspender of bedticking, holding up trousers not very

strong, and how he went out into the world, with a shirt for a sail, more than twenty rods before the boat filled with water, and he had to paddle it back to shore with his bare feet for a screw propeller. He remembers getting some oakum, and a chisel, and sitting up half the night to drive it into the cracks, and how proud he was when it was dry all the next day, and he filled one end of it with perch and sunfish. He has owned yachts and steamboats since, but he never has had so much fun as he did that day with the scow his father made, and while he has since that time caught fish in all waters, salmon, tarpon and muscalonge, he has never felt so good as he did when catching bullheads, sunfish and perch in the old mill-pond at home. He wonders if that clerk who went off with the gun knows how to surround a squirrel on a limb of a tall tree, and regrets that he did not give the clerk a few pointers about squirrels, as he remembers how tight they will lay to the top of a limb, when you are trying to get a shot at them, and look over at you with one eye not bigger than the head of a black pin, with not a hair showing over the limb. He wishes he had told the clerk to take off his coat and hang it on a bush, and then sneak around the tree and shoot the squirrel on the other side, while he is watching the coat, but he thinks maybe the clerk is not a squirrel hunter, and he gives up the idea of helping him. And then the old business man looks at his watch, and he finds it is time to go home, and he gets up with a pain in his back, and wonders if his time will ever come again to take a vacation.

SURGICAL OPERATIONS IN PUBLIC.

A traveling doctor who makes a specialty of affections of the eye, gave an entertainment to the good people who were invited to his soiree, that was an innovation, for a certainty. He issued invitations to friends and acquaintances to view an operation which he performed to straighten a pair of cross eyes. There is a technical name for the disease, but it was plain cross eyes. The patient was a young lady, and the place where the operation was performed was the parlor of the hotel, and the audience which attended the entertainment was composed of newspaper reporters and others. The reports give a full description of the operation, describe the girl, and how she stood it, the nervousness of the spectators, and the coolness of the doctor, who handled his instruments with delicacy, drew little blood, and in a few minutes the girl got up from the operating table with her eyes as straight as a gun barrel, and tickled to death to feel that she could look square at anybody, and not around a corner. This is all right as an advertisement for the eye doctor, and shows that there are new things under the sun, but will it not be apt to stimulate other doctors to want to show off in public, and give exhibitions of their skill? If this thing is going to be catching, we shall find doctors advertising public exhibitions of amputations, and all other operations, the same as a show. People are getting so they like to attend shows that have blood

in them. Those who visit theaters that serve up Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, or who love the plays where so many actors are killed that the play has to be finished by the stage hands, would hail a surgical operation as a form of amusement that they could hie to. All things are changing, and the time may come when doctors will advertise an operation such as the removal of a tumor at the marked-down price of ten, twenty and thirty, while an operation for the removal of a man's liver would come higher. The amputation of a leg ought to appeal to all who love tragedy, while the cutting off of a finger or two, without administering chloroform would give the audience an exhibition of nerve that they do not often see on the stage. The time may come when the operating room of the hospital will be fitted up with proscenium boxes, and people will dress for an important operation as they do now for an opera, and after it is over, all go to a late supper at the cafe and talk over the interesting points of the entertainment. These performances will be more interesting and less bloody than prize fights, and those who watch the knocked-out prize-fighter gradually regain consciousness, or die inside the ropes, will see much to enjoy in the appearance of the patient under the influence of an anæsthetic, as the brave doctors are carving him from Genesis to Revelation, in search of something they do not know the name of, in places they have never visited before. The time may come, in the advancement of surgical skill, when a person about to be operated upon for appendicitis will issue invitations to friends and neighbors to visit the hospital

at a certain hour and witness what to the patient is the most interesting period of his life, and the guests may make bets of cigars and gloves whether the doctors find it or not, or if they do find it, whether the patient will recover. There is a chance for spectacular effect in these possibilities, and if it becomes fashionable to have audiences to witness the performances of doctors, it will be found that they will pose as actors, and watch the audience when not actually engaged in carving the patients. Let the good work go on.

TERRIBLE ENCOUNTER SINGLE HANDED AGAINST A BISCUIT.

There is no man in this country who has done more to help the men who invent new kinds of food than I have. Let a firm advertise a new breakfast food, or a new kind of biscuit, or condensed soup, or tinned beans, or pancake flour, or flaked anything, and I never let the family have any peace until they have got a sample and fed it to me. I anticipate much pleasure when I know the new food is in the house at night, and is to be tried on me at breakfast the next morning, and sometimes I wake up in the night and get to thinking about it, and am unable to sleep, and then I get up and wake everybody about daylight, and get them going on the new dish. After

I have eaten it, usually I kick, and send for the can to read the directions, and put the cook on the witness stand under the discovery statute, to see if she has carried out the instructions, and then tell how I would cook it. O, but my stomach has had a hard time trying to keep up with these inventors of new combinations in food. I got some soup tablets once at the Exposition, from a charming girl, who told me just how to prepare them, and I was going to give everybody a treat, but when I got the tablets, which were made of gutta percha and printer's roller composition, whittled down so they would dissolve, and seasoned the stuff, nobody would eat it, and I had to. That night my stomach had such a time that I had to get up and take some brandy, and I rolled around all night, trying to get my stomach in a place where it would lie quiet. The next morning I gave the balance of the soup tablets to a dog, and to this day the owner of the dog accuses me of trying to poison his pet. I have tried everything advertised, from tinned Mexican tamales to dog biscuit. But the worst time I ever had with a new kind of food was in St. Louis. I arrived one evening at the terminal station, direct from a chautauqua at Excelsior Springs, Mo., where the minister in charge of the pious exercises had bilked me out of a hundred dollars, and having half an hour for luncheon I went into the restaurant to find something under the fifteen-cent list that I could fill up on. The first thing that struck my eye was "Shredded wheat biscuit, with milk, 15 cents." I bit like a bass. For quite a while I had been reading of shredded wheat biscuit,

and had tried to introduce it into the family at home, but had been vetoed, after the soup tablet episode, so I decided to revel in shredded biscuit and milk, and have the laugh on the folks at home. I had never seen a shredded wheat biscuit, but when the girl brought it, and the bowl of milk, I tried to act as though I had been brought up on that kind of food, but I was glad when the girl laid a check down on the table and went away to wait on somebody else, so I could look over the biscuit alone. It was about as big as a fifty-cent sponge, and looked as though it might be a baked bird's nest or a handful of excelsior mattress stuff that a man had used to wipe his hands on, and wadded up and thrown in the oven. But it was up



Felt like a pincushion of porcupine quills.

to me to eat it, and I tried to pull off some of the strands that seemed to have been braided like a whip lash. The strands stretched out, but would not come off, and when I let go they flew back, and the shredded biscuit escaped from my hands and fell on the marble floor, but it bounded up about two feet, and I caught it in both hands. I squeezed it, and it felt like a pincushion made of porcupine quills,

and reminded me some of a "cud" such as cows chew. For some time I studied the shredded biscuit, and finally thought of the milk, and decided to drown it, so I put it in the bowl and held it down with a spoon, until I was sure life must have been extinct, when I released the biscuit and it raised up and filled the bowl, and had soaked up all the milk, and it seemed to look up at me like a section of baled hay, as much as to say, "You can't lose me." It was apparent that I was short on milk but long on biscuit, but I took a spoon and a fork and tried to pry off enough of the damp thing to see how it tasted, but it rolled itself up like one of those round fish you see stuffed in the stores, with spikes on, and I couldn't get any of it off. It began to look like bunches of weeds you see floating in the lakes in the spring, when the ice goes out, and I couldn't help thinking how that biscuit could be used as a duck blind, if one was short of hay and willows. But my time was limited, and it was necessary to eat before taking my train, so I decided to twist one end of the shredded biscuit, and milk it, and get my milk back anyway, and drink it, but the confounded thing would not give down, but held up its milk the worst way. Then I decided to wring it out, and took it in both hands and wrung it, but I couldn't get any milk, so I rolled it up in a napkin and put it in my pocket, and ordered coffee and sinkers, and went to my train. My idea in carrying the shredded biscuit away was that I wanted the girl to think I had eaten it all right, and another idea was to study it at my leisure. I looked it over some during the evening, on the car,

and finally, just as I was going to throw the shredded biscuit out the window, a bridal couple got on the car and were shown the berth opposite mine, and they went right to bed. I do not know what prompted me to do so, no doubt one of those waves of wickedness that comes, at times, over the best of us, but it suddenly occurred to me to wait until all were asleep in the car, and then throw that shredded biscuit into the berth with that young couple, and I opened the curtain about four inches, dropped it in and heard it fall with a dull thud amongst that wedding, and then I went to sleep, like a wicked thing. I shall never do such a thing again. No man who commits such a crime should escape just punishment. Along about an hour after daylight the next morning I heard a squirming in the berth opposite, as of two people trying to dress who never dressed in each other's presence before. They had their window shade drawn down, so it was quite dark, and I heard the young man whisper to the young woman, and say, "This must be something of yours, dear." Then there was a moment of silence, as though she had taken it in her hand, and dropped it with a little shudder, and she said, "It is nothing of mine. It must belong to you." Then I could hear the first quarrel in that family, he saying, "It's yours," and she saying, "It ain't," etc., until finally I heard a satchel snap, and then his stocking feet protruded from the berth, followed later by himself, half dressed, and he went to the wash room, and by and by she came out with a handkerchief over her head and a wrapper on, and a bundle of clothes, and she went to the ladies' toilet

room. The porter made up the berth, and when they both came back to the seat they looked mad. Soon we came to a junction where we all got off to wait a couple of hours for the Louisville train and get breakfast. The porter picked up the shredded biscuit in the seat, which was dry now, and flattened out some, and asked the man if it was his, and he said it was not, and she said it was not hers. They went out first, and I took the shredded biscuit from the porter and put it in my pocket. At breakfast in the junction hotel the young couple did not talk to each other much, and in the parlor car all the way to Louisville they did not act like lovers, and when they went to their room in the Galt House in the evening they acted like old married people, cross and disagreeable. When a man begins a life of crime he seldom reforms. When I found that their room was in the same hall with mine, and I knew they were down to supper, the devil took possession of me, and I walked by their room and threw the shredded biscuit over the transom and heard it drop on the bed, and when they returned to their room I made it a point to pass their room. They went in, and in about two minutes I heard a scream, heard a woman in a falsetto voice say: "Look! Look! There it is, again! O, it is a hoodoo!" Then I went down to the office of the hotel, like a wicked thing and talked with the clerk. Pretty soon he went to the telephone that connects with the rooms, and I heard him say, "Yes, yes, certainly, right away." And then he yelled "Front," and when a bell boy came he handed him a card, and said, "Go to the bar and get a bottle of

bromo seltzer and take it to room 201." In the morning I took breakfast at the same table with the young married couple, and when I looked over the bill of fare, and ordered "shredded wheat biscuit with cream," she blushed, he began to perspire around the neck, and I thought they would sink through the floor, as they looked at each other in painful silence, but I never turned a hair, and looked as innocent as possible. Over a year has passed, and I presume they have learned to tell a shredded biscuit now, when they see one.

HOW THE FIREMAN FELL OVER A COW.

The city of Prairie du Chien has a common council that is causing a good deal of talk all over the country, and if they are not careful they will make the city as notorious as Oshkosh, which is known the world over as the place where you can have fun with the boys, as well as the girls. Prairie du Chien has, by vote of its common council, decided that curfew shall ring every night at 9 o'clock, at which time boys have got to be in the house, or the policemen will know the reason why. The council is no doubt composed of bachelors who do not know what fun there is in being out after 9 o'clock. The Sun does not desire to mix up in a fight between a common council and the boys, but when dark does not come till nearly 9 o'clock it does seem as though they might ring that bell an hour later, and give the boys a chance. There

are so many games that you can't play half so well in daylight—games that you have to slip off into the darkest place to be found, to enjoy, that it would seem as though the city fathers, if they ever played these games, would not be so cruel. But to add insult to injury, the same council, the same evening, refused to pass a law to restrain cows from running at large, so the cows may ring the cowbell curfew, and the boys will have to go in with spirits and "commandments" broken, and cows may do as they please. All cities have had to contend with the cow ordinance, and it takes years to get sense and shut up cows nights, because there is politics in letting the poor man's cow stay out and make herself a nuisance. Boston used to allow cows a pass in the streets, and New York was a free-for-all for cows until she got a quarter of a million people. The Philadelphia cows run at large if they are blue-blooded and belong to the old families. La Crosse, the second city in Wisconsin, was broken of the cow habit in a peculiar manner. Years ago La Crosse allowed cows to go where they listeth, and being a sandy city, like Prairie du Chien, the cows slept in the sand in the middle of the road. They were regular "middle of the roaders." At that time the fire department was volunteer, and the young citizens turned out when the fire bell rang at midnight, grabbed their red shirts and started for the fire on a gallop. Always some firemen ran over a sleeping cow on the way to a fire at night, and after the fire was over there would be an hour devoted to doctoring the skinned shins, and swearing at the cows. Petitions were sent to the

council to at least compel the cows to all sleep in one street, to give the firemen a chance, but it was no use, and probably cows would be sleeping in the sandy streets of La Crosse now if it hadn't been for the fire at Zeisler's brewery, one hot night in August. When the bell rung young Mr. Cook, a society leader



The cow got his shirt on one horn.

who was a member of Rescue Hose company, grabbed his trousers in one hand and his red shirt in the other, rushed out the door, giving a whoop to wake up another fireman living near, and started down the middle of the street. The Eastern sky was

red with flame, and from the smell of burning hops and malt it was certain to be an interesting fire, both before and after. Mr. Cook's idea was to run until out of breath and then stop and put on his trousers, make another run of a few blocks, and stop and put on his shirt, and by that time he would have his second wind, and he could easily make the brewery by the time they began to roll out the beer. He had made about one block when he ran over something that seemed to be an elephant, and he fell headfirst into the sand and plowed a furrow with his nose, and as he was getting up a cow with a bell on raised up and bellowed and started for the red flannel shirt that he held aloft. Mr. Cook dodged like a Spaniard, but the cow got his shirt on one horn and his trousers on the other, and went off bellowing towards the fire. Mr. Cook thought he could overtake the cow and get his clothing, and he ran after her. As they neared the fire it became lighter, and he found the cow could never be caught, and still he could not miss a fire in a brewery, which was at that time the most popular kind of a fire. The whole city turned out when Zeisler gave a fire at his brewery. When Mr. Cook got within a block of the fire there were ten thousand people present, and it was light as day, and he felt then, and does to this day, that an abbreviated balbriggan undershirt was not what might be considered an up-to-date fireman's uniform, but he took his place at the hose reel and finally got the nozzle inside the building, amid the cheers of an admiring multitude, and the boys worked as men never worked before. When the fire was out, and the good beer be-

gan to flow, it was noticed that Mr. Cook's shirt had shrunk from the steam, or the burned beer, or the hops, until it was around his neck like an Ascot tie, and a slicker was loaned to him to wear out into the cold world and help reel up the hose, and he made a fair appearance in society at daylight that morning, though the buttons were not all intact on the slicker. The next day the owner of the cow found her out in the country, patiently grazing, with the shirt and trousers on her horns, and he returned the clothing to the owner, and when the hose company appealed to the council with an ultimatum, "Plenty cows, no firemen; no cows, plenty firemen," the cows were shut up by ordinance. Until Prairie du Chien has had some prominent citizen fall over a damp, steaming cow, on a foggy night, the town will never outgrow the cow habit.

LEARNING AN EASY TRADE.

A boy writer from a country town in the interior of the state asks some advice as to what is the best trade to learn. An extract from his letter is as follows:

"I have had to quit school in order to earn something to help support our family, as my father is not very well and does not earn enough to live on. I have tried three different places, but they put me at the hardest, most menial work, and I have been accustomed to doing the easy work around the house,

and it hurts me to have to do dirty work. What would you suggest for a boy to do who wants to earn money, but wants to dress well and go in good company?"

Well, boy, you have got a good deal to learn. There is nothing that would be better for you than to get a



Shagging firkins of butter.

place in a milliner's shop, where you could wear a shirt waist and ribbons in your hair, and go to picnics. If you are going to learn a trade you have got to begin at the bottom, and do the dirty work. You cannot go to work in a bank, and sit in the president's

office and cut off coupons the first week, but you will have to sweep out the bank and pick up the cigar stubs the clerks leave, and work up from the cuspidore to the bank vault, and all this will take time. You seem the kind of a boy who, if you took a position in a grocery store, would want to put up nothing but granulated sugar, and raisins, and candy, and trade with pretty girls, but you would have to shag firkins of butter around, and knock the top off, and dig into the butter with a wooden spud and get out some for a customer, and probably get frowy butter on your sleeves, and you would have to dig pickles out of a sour barrel and get vinegar on you, and if any customer asked for molasses you would want the proprietor to go and draw it for the customer, but you would have to do it, and be mighty careful and get the dead flies out of the quart measure before you opened up, or you might lose a good customer for the old man. If you thought you were going to have an easy time in the grocery you would make the mistake of your life, for you would have to roll barrels of sugar in the basement, and cut cheese and sort out rotten cabbage, and sprout potatoes in the cellar, and grind coffee. You act as though if you went to work in a livery stable you would want to sit in the office, or drive for the crowned heads, but you would have to clean off horses and wash and grease buggies, and maybe drive the hearse to cheap funerals. You could not drive the omnibus the first day, and that is the ambition of all boys. If you went to work in a meat market, you would want to do nothing but weigh out sirloin steaks that the boss had

cut off, and you would probably handle them with gloves, or a fork, but you would find that you would have to turn the sausage machine, and try out the scraps and make yourself useful and greasy. If you were in a meat market and a poor woman came in to buy a pound of pork, you would take the first piece on top of the brine and insist that she should take it, but she would insist that you roll up your sleeve and dig away down to the bottom of the barrel of brine, into the rock salt on the bottom, to find the piece she wanted, and if you had a raw place on your hand it would smart so you would want to be mustered out of the meat market and draw a pension. Oh, you will never find an easy place to work, where you can keep well dressed and clean, until you learn your trade. Many boys see the typesetters in a country printing office sitting on stools, doing nice, clean work, and they want to learn the printing trade right off. The first day they put you to distributing "pi," and you think you have struck a snap, but the next day you get the second degree and have to wash the rollers, and wash the forms, carry dirty water down three flights of stairs and carry clean water up, and you do the rolling, and when you are ready to go home the second night there is ink on your white shirt, and all over your face clear up to your hair, and when you get home your mother will not own you. You want to quif the printing business right off. You supposed it was all setting type and editing the paper, but you find you have got an apprenticeship of years of dirty work before you, and to be a success you have got to enjoy it, and forget that some time another boy will

take the ink degree and you will be advanced. If you have it in you, and take the various degrees in the employment you seek, you will some day become the grand master, and you can have your hands clean. The Sun's advice to you, boy, would be to pick out some trade that you think you are fitted for, put on some old clothes, and tell them you want to begin right at the bottom and learn it clear to the top, and then don't you ever miss a note or shirk anything, and when you graduate you are in position to teach others. You might as well expect to go to college and be a senior all the time, as to expect to learn a trade by beginning at the top and working down. The college boy has to be a "thing" the first year, for everybody above him to have fun with, and if he gets mad and backs out, he never learns anything, but if he takes his medicine with a smile, and says that it is good, by and by he is on the roof, looking down at the new "things" who are fixing the furnace and sawing wood. There is no trade you can learn that will let you remain at the top, and clean, and make you easy, except that of inheriting a fortune, but that trade is already overrun, and there are few openings. Learn something and learn it well, and when you are at the head of the business, with some gray in your hair, you can enjoy thinking of the days you were dirty and disgusted.

A BEAR WITH A JAG.

Chicago is having trouble with a bear at the Lincoln Park zoo, which gets drunk whenever it has a chance, and becomes a terror. The bear is a sort of cinnamon-colored Russian bear, which was bought from a man who used to go around the country making the bear dance for the rustics. The man who owned the bear was a drunkard, and one time he gave the bear some whisky, just for fun, and the bear was quite funny with its newly-acquired jag until the Italian tried to boss him around, when the animal everlastingly wore out the ground with him, chewed off some fingers, and nearly disemboweled the man, and then climbed a telegraph pole and would not come down. The man got cured of the bear habit, and sold him, just as he was, on the pole, to the park commissioners, and they have been having a terrible time with the animal ever since. It got noised around that the new bear was addicted to drink, and everybody that visited the park wanted to see him. Wicked people would smuggle a flask of whisky to the bear when the keepers were not looking, he would drink the stuff, and then there was a riot. It got so men who were familiar with the effects of whisky on human beings would visit the park, temperance workers and worldly drinkers, and the cage of the Russian bear was the most popular place in the park. The other day a party of scientists from downtown were looking at bruin, when a man who should have been

lynched gave the bear a quart bottle of Jersey apple jack, a drink that will drive a man to murder and suicide. The bear didn't like it, at first, as he stuck up his nose and shivered all over when the cork was removed, and he took a swallow, but after looking at the crowd to see if anything better was coming, and not seeing another flask, he drank the apple jack. He stood and meditated for a moment, and "seemed to feel the thrill of life along his keel," and then as the fiery liquid got down among his vitals, he suddenly yelled "whoop," as near as a bear could speak English, jumped into the air, cracking his claws together, and came down on his head and rolled over and laughed as near as a bear can laugh. The



We won't go home till morning.
 keeper came along and found that some fiend had loaded the bear, and he was mad. He spoke to the bear, but the animal staggered to the front of the cage, and howled a dismal howl ~~was~~ jar

to the song of an inebriate who sings in a cracked and weeping voice, "We won't go home till morning." The keeper thought it would be best to let the bear out with the other bears, which he did, and that was where the trouble began. The bear with the apple-jack jag went up to a female grizzly and began to act familiar, when the husband of the bear loidy gave him a cuff that sent him across the bear pit, rolling over, and he stopped and backed up against a tree, and seemed to say, "Tell them to come on." A small black bear was up the tree, and he came down and clawed the Russian bear, and they mixed up and snarled till the black bear couldn't stand the apple-jack breath, and he got behind a polar bear, who bristled up to the jag bear as much as to say, "Maybe you are out on a voyage of discovery. If so, I am the North pole." The Russian evidently didn't want to fight a white flag of truce, so he went to a tank and tried to drink it dry, to put out the apple-jack fire, after which he got mad and started in to clean out the place, when all the bears jumped on him and chewed him until he was almost sober. The keeper got into the pit with a handspike, and drove the bears to their corners, when the bear with the jag got a towel, wet it in the tank, and bound it around his head, and looked as though he wanted to say, "O, what a night!" He was put back in his cage, and those who had watched the progress of the jag said they never saw anything more natural in all their experience. The bear did nothing but drink water the next day, and snarl, and acted

so near like a man who has been drinking apple jack that it was touching to see. There is talk of sending the bear to Dwight.

THE TERRIBLE ROOT BEER JAG.

The trouble with the temperance advocates is that they are not willing to let well enough alone. They have got demons enough to fight, including rum, gin, brandy, whisky, and all of the combinations that can be made by bartenders, with these things for a basis. Then they can attack wine and beer, and it would seem as though they could have their hands full without seeking new worlds to conquer. For more years than most men have lived the truly good temperance people have walked on the necks of the demon of strong drink, until it has got so that many believe the demon actually enjoys it, for he keeps on doing business at the old stand, and opens new stands if the brewers will pay the license, while the temperance people go on thriving as well as the "demon" does. But they do not seem content with the enemy they have, and are constantly looking for a new one. Mrs. Bullock of Evanston, a member of the W. C. T. U., has started a crusade against root beer, claiming that it contains alcohol, and that Evanston is in danger of a drunkard's grave from drinking root beer to excess. The Sun has always made it a point to protect

the innocent against the strong, and considering root beer about as innocent as anything of a fluid nature, that boiling beverage of the children and the aged must be protected. Why, good woman, you might drink root beer until you would have to wear a choker collar to keep your back teeth from floating out of your sweet mouth, and you couldn't get jag enough to strike an attitude. There is alcohol in potatoes, but if one wanted to go off on a bat and be devilish, he wouldn't expect to hold potatoes enough to make him dangerous. Poor root beer! It is a maxim of brave fighters to "take some one of your size." Even prize fighters are seeking to get into a class above them, instead of being promoted backwards, to the kindergarten class. And so the fighters of the rum power should stand up bravely before the strong drink that makes people crazy, and not fight the weak beverage that goes into the stomach surging like a freshet, goes up the nose like a seidlitz powder, and disappears like the wind from the toy balloon, and only leaves a taste in the mouth as though you had eaten green watermelon, and a feeling below the stomach as though some amateur had tried to tie an innocent intestine into a four-in-hand tie and drawn the knot up too tight. Don't be afraid of root beer. Nobody will ever drink more than one glass of the brown beverage, that boils and bubbles, and slops over, and does no good. Root beer is a big bluff. To see the cork removed from a bottle of root beer and see it struggle to get out, and hear it fizz and sputter, and see it color the glass like an autumn sunset, you would think it greater than champagne, and the first

time you drink it you can't get it inside of you quick enough, but it is all water, and wind, and drugs, and but for the yeast that causes the soapsuddy appearance, you wouldn't swallow it any quicker than you would so much rinsing water. Did you ever watch



The nectar of the gods.

the varying expressions on the face of a man of the world who is thirsty and can't get anything but root beer to drink? He is so thirsty he could almost drink water, but he wants the beer that Milwaukee made famous. It is not the kind of a picnic that everyday beer goes with, and he is dying of thirst,

and the managing woman of the picnic tells him root beer is the strongest beverage on the grounds, and with a gasp he says, "Bring me a bottle." When it is brought to him, with the cold perspiration on its brow, he grasps the bottle as a drowning man would grasp a strawstack. He gets the cork out with a pair of shears, the only thing hard at the picnic, except the boiled eggs, and sees the precious stuff boil over outside the bottle before he can get a glass to catch it. He catches a glass half full, and his shirt and trousers get the rest, and finally with a smile he puts the glass to his face, and as he drinks there is an angelic expression comes over him as though he would say, "The nectar of the gods." That is before he has had a chance to breathe. The beauty of root beer is that as long as you hold your breath it fills the bill, but when you have swallowed it and gulped, and had it go up your nose, you want to take an axe and go and find the man who prescribed it for you. After the first swallow the man of the world begins to look as you can imagine a man looks who has paid the market price for a gold brick. He tries to think he has quenched his thirst, but there is a look about his face as though he would give anything if he had not been thirsty, and he looks around for something to take the taste out of his mouth. He drinks water, but that seems to make it worse, and all the day long he thinks that about day after tomorrow his appetite will come back to him and his taste will reappear. About 4 o'clock p. m. the man who drank the root beer feels a pain down amongst himself, in his midst, not bigger than a man's hand

at first, but gradually it enlarges until he begins to wonder what the doctors charge for cutting into a man and removing a vermiform appendix, or any kind of hardware he may find in there, and he wants to lay down on his stomach under a tree, and let bugs crawl up his trousers. Before it is time to pack the dishes in the baskets and take the trolley car for home, the worst is over, and a weak man instead of a strong one goes loaded and listless back to the place of embarking, with a look on his face that bodes no good to the next person that asks him to drink root beer. He doesn't know what kind of roots it is they make the beer of, but nothing with any kind of a root in it ever goes in his stomach again, if he knows it. Do not worry, good woman, about root beer causing drunkenness. Give it freely to all, and it will be its own cure. While other drinks may create an appetite for more, root beer creates an appetite for swearing off, and it will never get a second shot at a man who is caught once. A man with a root beer jag would not walk down the street with his hat on the side of his head, looking for trouble. He would have his hand on a vital part, and with all the trouble he could handle, he would be looking for a doctor's shingle.

QUEER CASE IN NEW YORK.

HOW A DIVORCED MAN TAKES CARE OF HIS FORMER WIFE, AND MAKES THINGS PLEASANT.

A gentleman from the West visited New York recently, who had not been there for many years, and in looking up old acquaintances he found in one of the hotels an old friend who seemed to be taking things very easy. When the Western man first knew the New Yorker he was poor but jolly, with a wife he loved, and a good position, the salary of which kept him well enough. He had been a guest at the friend's home, and knew the wife well. The New York man had become rich, in speculations, and was living at a hotel, alone, trying to spend his money. A dozen years before the wife had secured a divorce, with alimony, before the husband had got rich. He had had trouble to pay the alimony, and the wife had married again, and the alimony had ceased by law. The divorce had been secured on the ground of incompatibility of temper, and so forth. When the Western man found his old friend, they had dinner together, a bottle of wine, and finally the visitor, who was dying to know about the man's wife, said:

"Excuse me, Jim, if I speak of something that may be painful to you, but I swear I do not desire to intrude upon your private affairs. Tell me what has become of Mary."

"O, my wife," said Jim, as he poured out a fresh

glass of wine. "My wife married a bow-legged floor walker in a department store, and they are living in a flat in Harlem. Poor girl, she has been sick a heap, and I have worried about her all the time since she left."

"Worried about her," said the visitor, with eyes wide open. "I thought when people were divorced, that settled it, and they went out of one's mind. Do you mean to tell me you ever see her?"

"See her! Why, of course. If I hadn't seen her since she left me, I guess we would both have been dead. Why, George, I have doubled her alimony since she married that shrimp, and I keep her measure for dresses and underwear, and when I get lonesome and feel as though the world was all a farce, I go around to the stores and buy Mary a lot of stuff, and send it up to their flat."

"Well, I'll be blessed," said the Western man, "but that beats me. They don't do that way in Chicago. But how does her present husband take it? Doesn't it make him jealous?"

"O, I don't know. Sometimes I think he is a little sensitive about it, but if he seems to be getting mad any time I take him across my knee, or get some tickets to the theater and take them out, and send them home in my carriage, full of a good supper. You see, I can't get it out of my head that she is still my wife, the poor thing, and I look after her. He resents that though, particularly if I ask him before anybody about any of Mary's diseases. I went into the store where he floorwalks the other day, and gave him a bottle of spring medicine, and asked him if Mary's

hives had broke out yet. You see the hives used to break out on Mary's legs regularly, the first day of March, and she was a sight, and suffered terribly. About the 20th of February I begin to worry about Mary's hives, and I stand it as long as I can, and then go and get the medicine. Say, you ought to have seen how mad he was when I asked about the hives on my wife's legs, there in the store, but I told him if he didn't shut up and take that medicine home, and make Mary take it, I would have him fired out of the store, and he took it, and today I got a note from my wife that she was much better, and was able to go to the opera, and I am going to get some tickets for to-night."

"Well, you're a wonder," said the Western man. "Do you think Mary still loves you?"

"Sure!" said the ex-husband. "How can she help it? She got her divorce because she was hot under the collar, and I laughed at her. Then she married this little autocrat of cash girls, because she seemed to need a home. I wasn't rich then, and she couldn't live high on the alimony, but when she married and my lawyer told me I needn't send her any more money, I had a friend go and look them over, in their flat, and when he told me how forlorn it was, I paid the back alimony that had accumulated during their honeymoon, and doubled it, and have been sending it ever since. At first her assistant husband, the bow-legged shrimp, kicked, and said he would get out an injunction against me, to prevent my insulting him by paying alimony, but he was taken with typhoid fever and was sick three months, and she broke down

from the strain, and I sent my doctor, and a trained nurse for him, and one for her, and had all the bills sent to me, and since then he has not peeped. I suppose I take a malicious pleasure in making him mad, sometimes, but I have to have some fun out of the affair. One day he and I were lunching together, and I asked him, before a table full of strangers, if our wife ever had that corn removed from the third toe of her left foot, and added that when I was living with her that corn made her more trouble than anything. Say, he was mad as a hornet. You know how confounded mad one of these little fellows, with a big wife, can get. I guess if it hadn't been the last day of the month, and my check was due the next day, he would have strangled me. Sometimes, when we are all three at the theater, and Mary, the great big beauty, is on one side of me, her eyes sparkling with pleasure, and her small second husband on the other side of me, people take him for my younger brother, and they seem to think Mary and I are the only two in the box. One night at the opera, Mary had a rather low-necked dress on, and I noticed a great change in her, and I turned to him and said that I noticed that Mary had had that wart she used to have on her shoulder-blade removed, and asked him if he could give me the address of the doctor who removed it, as I had one on my arm that I wanted taken off. He was mad in a minute and went out of the box, and Mary asked me what was the matter, and I told her, and she said I had, in the years that had passed since we were living together, forgotten the location of the mole, not a wart, and that it was a couple of

inches below the dress. Well, when he came back I apologized, and told him I had discovered that the wart was lower down than I thought, and then he was mad again. I have never seen a man so unreason-



People take him for my younger brother.

able. It was the same way when I told him he and Mary would hitch up together splendidly, as he was about as bow-legged as she was. Dear, dear, but he was mad, and so was she, but it was the truth, because

her bow legs was all that kept her from going on the stage once. Well, this is a queer world, isn't it?" and the New Yorker poured out another glass of wine.

"I should say it was," said the Western visitor. "Don't you ever feel as though, if he should happen to die, that you and Mary would marry again and live happily?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the first husband. "It wouldn't be particularly necessary for him to die. I could tell him to keep away from her, and she could get a divorce on the ground of desertion or something, but I don't want to hurt his feelings. I think I am happier in doing things for her as it is now, because I was never able to do her much good in a financial way when we lived together. But I tell you, when I am sick, and she hears of it, and comes down here and takes charge of me, and pulls me through, I am tempted to raise the devil in that family when I get well. He is colder than a frog. One day I asked him at lunch if Mary's feet were as cold as they used to be, and how she got them warm. I said he was so cold she certainly could not get them warm by putting them against his frosty back. Well, he wanted to kill me. Poor girl, she is as warm as any woman in the world, except her feet, and what she needs is a good warm back to put them against. Well, the next day I sent her a hot-water bag. The last time I was sick I was threatened with pneumonia, and do you know, Mary heard of it by reading an evening paper. About 9 p. m. she came down to the hotel with her satchel, and drove the attendants away, and in five

minutes she had my feet soaking in mustard water, a mustard poultice on my chest, such as mother used to make, blankets over me, and I was soon in a perspiration, and she sat there by the bed rubbing my forehead, when he came down to see what was the matter. He wanted her to go home and let a nigger take care of me, but she gave him a look that cut a gash in him, and said she would never leave me until I was well, and she didn't. She was there two weeks, and nobody ever gave me medicine or food except Mary, and God bless her, I do not know how this thing is going to turn out. I guess I will have to send her to Europe, to get her legs straightened, and have her voice cultivated, and I will set that shrimp up in business, and when she comes back I will buy a home on the avenue, and tell him to keep away from my Mary," and the New Yorker wiped his eyes, and the Western man wiped his, and it was time to retire.

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